

RANDOM PD ENCYCLOPEDIA - D

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DALMATIA (Ger. *Dalmatien*; Ital. *Dalmazia*; Serbo-Croatian, *Dalmacija*), a kingdom and crownland of the Austro-Hungarian empire, in the north-west of the Balkan Peninsula, and on the Adriatic Sea. Dalmatia is bounded, on the landward side, by Croatia and Bosnia, in the N. and N.E.; and by Herzegovina and Montenegro, in the S.E. and S. Its area amounts to 4923 sq. m.; its greatest length, from north-west to south-east, is 210 m.; its breadth reaches 35 m. between Point Planca and the Bosnian frontier, diminishing to less than 1 m. at Cattaro. Near the ports of Klek and Castelnuovo the Herzegovinian frontier comes down to the sea,[1] but only for a total distance of 14½ m.

Physical Features.--No part of the Mediterranean shore, except the coast of Greece, is so deeply indented as the Dalmatian littoral, with its multitude of rock-bound bays and inlets. It is sheltered from the open sea by a rampart of islands which vary greatly in size; a few being large enough to support several thousand inhabitants, while others are mere reefs, swept bare by the sea, or tenanted only by rabbits and seabirds. This Dalmatian archipelago, separated from the Istrian by the Gulf of Quarnerolo, forms two island groups, the northern or Liburnian, and the southern; with open water intervening, off Point Planca. In calm weather the channels between the islands and the mainland resemble a chain of landlocked lakes, brilliantly clear to a depth of several fathoms. As a rule, the surrounding hills are rugged, bleached almost white or pale russet, and destitute of verdure; but their monotony is relieved by the half-ruined castles and monasteries clinging to the rocks, or by the beauty of such cities as Ragusa, or Arbe, with its fantastic row of steeples overlooking the beach. The principal islands, Arbe, Brazza, Curzola, Lacroma, Lesina, Lissa and Meleda, are described under separate headings. The promontory of Sabbioncello, or Punta di Stagno, which juts out for 41 m. into the sea, between Curzola and Lesina, is almost another island; for its breadth, which nowhere exceeds 5 m., dwindles to about 1 m. at the narrow isthmus which unites it with the shore. There are two small ports on this isthmus--on the south, Stagno Grande (Serbo-Croatian, *Ston Veliki*), once celebrated for its salt and shipbuilding industries, and, on the north, Stagno Piccolo (*Ston Mali*). Dalmatia possesses a magnificent anchorage in the Bocche di Cattaro, and there are numerous lesser havens, at Sebenico, Traù, Zara and elsewhere along the coast and among the islands.

The country is almost everywhere hilly or mountainous. On the Croatian border rises the lofty barrier of the Velebit, which culminates in Sveto Brdo (5751 ft.), and Vakanski Vrh (5768 ft.). The Dinaric Alps form the frontier between Dalmatia and Bosnia; Dinara (6007 ft.), which gives its name to the whole chain, and Troglav (6276 ft.), being the highest Dalmatian summits. North-west of Sinj rise the Svilaja and Mosec Planinas; the ridges of Mosor and Biokovo, with Sveto Juraj (5781 ft.), follow the windings of the coast from Spalato to Macarsca; Orjen marks the meeting-place of the Herzegovinian, Montenegrin and Dalmatian frontiers, and the Sutorman range appears in the extreme south. The barren dry limestone of the Dalmatian highlands has been aptly compared with a petrified sponge; for it is honeycombed with underground caverns and water-courses, into which the rainfall is at once filtered. Thus arises a complete system of subterranean rivers, with waterfalls, lakes and regular seasons of flood. Even the few surface rivers vanish and emerge again at intervals. The Trebinjcica, for instance, disappearing in Herzegovina, supplies both the broad and swift estuary of Ombla, near Ragusa, and the fresh-water spring of Doli, which issues from the bottom of the sea. Apart from the Ombla, and the Narenta (Serbo-Croatian, Neretva; Roman, Naro), which creates a broad marshy delta between Metkovic and the sea, Dalmatia has only three rivers more than 25 m. long; the Zermagna (Zrmanja, Tedanum), Kerka, (Krka, Titius), and Cetina (Cetina; Narona or Tilurus). The Zermagna skirts the southern foothills of the Velebit and falls into the harbour of Novigrad. Better known is the Kerka, which rises in the Dinaric Alps and flows south-westward to the Adriatic. Near Scardona (Skradin) it spreads into a broad lake, and forms several fine waterfalls, after receiving its tributary the Cikola (Cikola), from the east. South of Spalato, the Cetina, which also springs from the Dinaric Alps, descends to the sea at Almissa (Omis), after passing between the Mosor and Biokovo ranges. There are a few small lakes near Zara, Zaravecchia and the Narenta estuary; while the fertile, but unhealthy, hollows among the mountains fill with water after heavy rain, and sometimes cause disastrous floods. But most parts of the country suffer from drought.

For an account of the chief geological formations see BALKAN PENINSULA. Small quantities of iron, lignite, asphalt and bay salt are the only minerals of commercial importance.

The climate is warm and healthy, the mean temperature at Zara being 57° F., at Lesina 62°, and at Ragusa 63°. The prevailing wind is the sirocco, or S.E.; but the terrible Bora, or N.N.E., may blow at any season of the year. The average annual rainfall is about 28 in., but a dry and a wet year usually alternate.

Fauna. --Bears, badgers and wild cats, with a larger number of wolves and foxes, find shelter in the Dinaric Alps and on the heights of Svilaja, Mosor and Biokovo; while jackals exist on Curzola and

Sabbioncello, almost their last refuges in Europe. Roedeer are uncommon, and the wild boar, chamois, red-deer and beaver are extinct; but hares and rabbits abound. The game-laws are not strict, and are often evaded by the Morlachs; but moderate sport may be obtained in the fens formed by the Cetina about Sinj, and the lagoons of the Narenta estuary; both regions being frequented by wild swans, geese, duck, snipe and other aquatic birds. Among land-birds, the commonest are quails, woodcock, partridges, and especially the so-called "stone-fowl" (*Steinhuhn*, *Perdix Graeca*). Tortoises are numerous; snakes, lizards, scorpions and innumerable sand-flies infest the dry hillsides; and the limestone caverns are peopled by sightless bats, reptiles, fish, flies, beetles, spiders, crustacea and molluscs.

Fisheries. --No region of Europe is richer in its marine fauna and flora. Sponge and coral fisheries afford a valuable source of income to the peasantry, many of whom also go northward for the sardine and tunny fisheries of the Istrian coast, while salmon, trout and eels are caught in the Dalmatian rivers.

Flora. --The olive, almond, fig, orange, palm, aloe, myrtle, locust-tree and other characteristic members of the Mediterranean flora thrive in the sheltered valleys of the Dalmatian littoral, where almond-blossoms appear in mid-winter, and the palm occasionally bears ripe fruit. The *marasca*, or wild cherry, is abundant, and yields the celebrated liqueur called *maraschino*. But at a little distance from the rivers and on the more exposed parts of the coast the aspect of the country changes entirely. Patches of thin grass, heather, juniper, thyme, tamarisks and mountain roses hardly relieve the bareness and aridity of the seaward slopes.

Forests. --Oaks, pines and beeches still, in a few parts, clothe the landward slopes, but, as a rule, the forests for which Dalmatia was once famous were cut down for the Venetian shipyards or burned by pirates; while every attempt at replanting is frustrated by the shallowness of the soil, the drought and the multitude of goats that browse on the young trees.

Agriculture. --Little more than one-tenth of the whole surface is under the plough; the rest, where it is not altogether sterile, being chiefly mountain pasture, vineyards and garden land. Asses are the favourite beasts of burden; goats are strikingly numerous; and sheep are kept for the sake of their mutton, which is almost the only animal food freely consumed by the peasantry. Cattle-breeding, bee-keeping, and the cultivation of fruit and vegetables, especially potatoes and beetroot, are among the principal resources of the people, while wheat, rye, barley, oats, Indian corn, hemp and millet are also grown. Viticulture is carried on with great and increasing success (see WINE).

Land-tenure. --Individual proprietorship of the soil is rare, for,

despite the decadence of the zadruga or household community, the tenure of land and the privilege of using the communal domain still appertain to the family as a whole. There are a few large estates, but most of the land is parcelled out in small holdings.

Industries. --Besides fishing, farming and such allied trades as shipbuilding, wine and oil pressing, and the distillation of spirits, notably maraschino, a few other industries are practised, such as tile-burning and the manufacture of soap; but these are of minor importance. Certain crafts are also carried on by the country-folk, in their own homes; thus the peasant is sometimes his own mason, carpenter, weaver and miller. Manufactured goods and foodstuffs are imported, in return for asphalt, lignite, bay salt, wine, spirits, oil, honey, wax and hides; and there is a lucrative transit trade with Bosnia and Herzegovina, Montenegro, Turkey and various Adriatic and Mediterranean ports.

Communications. --Communications are defective, some parts of the interior being only accessible by the roughest of mountain roads. The principal railway, in point of size, traverses the central districts, linking together Knin, Spalato, Sebenico and Sinj; but the southern lines, which unite Dalmatia with Herzegovina and terminate at Ragusa, Metkovic and Castlenuovo on the Bocche di Cattaro, are almost of equal importance, Cattaro being one of the chief outlets for Montenegrin commerce, while the vessels which steam up the Narenta to Metkovic carry the bulk of the sea-borne trade of Herzegovina. In 1897 Dalmatia possessed 151 post and 98 telegraph offices.

Chief Towns. --The chief towns are Zara, the capital, with 32,506[2] inhabitants in 1900, Spalato (27,198), Sebenico (24,751), Traù (17,064), Ragusa (13,174), Macarsca (11,016), and Cattaro (5418). All these are described under separate headings.

Population and National Characteristics. --With a constant excess of male over female children, the population increased steadily from 1869 to 1900, when it reached 591,597. Of this total 1% are foreigners and about 3% Italians, whose numbers tend slowly to diminish. The Morlachs, who constitute the remaining 96%, belong to the Serbo-Croatian branch of the Slavonic race, having absorbed the Latinized Illyrians, Albanians and other alien elements with which they have been associated. The name of Morlachs, Morlaks or Morlacks commonly bestowed by English writers on the Dalmatian Slavs, though sometimes restricted to the peasantry of the hills, is an abbreviated form of Mavrovlachi, meaning either "Black Vlachs," or, less probably, "Sea Vlachs." It was originally applied to the scattered remnants of the Latin or Latinized inhabitants of central Illyria, who were driven from their homes by the barbarian invaders during the 7th century, and took refuge among the mountains. Throughout the middle ages the Mavrovlachi were usually nomadic shepherds, cattle-drovers or muleteers. In the 14th century they

emigrated from central Illyria into northern Dalmatia and maritime Croatia; and these regions were thenceforward known as Morlacchia, until the 18th century. Gradually, however, the Mavrovlachi became identified with the Slavs, whose language and manners they adopted, and to whom they gave their own name. In northern Dalmatia the Slavs of the interior are still called Morlacchi; in the south this name expresses contempt. Of the Vlachs, properly so called, very few are left in the country; although the name Vlachs (q.v.) is frequently used by the Slavs to designate the Italians and the town-dwellers generally. The literary languages of Dalmatia are Italian and Serbo-Croatian; the spoken language is, in each case, modified by the introduction of various dialect forms.

The Morlachs wear a picturesque and brightly-coloured costume, resembling that of the Serbs (see SERVIA). In appearance they are sometimes blond, with blue or grey eyes, like the Shumadian peasantry of Servia; more often, olive-skinned, with dark hair and eyes, like the Montenegrins, whom they rival in stature, strength and courage; while their conservative spirit, their devotion to national traditions, poetry and music, their pride, indolence and superstition, are typically Servian. Dalmatian public life is deeply affected by the jealousies which subsist between the Slavs and the Italians, whose influence, though everywhere waning, remains predominant in some of the towns; and between Orthodox "Serbs," who use the Cyrillic alphabet, and Roman Catholic "Croats," who prefer the Latin.

Government. --Dalmatia occupies a somewhat anomalous position in the Austro-Hungarian state system. Itself a crownland of Austria, returning eleven members to the Austrian parliament, it is severed geographically from the other Austrian lands by the Hungarian kingdom of Croatia. Ethnologically it is one with Croatia, and it is included in the official title of the Croatian king, i.e. the emperor. The political system is based on a law of the 26th of February 1861. The provincial diet is composed of 43 members, comprising the Roman Catholic archbishop, the Orthodox bishop of Zara and representatives of the chief taxpayers, the towns and the communes. Benkovac, on the main road from Zara to Spalato, Cattaro, Curzola, Imotski, 21 m. N. by E. of Macarsca, Knin, Lesina, Macarsca, Ragusa, Sebenico, Sinj, Spalato and Zara, give names to the twelve administrative districts, of which they are the capitals.

Defence. --Conscription is in force, as elsewhere in Austria, and the Dalmatian coast furnishes the Austrian--as formerly the Venetian--navy with many of its best recruits.

Religion. --Roman Catholicism is the religion of more than 80% of the population, the remainder belonging chiefly to the Orthodox Church. The Roman Catholic archbishop has his seat in Zara, while Cattaro, Lesina, Ragusa, Sebenico and Spalato are bishoprics. At the head of the Orthodox

community stands the bishop of Zara.

The use of Slavonic liturgies written in the Glagolitic alphabet, a very ancient privilege of the Roman Catholics in Dalmatia and Croatia, caused much controversy during the first years of the 20th century. There was considerable danger that the Latin liturgies would be altogether superseded by the Glagolitic, especially among the northern islands and in rural communes, where the Slavonic element is all-powerful. In 1904 the Vatican forbade the use of Glagolitic at the festival of SS. Cyril and Methodius, as likely to impair the unity of Catholicism. A few years previously the Slavonic archbishop Rajcevic of Zara, in discussing the "Glagolitic controversy," had denounced the movement as "an innovation introduced by Panslavism to make it easy for the Catholic clergy, after any great revolution in the Balkan States, to break with Latin Rome." This view is shared by very many, perhaps by the majority, of the Roman Catholics in Dalmatia.

Education. --Education progressed slowly between 1860 and 1900, attendance at school being often a hardship in the poor and widely scattered hamlets of the interior. In 1890 more than 80% of the population could neither read nor write, although schools are maintained by every commune. In 1893 the country possessed 5 intermediate and 337 elementary schools, 6 theological seminaries, 6 gymnasia, and about 40 continuation and technical schools.

Antiquities. --To the foreign visitor Dalmatia is chiefly interesting as a treasury of art and antiquities. The grave-mounds of Curzola, Lesina and Sabbioncello have yielded a few relics of prehistoric man, and the memory of the early Celtic conquerors and Greek settlers is preserved only in a few place-names; but the monuments left by the Romans are numerous and precious. They are chiefly confined to the cities; for the civilization of the country was always urban, just as its history is a record of isolated city-states rather than of a united nation. Beyond the walls of its larger towns, little was spared by the barbarian Goths, Avars and Slavs; and the battered fragments of Roman work which mark the sites of Salona, near Spalato, and of many other ancient cities, are of slight antiquarian interest and slighter artistic value. Among the monuments of the Roman period, by far the most noteworthy in Dalmatia, and, indeed, in the whole Balkan Peninsula, is the Palace of Diocletian at Spalato (q.v.). Dalmatian architecture was Byzantine in its general character from the 6th century until the close of the 10th. The oldest memorials of this period are the vestiges of three basilicas, excavated in Salona, and dating from the first half of the 7th century at latest. Byzantine art, in the latter half of this period and the two succeeding centuries, continued to flourish in those cities which, like Zara, gave their allegiance to Venice; just as, in the architecture of Traù and other cities dominated by Hungary, there are distinct traces of German influence. The belfry of S. Maria, at Zara, erected in 1105, is first in a long list of Romanesque buildings.

At Arbe there is a beautiful Romanesque campanile which also belongs to the 12th century; but the finest example in this style is the cathedral of Traù. The 14th century Dominican and Franciscan convents in Ragusa are also noteworthy. Romanesque lingered on in Dalmatia until it was displaced by Venetian Gothic in the early years of the 15th century. The influence of Venice was then at its height. Even in the hostile republic of Ragusa the Romanesque of the custom-house and Rectors' palace is combined with Venetian Gothic, while the graceful balconies and ogee windows of the Prijeki closely follow their Venetian models. Gothic, however, which had been adopted very late, was abandoned very early; for in 1441 Giorgio Orsini of Zara, summoned from Venice to design the cathedral of Sebenico, brought with him the influence of the Italian Renaissance. The new forms which he introduced were eagerly imitated and developed by other architects, until the period of decadence--which virtually concludes the history of Dalmatian art--set in during the latter half of the 17th century. Special mention must be made of the carved woodwork, embroideries and plate preserved in many churches. The silver statuette and the reliquary of St Biagio at Ragusa, and the silver ark of St Simeon at Zara, are fine specimens of Byzantine and Italian jewellers' work, ranging in date from the 11th or 12th to the 17th century.

HISTORY

Dalmatia under Roman Rule, A.D. 9-1102.--The history of Dalmatia may be said to begin with the year 180 B.C., when the tribe from which the country derives its name declared itself independent of Gentius, the Illyrian king, and established a republic. Its capital was Delminium[3]; its territory stretched northwards from the Narenta to the Cetina, and later to the Kerka, where it met the confines of Liburnia. In 156 B.C. the Dalmatians were for the first time attacked by a Roman army and compelled to pay tribute; but only in the time of Augustus (31 B.C.-A.D. 14) was their land finally annexed, after the last of many formidable revolts had been crushed by Tiberius in A.D. 9. This event was followed by total submission and a ready acceptance of the Latin civilization which overspread Illyria (q.v.). The downfall of the Western Empire left this region subject to Gothic rulers, Odoacer and Theodoric, from 476 to 535, when it was added by Justinian to the Eastern Empire. The great Slavonic migration into Illyria, which wrought a complete change in the fortunes of Dalmatia, took place in the first half of the 7th century. In other parts of the Balkan Peninsula these invaders--Serbs, Croats or Bulgars--found little difficulty in expelling or absorbing the native population. But here they were baffled when confronted by the powerful maritime city-states, highly civilized, and able to rely on the moral if not the material support of their kinsfolk in Italy. Consequently, while the country districts were settled by the Slavs, the Latin or Italian population flocked for safety to Ragusa, Zara and other large towns, and the whole country was thus divided

between two frequently hostile communities. This opposition was intensified by the schism between Eastern and Western Christianity (1054), the Slavs as a rule preferring the Orthodox or sometimes the Bogomil creed, while the Italians were firmly attached to the Papacy. Not until the 15th century did the rival races contribute to a common civilization in the literature of Ragusa. To such a division of population may be attributed the two dominant characteristics of local history--the total absence of national as distinguished from civic life, and the remarkable development of art, science and literature. Bosnia, Servia and Bulgaria had each its period of national greatness, but remained intellectually backward; Dalmatia failed ever to attain political or racial unity, but the Dalmatian city-states, isolated and compelled to look to Italy for support, shared perforce in the march of Italian civilization. Their geographical position suffices to explain the relatively small influence exercised by Byzantine culture throughout the six centuries (535-1102) during which Dalmatia was part of the Eastern empire. Towards the close of this period Byzantine rule tended more and more to become merely nominal. In 806 Dalmatia was added to the Holy Roman empire, but was soon restored; in 829 the coast was ravaged by Saracens. A strange republic of Servian pirates arose at the mouth of the Narenta. In the 10th century description of Dalmatia by Constantine Porphyrogenitus (*De Administrando Imperio*, 29-37), this region is called *Paganian*, from the fact that its inhabitants had only accepted Christianity about 890, or 250 years later than the other Slavs. These *Pagani*, or *Narentani* (Narentines), utterly defeated a Venetian fleet despatched against them in 887, and for more than a century exacted tribute from Venice itself. In 998 they were finally crushed by the doge Pietro Orseolo II., who assumed the title duke of Dalmatia, though without prejudice to Byzantine suzerainty. Meanwhile the Croatian kings had extended their rule over northern and central Dalmatia, exacting tribute from the Italian cities, Traù, Zara and others, and consolidating their own power in the purely Slavonic towns, such as Nona or Belgrad (Zaravetschia). The Church was involved in the general confusion; for the synod of Spalato, in 1059, had forbidden the use of any but Greek or Latin liturgies, and so had accentuated the differences between Latin and Slav. A raid of Norman corsairs in 1073 was hardly defeated with the help of a Venetian fleet.

Rivalry of Venice and Hungary in Dalmatia, 1102-1420.--Unable amid such dissensions to stand alone, unprotected by the Eastern empire and hindered by their internal dissensions from uniting in a defensive league, the city-states turned to Venice and Hungary for support. The Venetians, to whom they were already bound by race, language and culture, could afford to concede liberal terms because their own principal aim was not the territorial aggrandizement sought by Hungary, but only such a supremacy as might prevent the development of any dangerous political or commercial competitor on the eastern Adriatic. Hungary had also its partisans; for in the Dalmatian city-states, like those of Greece and Italy, there were almost invariably two jealous

political factions, each ready to oppose any measure advocated by its antagonist. The origin of this division seems here to have been economic. The farmers and the merchants who traded in the interior naturally favoured Hungary, their most powerful neighbour on land; while the seafaring community looked to Venice as mistress of the Adriatic. In return for protection, the cities often furnished a contingent to the army or navy of their suzerain, and sometimes paid tribute either in money or in kind. Arbe, for example, annually paid ten pounds of silk or five pounds of gold to Venice. The citizens clung to their municipal privileges, which were reaffirmed after the conquest of Dalmatia in 1102-1105 by Coloman of Hungary. Subject to the royal assent they might elect their own chief magistrate, bishop and judges. Their Roman law remained valid. They were even permitted to conclude separate alliances. No alien, not even a Hungarian, could reside in a city where he was unwelcome; and the man who disliked Hungarian dominion could emigrate with all his household and property. In lieu of tribute, the revenue from customs was in some cases shared equally by the king, chief magistrate, bishop and municipality. These rights and the analogous privileges granted by Venice were, however, too frequently infringed, Hungarian garrisons being quartered on unwilling towns, while Venice interfered with trade, with the appointment of bishops, or with the tenure of communal domains. Consequently the Dalmatians remained loyal only while it suited their interests, and insurrections frequently occurred. Even in Zara four outbreaks are recorded between 1180 and 1345, although Zara was treated with special consideration by its Venetian masters, who regarded its possession as essential to their maritime ascendancy. The doubtful allegiance of the Dalmatians tended to protract the struggle between Venice and Hungary, which was further complicated by internal discord due largely to the spread of the Bogomil heresy; and by many outside influences, such as the vague suzerainty still enjoyed by the Eastern emperors during the 12th century; the assistance rendered to Venice by the armies of the Fourth Crusade in 1202; and the Tartar invasion of Dalmatia forty years later (see Traù). The Slavs were no longer regarded as a hostile race, but the power of certain Croatian magnates, notably the counts of Bribir, was from time to time supreme in the northern districts (see CROATIA-SLAVONIA); and Stephen Tvrtko, the founder of the Bosnian kingdom, was able in 1389 to annex the whole Adriatic littoral between Cattaro and Fiume, except Venetian Zara and his own independent ally, Ragusa (see BOSNIA AND HERZEGOVINA). Finally, the rapid decline of Bosnia, and of Hungary itself when assailed by the Turks, rendered easy the success of Venice; and in 1420 the whole of Dalmatia, except Almissa, which yielded in 1444, and Ragusa, which preserved its freedom, either submitted or was conquered. Many cities welcomed the change with its promise of tranquillity.

Venetian and Turkish Rule, 1420-1797.--An interval of peace ensued, but meanwhile the Turkish advance continued. Constantinople fell in 1453, Servia in 1459, Bosnia in 1463 and Herzegovina in 1483. Thus the

Venetian and Ottoman frontiers met; border wars were incessant; Ragusa sought safety in friendship with the invaders. In 1508 the hostile league of Cambrai compelled Venice to withdraw its garrison for home service, and after the overthrow of Hungary at Mohács in 1526 the Turks were able easily to conquer the greater part of Dalmatia. The peace of 1540 left only the maritime cities to Venice, the interior forming a Turkish province, governed from the fortress of Clissa by a *_Sanjakbeg_*, or administrator with military powers. Christian Slavs from the neighbouring lands now thronged to the towns, outnumbering the Italian population and introducing their own language, but falling under the influence of the Roman Catholic Church. The pirate community of the Uskoks (q.v.) had originally been a band of these fugitives; its exploits contributed to a renewal of war between Venice and Turkey (1571-1573). An extremely curious picture of contemporary manners is presented by the Venetian agents,[4] whose reports on this war resemble some knightly chronicle of the middle ages, full of single combats, tournaments and other chivalrous adventures. They also show clearly that the Dalmatian levies far surpassed the Italian mercenaries in skill and courage. Many of these troops served abroad; at Lepanto, for example, in 1571, a Dalmatian squadron assisted the allied fleets of Spain, Venice, Austria and the Papal States to crush the Turkish navy. A fresh war broke out in 1645, lasting intermittently until 1699, when the peace of Carlowitz gave the whole of Dalmatia to Venice, including the coast of Herzegovina, but excluding the domains of Ragusa and the protecting band of Ottoman territory which surrounded them. After further fighting this delimitation was confirmed in 1718 by the treaty of Passarowitz; and it remains valid, though modified by the destruction of Ragusan liberty and the substitution of Austria-Hungary for Venice and Turkey.

The intellectual life of Dalmatia during the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries reached a higher level than any attained by the purely Slavonic peoples of the Balkan Peninsula. Its chief monuments are described elsewhere,--the work of the Ragusan poets and historians as a part of Servian literature, the scientific achievements of R. G. Boscovich and Marcantonio de Dominis in separate biographies. Architecture and art generally have been discussed above. But this intellectual development was the work of a small and opulent minority in all the cities except Ragusa. Popular education was neglected; Zara had no printing-press until 1796; Venetian Dalmatia possessed only one public school, and that an ecclesiastical seminary; and even the sons of the rich, though free to visit the universities of Italy, France, Holland and England, ran the risk of exile or worse punishment if they brought home too liberal a culture. Poorer students learned what they could from the clergy, and the peasantry were wholly illiterate. Although the secular power of the Church was strictly limited, the country was overrun by ecclesiastics. When Fortis visited the island of Arbe in the 18th century, he found a population of 3000, mostly fishermen, contributing to the stipends of sixty priests. There were also three monasteries and three nunneries. Heavy taxes, the salt

monopoly, reckless destruction of timber, and a deliberate attempt to ruin the oil and silk industries, were among the means by which Venice prevented competition with its own trade. Although justice was fairly well administered and some show of municipal autonomy conceded, the right of electing a chief magistrate had been withheld after 1420; and the Grand Council or Senate of each city, losing its original democratic character, had degenerated into a mere tool of the resident Venetian agents (*provveditori*), officials who held their post for thirty-two months and were subject to little effective control. Nevertheless, 150 years of war against the common Turkish enemy had drawn the Venetians and their subjects closely together, and the loyalty of the Dalmatian soldiers and sailors abroad, if not of their fellow-citizens at home, rests beyond doubt.

Dalmatia after 1797. --After the fall of the Venetian republic in 1797, the treaty of Campo Formio gave Dalmatia to Austria. The republics of Ragusa and Poglizza retained their independence, and Ragusa grew rich by its neutrality during the earlier Napoleonic wars. By the peace of Pressburg in 1805 the country was handed over to France, but its occupation was ineffectually contested by a Russian force which seized the Bocche di Cattaro and induced the Montenegrins to render aid. Poglizza was deprived of its independence by Napoleon in 1807, Ragusa in 1808. In 1809 the French troops were withdrawn, but in the same year Dalmatia was restored to France and united to the Illyrian kingdom by the treaty of Vienna. A British naval force under Captain Hoste, after a successful engagement with a small French squadron off Lissa, occupied the islands of Curzola, Lesina and Lagosta from 1812 to 1815, and established a considerable overland trade through Dalmatia, Austria and Germany. The allied British and Austrian forces drove out the last French garrison in 1814, and in 1815 Dalmatia was finally incorporated in the Austro-Hungarian empire, with which its history has since been identified. Its subsequent tranquillity has only been disturbed by the ineffectual risings of 1869 and 1881-1882, which took place near Cattaro (q.v.). For an account of the development of Croatian nationalism among the Dalmatians, during the 19th and 20th centuries, see CROATIA-SLAVONIA.

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Dalmatico_ (Zara, 1884, &c.). The best maps are those of the Austrian General Staff and Vincenzo de Haardt's *_Zemljovid Kraljevine Dalmacije_* (Zara, 1892). See also for trade, the Annual British Consular Reports; for sport, "Snaffle," *_In the Land of the Bora_* (London, 1897); for Roman and pre-Roman antiquities, R. Munro, *_Bosnia-Herzegovina and Dalmatia_* (Edinburgh, 1904). Besides the works mentioned above, and those by Farlati, Makushev, Miklosich, Theiner, Shafarik, Orbini and du Cange, which are quoted under BOSNIA AND HERZEGOVINA, the chief authority for Dalmatian history is G. Lucio (Lucius of Traù), *_De regno Dalmatiae et Croatiae, a gentis origine ad annum 1480_* (Amsterdam, 1666). To this edition are appended the works of the Presbyter Diocleas, Thomas of Spalato and other native chroniclers from the 12th century onwards. An Italian translation, omitting the appendix, was published at Trieste in 1892, entitled *_Storia del Regno di Dalmazia e di Croazia_*, and edited by Luigi Cesare. Lucio's work is singularly trustworthy and scientific. See also P. Pisani, *_La Dalmatie de 1797 à 1815_* (Paris, 1893).

(K. G. J.)

FOOTNOTES:

[1] This arrangement is based on the terms of the peace of Carlowitz 1699 (articles IX. and XI. of the Turco-Venetian Treaty). It is due to the commercial and maritime rivalry between Venice and Ragusa. The Ragusans bribed the Turkish envoys at Carlowitz to stipulate for a double extension of the Ottoman dominions down to the Adriatic; and thus the Ragusan lands, which otherwise would have bordered upon the Dalmatian possessions of Venice, were surrounded by neutral territory.

[2] These figures, taken from the Austrian official returns, include the population of the entire commune, not merely the urban residents. Only in Zara, Spalato, Sebenico and Ragusa, do the actual townfolk number more than 1000.

[3] Also written *_Dalminium_*, *_Deminium_*, and *_Delmis_*. Thomas of Spalato (c. 1200-1250) mentions that the site of Delminium had been forgotten in his time, although certain ancient walls among the mountains were believed to be its ruins. It has been variously identified, by modern archaeologists, with Almissa, on the coast, Dalen, in the Herzegovina, Duvno, near Sinj, and Gardun, in the same locality. It was evidently a stronghold of considerable size and importance, and Appian (*_De bellis Illyricis_*) alludes to its almost impregnable fortifications.

[4] Long extracts from these reports or diaries are published by Wilkinson, *_Dalmatia and Montenegro_* (London, 1840), ii. 297-350.

DANBURITE, a rare mineral species consisting of calcium and boron orthosilicate, $\text{CaB}_2(\text{SiO}_4)_2$, crystallizing in the orthorhombic system. It was discovered by C.U. Shepard in 1839 at Danbury, Connecticut, U.S.A., and named by him after this locality. The crystals are prismatic in habit, and closely resemble topaz in form and interfacial angles. There is an imperfect cleavage parallel to the basal plane. Crystals are transparent to translucent, and colourless to pale yellow; hardness 7; specific gravity 3.0. At Danbury the mineral occurs with microcline and oligoclase embedded in dolomite. Large crystals, reaching 4 in. in length, have been found with calcite in veins traversing granite at Russell in St Lawrence county, New York. Smaller but well-developed crystals have been found on gneiss at Mt. Scopi and Petersthal (the valley of the Vals Rhine) in Switzerland. Splendid crystals have recently been obtained from Japan.

DANBURY, a city and one of the county-seats of Fairfield county, Connecticut, U.S.A., in Danbury township, in the south-west part of the state, on the Still river, a tributary of the Housatonic. Pop. (1890) 16,552; (1900) 16,537 (3702 foreign-born); (1910) 20,234. In 1900 the population of the township, including that of the city, was 19,474, and in 1910, 23,502. Danbury is served by three divisions of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railway; by the Danbury & Harlem electric railway, which connects at Goldens Bridge, New York, with the Harlem division of the New York Central; and by an electric line to Bethel, Connecticut. Lake Kenosia, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. from the centre of the city, is a pleasure resort. A state normal school was opened in Danbury in 1904, and there is a home for destitute and homeless children under private (unsectarian) control. The city has good water-power, and the municipality owns the water works. The principal industry is the manufacture of felt hats, begun in 1780, and in 1905 engaging about thirty factories, with a product for the year valued at \$5,798,107 (71.9% of the value of all the factory products of the city, and 15.8% of the value of all the felt hats produced in the United States). The city ranked first among the cities of the country in this industry in 1900 and second in 1905, and in 1905 no other city showed so high a degree of specialization in it. Silver-plated ware (mostly manufactured by Rogers Bros.) is another important product. At Danbury is held annually the well-known agricultural Danbury Fair. The township was settled in 1684 by emigrants from Norwalk, and received its present name in 1687. When the War of Independence opened, Enoch Crosby, believed to be the original of Harvey Birch, the hero of J. F. Cooper's *'The Spy'*, was a resident of Danbury. A depot of military supplies was established in the village of Danbury in 1776; in April 1777 Governor William Tryon, of New York, raided the place, destroying the military stores and

considerable private property. During his retreat he was attacked (April 26th) at Ridgefield (about 9 m. south by east of Danbury) by the Americans under General David Wooster (1710-1777), who was fatally wounded in the conflict (being succeeded by General Benedict Arnold), and to whose memory a monument was erected in Danbury in 1854. Danbury was chartered as a borough in 1832 and as a city in 1880. In 1870 the Danbury News was established by the consolidation of the Jeffersonian and the Times, by James Montgomery Bailey (1841-1894), from 1865 to 1870 proprietor of the Times. He wrote for the News humorous sketches, which made him and the paper famous, Bailey being known as the "Danbury News Man"; among his books are Life in Danbury (1873), The Danbury News Man's Almanac (1873), They All Do It (1877), England from a Back Window (1878), Mr Philip's Goneness (1879), The Danbury Boom (1880), and History of Danbury (1896).

DANUBE (Ger. Donau, Hungarian Duna, Rumanian Dunarea, Lat. Danubius or Danuvius, and in the lower part of its course Ister), the most important river of Europe as regards the volume of its outflow, but inferior to the Volga in length and in the area of its drainage. It originates at Donaueschingen in the Black Forest, where two mountain streams, the Brigach and the Brege, together with a third stream from the Palace Gardens, unite at an elevation of 2187 ft. above the sea to form the Danube so called. From this point it runs in an easterly direction until it falls into the Black Sea some 1750 m. from its source, being the only European river of importance with a course from west to east. Its basin, which comprises a territory of nearly 300,000 sq. m., is bounded by the Black Forest, some of the minor Alpine ranges, the Bohemian Forest and the Carpathian Mountains on the north, and by the Alps and the Balkan range on the south. From the point where the Danube first becomes navigable, i.e. at its junction with the Iller at Ulm (1505 ft. above sea-level), it is fed by at least 300 tributaries, the principal of which on the right bank are the Inn, the Drave and the Save; while on the left bank are the Theiss or Tisza, the Olt, the Sereth and the Pruth. These seven rivers have a total length of 2920 m. and drain one half of the basin of the Danube.

Historical and political associations.

The course of this mighty river is rich in historical and political associations. For a long period it formed the frontier of the Roman empire; near Eining (above Regensburg) was the ancient Abusina, which for nearly five centuries was the chief Roman outpost against the northern barbarians. Traces of Trajan's wall still exist between that point and Wiesbaden, while another line of fortifications bearing the same emperor's name are found in the Dobrudja between Cernavoda (on the lower Danube) and Constantza. At intervening points are still found many notable Roman remains, such as Trajan's road, a marvellous work on the

right bank of the river in the rocky Kazan defile (separating the Balkans on the south from the Carpathians on the north), where a contemporary commemorative tablet is still conspicuously visible. At Turnu Severin below the end of this famous gorge are the remains of a solid masonry bridge constructed by the same emperor at the period of his Dacian conquests. But since Roman days the central Danube has never formed the boundary of a state; on the contrary it became the route followed from east to west by successive hordes of barbarians--the Huns, Avars, Slavs, Magyars and Turks; while the Franks under Charlemagne, the Bavarians and the Crusaders all marched in the opposite direction towards the east. In more modern days its banks were the scenes of many bloody battles during the Napoleonic Wars. Still more recently it has become the great highway of commerce for central Europe. It has been pointed out by J. G. Kohl (*Austria and the Danube*, London, 1844) and others that, in consequence of the Danube having been in constant use as the line of passage of migratory hostile tribes, it nowhere forms the boundary between two states from Orsova upwards, and thus it traverses as a central artery Württemberg, Bavaria, Austria and Hungary, while on the other hand various tributaries both north and south, which formed serious obstacles to the march of armies, have become lines of separation between different states. Thus Hungary is separated from Austria by the rivers March and Leitha; the river Enns, for a considerable period the extreme western boundary of the Magyar kingdom, still separates Upper and Lower Austria; the Inn and the Salzach divide Austria from Bavaria, and farther west the Iller separates Bavaria from Württemberg.

Course.

The Danube after leaving Donaueschingen flows south-east in the direction of Lake Constance, and below Immendingen a considerable quantity of its waters escapes through subterranean fissures to the river Ach in the Rhine basin. At Gutmadingen it turns to the north-east, which general direction, although with many windings, it maintains as far as Linz. At Tuttlingen it contracts and the hills crowd close to the banks, while ruins of castles crown almost every possible summit. The scenery is wild and beautiful until the river passes Sigmaringen. At Ulm, where the river leaves Württemberg and enters Bavaria, it is joined by a large tributary, the Iller, and from this point becomes navigable downstream for specially constructed boats carrying 100 tons of merchandise. It is here some 78 yds. in breadth, with an average depth of 3 ft. 6 in. Continuing its north-easterly course it passes through Bavaria, gradually widening its channel first at Steppberg, then at Ingolstadt, but finally narrowing again until it reaches Regensburg (height 949 ft.). At this point it changes its direction to the south-east, and passing along the southern slopes of the Bavarian Forest enters Austria at Passau (height 800 ft.). In its passage through Bavaria it receives several important affluents on both banks, notably

on the right the Alpine rivers Lech, Isar and Inn, the last of which at the junction near Passau exceeds in volume the waters of the Danube.

From Passau the Danube flows through Austria for a distance of 233 m. Closed in by mountains it flows past Linz in an unbroken stream--below, it expands and divides into many arms until it reaches the famous whirlpool near Grein where its waters unite and flow on in one channel for 40 m., through mountains and narrow passes. Beyond Krems it again divides, forming arms and islands beyond Vienna. The Danube between Linz and Vienna is renowned not only for its picturesque beauty but for the numerous medieval and modern buildings of historical and archaeological interest which crown its banks. The splendid Benedictine monastery of Melk and the ruins of Dürrenstein, the prison of Richard Coeur de Lion, are among the most interesting.

After passing Vienna and the Marchfeld, the Danube (here 316 yds. wide and 429 ft. above sea-level) passes through a defile formed by the lower spurs of the Alps and the Carpathians and enters Hungary at the ruined castle of Theben a little above Pressburg, the old Magyar capital, after leaving which the river passes through the Hungarian plains, receiving several affluents on both sides. It divides into three channels, forming several islands. After passing the fortress of Komárom it loses its easterly course at Vác (Waitzen), and flows nearly due south for 230 m. down to its junction with the Drave (81 ft. above sea-level), passing in its course Budapest, the capital of Hungary, and farther on Mohács. Below Mohács the Franz Josef canal connects the Danube with the Theiss. After its junction with the Save the Danube follows a south-easterly direction for 200 m. until it is joined on the right bank of the Drave at Belgrade, above which it receives on the left bank the Theiss or Tisz., the largest of its Hungarian affluents. From Belgrade the Danube separates Hungary from Servia. It flows eastward until it has passed through the stupendous Kazan defile, in which its waters (at Semlin 1700 yds. wide and 40 ft. deep) are hemmed in by precipitous rocks to a width of only 162 yds., with a depth of 150 ft. and a tremendous current. Emerging, above Orsova, at a height of 42 ft. above sea-level, it opens to nearly a mile in width and, turning south-eastwards, is again narrowed by its last defile, the Iron Gates, where it passes over the Prigrada rock. The course of the river through Hungary, from Pressburg to Orsova, is some 600 m.

The river now flows south, separating Servia from Rumania down to its junction with the Timok, after which as far as Silistria, a distance of 284 m., it separates Rumania from Bulgaria. The north bank is mostly flat and marshy, whereas the Bulgarian bank is almost continuously crowned by low heights on which are built the considerable towns of Vidin (Widdin), Lom Palanka, Rustchuk and Silistria, all memorable names in Turko-Russian wars. From Silistria the river flows through Rumanian territory and after passing Cernavoda, where it is crossed by a modern railway bridge, it reaches (left bank) the important commercial ports of

Braila and Galatz. A few miles east of Galatz the Pruth enters on the left bank, which is thenceforward Russian territory. The Danube flows in a single channel from Galatz for 30 m. to the Ismail Chatal (or fork), where it breaks up into the several branches of the delta. The Kilia branch from this point flows to the north-east past the towns of Ismail and Kilia, and 17 m. below the latter breaks up into another delta discharging by seven channels into the Black Sea. The Tulcea branch flows south-east from the Ismail Chatal, and 7 m. below the town of Tulcea separates into two branches. The St George's branch, holding a general, though winding, course to the south-east, discharges by two channels into the sea; and the Sulina branch, taking an easterly direction, emerges into the Black Sea 20 m. south of the Ochakov mouth of the Kilia, and 20 m. north of the Kedrilles mouth of the St George.

In 1857 the proportion of discharge by the three branches of the Danube was Sulina 7%, St George's 30% and Kilia 63%; but in 1905 the relative proportions had altered to Sulina 9%, St George's 24% and Kilia 67%. The average outflow by the three mouths combined is 236,432 cub. ft. per second. The delta enclosed between the Kilia and St George's branches, about 1000 sq. m. in area, mainly consists of one large marsh covered with reeds, and intersected by channels, relieved in places by isolated elevations covered with oak, beech and willows, many of them marking the ancient coast-line. On the eastern side of the Kilia delta the coast-line is constantly advancing and the sea becoming shallower, owing to the enormous amount of solid deposits brought down by the river. In time of ordinary flood the Kilia branch with its numerous mouths pours into the sea some 3000 cub. ft. of sand and mud per minute. Its effects are felt as far south as Sulina, and tend to necessitate the farther extension into the sea of the guiding piers of that port.

Navigation.

In the course of the 19th century, more especially during its latter half, much was done to render the Danube more available as a means of communication. In 1816 Austria and Bavaria made arrangements for the common utilization of the upper portion of the river, and since then both governments have been liberal in expenditure on its improvement. In 1844 the Ludwigs Canal was constructed by King Louis of Bavaria. It is 110 m. in length and 7 ft. in depth, and connects the Danube at Kelheim (half way between Ulm and Passau) with the Rhine at Mainz by means of the rivers Altmühl, Regnitz and Main. Various other projects exist, one for the connexion of the Danube (near Vienna) with the river Oder at Oderberg, another for a canal from the Danube to the Moldau at Budweis, 125 m. in length, which owing to the regularization of the Moldau is the last uncompleted link of a navigable channel 1875 m. in length between Sulina and Hamburg at the mouths of the Danube and the Elbe respectively. There also exist other schemes for joining the Danube with the rivers Neckar and Theiss, and also for connecting the Oder Canal

with the Vistula and the Dniester. Between Ulm and Vienna, a distance of 629 m., works of rectification have been numerous and have greatly improved the navigability of the river. The draining of the Donau-moos between Neuburg and Ingolstadt, commenced in 1791, was successfully completed about 1835; and in 1853 the removal of the rocks which obstructed the river below Grein was finally achieved; while at Vienna itself the whole mass of the Danube was conducted nearer the town for a distance of nearly 2 m. through an artificial channel 10 m. in length and 330 yds. in width, with a depth of about 12 ft., and at a cost with subsidiary works of over three millions sterling. The work, begun in 1866, involved the removal of 12,000,000 cub. metres of sand and gravel, and proved a great success, not only amply realizing its principal object, the protection of Vienna from disastrous inundations, but also improving the navigability of the river in that portion of its course. The Hungarian government also, throughout the latter half of the 19th century, expended vast sums at Budapest for the improvement of navigation and the protection of the town from inundation, and in the regularization of the Danube down to Orsova.

In prehistoric times a great part of the plains of Hungary formed a large inland sea, which ultimately burst its bounds, whereupon the Danube forced its way through the Carpathians at the Kazan defile. Much of what then formed the bottom of this sea consisted until modern times of marshes and waste lands lying in the vicinity of its numerous rivers. The problem of draining and utilizing these lands was not the only difficulty to be surmounted by the Hungarian engineers; the requirements of navigation and the necessity in winter of preventing the formation of large ice-fields, such as caused the disastrous floods at Budapest in 1838, had also to be considered. In carrying out these works the Hungarian government between 1867 and 1895 spent seven millions sterling, and a further expenditure of three and a half millions was provided for up to 1907. At Budapest, where the formation of ice-fields at the upper entrance of the two side arms of the Danube--the Promontor on the north, 20 m. in length, and the Soroksar, 35 m. long,--caused the inundation alluded to, the latter branch has been artificially blocked and the whole of the Danube now flows through Budapest in a single channel. For the first section of 60 m. after entering Hungary, the bed of the river, here surcharged with gravel, was constantly changing its course. It has been regularized throughout, the width of the stream varying from 320 to 400 yds. In the second section from Gönyö to Paks, 164 m. in length, the river had a tendency to form islands and sandbanks--its width now varies uniformly from 455 to 487 yds. The third section of 113 m., from Paks to the mouth of the Drave, differed from the others and made innumerable twists and curves. No fewer than seventeen cuttings have been made, reducing the original course of the river by 75 m. The fourth section, 217 m. in length, from the Drave to Old Moldova, resembles in its characteristics the second section and has been similarly treated. Cuttings have also been made where necessary, and the widths of the channel are 487 yds. to the mouth of the Theiss,

650 between that point and the Save, and lower down 760 yds. In the fifth and last section from Old Moldova to Orsova and the Iron Gates the river is enclosed by mountains and rocky banks, and the obstacles to navigation are rocks and whirlpools.

Article VI. of the treaty of London (1871) authorized the powers which possess the shores of this part of the Danube to come to an understanding with the view of removing these impediments, and to have the right of levying a provisional tax on vessels of every flag which may henceforth benefit thereby until the extinction of the debt contracted for the execution of the works. As the riverain powers could not come to an agreement on the subject, the great powers at the congress of Berlin (1878) entrusted to Austria-Hungary the execution of the works in question. Austria-Hungary subsequently conferred its rights on Hungary, by which country the works were carried out at a cost of about one and a half millions sterling.

The principal obstructions between Old Moldova and Turnu Severin were the Stenka Rapids, the Kozla Dojke Rapids, the Greben section and the Iron Gates. At the first named there was a bank of rocks, some of them dry at low water, extending almost across the river (985 yds. wide). The fall of the river bed is small, but the length of the rapid is 1100 yds. The Kozla Dojke, 9 m. below the Stenka Rapids, extend also for 1100 yds., with a fall of 1 in 1000, where two banks of rocks cause a sudden alternation in the direction of the current. The river is here only 170 to 330 yds. in width. Six miles farther on is the Greben section, the most difficult part of the works of improvement. A spur of the Greben mountains runs out below two shoals where the river suddenly narrows to 300 yds. at low water, but presently widens to 1½ m. Seven miles lower down are the Jucz Rapids, where the river-bed has a fall of 1 in 433. At the Iron Gates, 34 m. below the Greben, the Prigrada rocky bank nearly blocked the river at the point where it widens out after leaving the Kazan defile. The general object of the works was to obtain a navigable depth of water at all seasons of 2 metres (6.56 ft.) on that portion of the river above Orsova, and a depth of 3 metres (9.84 ft.) below that town. To effect this at Stenka, Kozla Dojke, Islaz and Tachtalia, channels 66 yds. wide had to be cut in the solid rock to a depth of 6 ft. 6 in. below low water. The point of the Greben spur had to be entirely removed for a distance of 167 yds. back from its original face. Below the Greben point a training wall 7 to 9 ft. high, 10 ft. at top and nearly 4 m. in length, has been built along the Servian shore in order to confine the river in a narrow channel. At Jucz another similar channel had to be cut and a training wall built. At the Iron Gates a channel 80 yds. wide, nearly 2000 yds. in length and 10 ft. deep (in the immediate vicinity of traces of an old Roman canal) had to be cut on the Servian side of the river through solid rock. Training walls have been built on either side of the channel to confine the water so as to raise its level; that on the right bank having a width of 19 ft. 6 in. at top, and serving as a tow-path; that on the left being 13 ft. in width. These

training walls are built of stone with flat revetments to protect them against ice. These formidable and expensive works have not altogether realized the expectations that had been formed of them. One most important result, however, has been attained, i.e. vessels can now navigate the Iron Gates at all seasons of the year when the river is not closed by ice, whereas formerly at extreme low water, lasting generally for about three months in the late summer and autumn, through navigation was always at a standstill, and goods had to be landed and transported considerable distances by land. The canal was opened for traffic on the 1st of October 1898. It was designed of sufficient width, as was supposed, for the simultaneous passage of boats in opposite directions; but on account of the great velocity of the current this has been found to be impracticable.

European commission of the Danube.

From the Iron Gates down to Braila, which is the highest point to which large sea-going ships ascend the river, there have been no important works of improvement. From Braila to Sulina, a distance of about 100 m., the river falls under the jurisdiction of the European commission of the Danube, an institution of such importance as to merit lengthened notice. It was called into existence under Art. XVI. of the treaty of Paris (1856), and in November of that year a commission was constituted in which Austria, France, Great Britain, Prussia, Russia, Sardinia and Turkey were each represented by one delegate "to designate and cause to be executed the works necessary below Isaktcha[1] to clear the mouths of the Danube as well as the neighbouring parts of the sea, from the sands and other impediments which obstructed them, in order to put that part of the river and the said parts of the sea in the best possible state for navigation."

In Art. XVIII. of the same treaty it was anticipated that the European commission would have finished the works described within the period of two years, when it was to be dissolved and its powers taken over by a Riverain commission to be established under the same treaty; but this commission has never come into existence. Extended by short periods up to 1871, the powers of the European commission were then prolonged under the treaty of London for twelve years. At the congress of Berlin in 1878 its jurisdiction was extended from Isakcea to Galatz (26 m.), and it was decided that the commission, in which Rumania was henceforward to be represented by a delegate, should exercise its powers in complete independence of the territorial authority. By the treaty of London of 1883 the jurisdiction of the commission was extended from Galatz to Braila and its powers were prolonged for twenty-one years (i.e. till the 24th of April 1904), after which its existence was to continue by tacit prolongation for successive terms of three years unless one of the high contracting powers should propose any modification in its constitution or attributes. It was also decided that the European commission should

no longer exercise any effective control over that portion of the Kilia branch of which the two banks belonged to one of the riverain powers (Russia and Rumania), while as regards that portion of it which separated the two countries, control was to be exercised by the Russian and Rumanian delegates on the European commission. Russia was also authorized to levy tolls intended to cover the expenses of any works of improvement that might be undertaken by her. Art. VII. of the same treaty declared that the regulations for navigation, river police, and superintendence drawn up on the 2nd of June 1882 by the European commission, assisted by the delegates of Servia and Bulgaria, should be made applicable to that part of the Danube situated between the Iron Gates and Braila. In consequence of Rumania's opposition, the proposed _Commission Mixte_ was never formed, and these regulations have never been put in force. As regards the extension of the powers of the European commission to Braila, 11 m. above Galatz, and at the head of the maritime navigation, a tacit understanding has been arrived at, under which questions concerning navigation proper come under the jurisdiction of the commission, while the police of the ports remains in the hands of the Rumanian authorities.

Sir Charles Hartley, who was chief engineer of the commission from 1856 to 1907,[2] in a paper contributed to the Institution of Civil Engineers in 1873 (vol. xxxvi.), gave the following graphic description of the state of the Sulina mouth when the commission entered on its labours in 1856:--

"The entrance to the Sulina branch was a wild open seaboard strewn with wrecks, the hulls and masts of which, sticking out of the submerged sandbanks, gave to mariners the only guide where the deepest channel was to be found. The depth of the channel varied from 7 to 11 ft., and was rarely more than 9 ft.

"The site now occupied by wide quays extending several miles in length was then entirely covered with water when the sea rose a few inches above ordinary level, and that even in a perfect calm; the banks of the river near the mouth were only indicated by clusters of wretched hovels built on piles and by narrow patches of sand skirted by tall weeds, the only vegetable product of the vast swamps beyond.

"For some years before the improvements, an average of 2000 vessels of an aggregate capacity of 400,000 tons visited the Danube, and of this number more than three-fourths loaded either the whole or part of their cargoes from lighters in the Sulina roadstead, where, lying off a lee shore, they were frequently exposed to the greatest danger. Shipwrecks were of common occurrence, and occasionally the number of disasters was appalling. One dark winter night in 1855, during a terrific gale, 24 sailing ships and 60 lighters went ashore off the mouth and upwards of 300 persons perished."

The state of affairs in the river was not much better than at the Sulina mouth. Of the three arms of the Danube, the Kilia, the Sulina and the St George, the central or Sulina branch, owing to its greater depth of water over the bar, had from time immemorial been the principal waterway for sea-going vessels; its average depth throughout its course, which could not always be counted on, was 8 ft., but it contained numerous shoals where vessels had to lighten, so that cargo had often to be shifted several times in the voyage down the river. It also contained numerous bends and sharp curves, sources of the greatest difficulty to navigation.

The commission fixed its seat at Galatz. Provisional works of improvement were begun almost immediately at the mouth of the Sulina branch of the Danube, but two years were spent in discussing the relative claims to adoption of the Kilia, the Sulina and the St George's mouths. Unable to agree, the delegates referred the question to their respective governments, and a technical commission appointed by France, England, Prussia and Sardinia met at Paris and decided unanimously in favour of St George's; but recommended, instead of the embankment of the natural channel, the formation of an artificial canal 17 ft. in depth closed by sluices at its junction with the river, and reaching the sea at some distance from the natural embouchure. The choice of St George's made by this commission was adopted at Galatz in December 1858, and six of the seven representatives voted for its canalization; but owing to various political and financial considerations, it was ultimately decided to do nothing more in the meantime than render permanent and effective the provisional works already in progress at the Sulina mouth. These consisted of two piers forming a seaward prolongation of the fluvial channel, begun in 1858 and completed in 1861. The northern pier had a length of 4631 ft., the southern of 3000, and the depth of the water in which they were built varied from 6 to 20 ft. At the commencement of the works the depth of the channel was only 9 ft. but by their completion it had increased to 19 ft. The works designed and constructed by Sir Charles Hartley had in fact proved so successful that nothing more was ever heard of the St George's project. In 1865 a new lighthouse was erected at the end of the north pier. The value of these early works of the commission is shown by the fact that of 2928 vessels navigating the lower Danube in 1855, 36 were wrecked, while of 2676 in 1865 only 7 were wrecked. In 1871 it was found expedient to lengthen the piers seaward, and in 1876 the south jetty was prolonged, so as to bring its end exactly opposite the lighthouse on the north pier. This resulted in an increase of the depth to 20½ ft., and for fifteen years, from 1879 to 1895, this depth remained constant without the aid of dredging. In 1894, owing to the constantly increasing size of vessels frequenting the Danube, it was found necessary to deepen the entrance still further, and to construct two parallel piers between the main jetties, reducing the breadth of the river to 500 ft., and thereby increasing the scour. There is now a continuous channel 24 ft. in depth, 5200 ft. in length, and 300 ft. in width between the piers, and 600 ft. outside the extremities of

the piers, until deep water is reached in the open sea. This depth is only maintained by constant dredging. The engineers of the commission have been equally successful in dealing with the Sulina branch of the river. Its original length of 45 m. from St George's Chatal to the sea was impeded at the commencement of the improvement works by eleven bends, each with a radius of less than 1000 ft., besides numerous others of somewhat larger radius, and its bed was encumbered by ten shifting shoals, varying from 8 to 13 ft. in depth at low water. By means of a series of training walls, by groynes thrown out from the banks, by revetments of the banks, and by dredging, all done with the view of narrowing the river, a minimum depth of 11 ft. was attained in 1865, and 13 ft. in 1871. In 1880 the needs of commerce and the increased size of steamers frequenting the river necessitated the construction of a new entrance from the St George's branch. This work, designed in 1857, but unexecuted during a quarter of a century, owing to insufficiency of funds, was completed in 1882; and in 1886, after other comparatively short cuttings had been made to get rid of difficult bends and further to deepen the channel without having to resort to dredgers, the desired minimum depth of 15 ft. was attained. Since that date a series of new cuttings has been made. These have shortened the length of the Sulina canal by 11 nautical m., eliminated all the difficult bends and shoals, and provided an almost straight waterway 34 m. in length from Sulina to St George's Chatal, with a minimum depth of 20 ft. when the river is at its lowest.

In the early days of the commission, i.e. from 1857 to 1860, the money spent on the works of improvement, amounting to about £150,000, was advanced as a loan by the then territorial power, Turkey; but in 1860 the commission began to levy taxes on vessels frequenting the river, and since then has repaid its debt to the Turkish government, as well as various loans for short periods, and a larger one of £120,000 guaranteed by the powers, and raised in 1868, mainly through the energy of the British commissioner, Sir John Stokes. This last loan was paid off in 1882 and the commission became free from debt in 1887. It has now an average annual income of about £80,000 derived from taxes paid by ships when[3] leaving the river. The normal annual expenditure amounts to about £56,000, while £24,000 is generally allotted to extraordinary works, such as new cuttings, &c. Between 1857 and 1905 a sum of about one and three quarter millions sterling was spent on engineering works, including the construction of quays, lighthouses, workshops and buildings, &c. Sulina from being a collection of mud hovels has developed into a town with 5000 inhabitants; a well-found hospital has been established where all merchant sailors receive gratuitous treatment; lighthouses, quays, floating elevators and an efficient pilot service all combine to make it a first-class port.

The result of all the combined works for the rectification of the Danube is that from Sulina up to Braila the river is navigable for sea-going vessels up to 4000 tons register, from Braila to Turnu Severin it is

open for sea-going vessels up to 600 tons, and for flat barges of from 1500 to 2000 tons capacity. From Turnu Severin to Orsova navigation is confined to river steamers, tugs and barges drawing 6 ft. of water. Thence to Vienna the draught is limited to 5 ft., and from Vienna to Regensburg to a somewhat lower figure. Barges of 600 tons register can be towed from the lower Danube to Regensburg. Here petroleum tanks have been constructed for the storage of Rumanian petroleum, the first consignment of which in 1898, conveyed in tank boats, took six weeks on the voyage up from Giurgevo. The principal navigation company on the upper Danube is the Société Impériale et Royale Autrichienne of Vienna, which started operations in 1830. This company also owns the Fünfkirchen mines, producing annually 500,000 tons of coal. The society transports goods and passengers between Galatz and Regensburg. A less important society is the Rumanian State Navigation Company, possessing a large flotilla of tugs and barges, which run to Budapest, where they have established a combined service with the South Danube German Company for the transport of goods from Pest to Regensburg. A Hungarian Navigation Company, subsidized by the state, has also been formed, and the Hungarian railways, the Servian government and private owners own a large number of tugs and barges.

But it is the trade of the lower Danube that has principally benefited. Freights from Galatz and Braila to North Sea ports have fallen from 50s. to about 12s. or even 10s. per ton. Sailing ships of 200 tons register have given way to steamers up to 4000 tons register carrying a deadweight of nearly 8000 tons; and good order has succeeded chaos. From 1847 to 1860 an average of 203 British ships entered the Danube averaging 193 tons each; from 1861 to 1889, 486 ships averaging 796 tons; in 1893, 905 vessels of 1,287,762 tons, or 68% of the total traffic, and rather more than two and a half times the total amount of British tonnage visiting the Danube in the fourteen years between 1847 and 1860. The average amount of cereals (principally wheat) annually exported from the Danube during the period 1901-1905 was 13,000,000 quarters, i.e. about five times the average annual exportation during the period 1861-1867. It has been calculated that between 1861 and 1902 the total tonnage of ships frequenting the Danube increased five-fold, while the mean size of individual ships increased ten-fold.

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FOOTNOTES:

[1] Isakcea was 66 nautical m. from the sea measured by the Sulina arm of the Danube, 37 m. below Braila and 26 m. below Galatz.

[2] Sir Charles Hartley became consulting engineer in 1872, when he was succeeded as resident engineer by Mr Charles Kühl, C.E., C.M.G. To those two gentlemen is mainly due the conspicuous success of the engineering works.

[3] Ships pay no taxes to the commission on entering the river, but on leaving it every ship of over 1500 tons register pays 1s. 5d. per registered ton if loaded at Galatz or Braila, or 11d. per ton if loaded at Sulina. This includes pilotage and light dues. Smaller vessels pay less and ships of less than 300 tons are exempt.

A. CONAN DOYLE

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(1859-)

The author of 'The White Company,' 'The Great Shadow,' and 'Micah Clarke' has been heard to lament the fact that his introduction to American readers came chiefly through the good offices of his accomplished friend "Sherlock Holmes." Dr. Doyle would prefer to be judged by his more serious and laborious work, as it appears in his historic romances. But he has found it useless to protest. 'The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes' delighted a public which enjoys incident, mystery, and above all that matching of the wits of a clever man against the dumb resistance of the secrecy of inanimate things, which results in the triumph of the human intelligence. Moreover, in Sherlock Holmes himself the reader perceived a new character in fiction. The inventors of the French detective story,—that ingenious

Chinese puzzle of literature,--have no such wizard as he to show. Even Poe, past master of mystery-making, is more or less empirical in his methods of mystery-solving.

But Sherlock Holmes is a true product of his time. He is an embodiment of the scientific spirit seeing microscopically and applying itself to construct, from material vestiges and psychologic remainders, an unknown body of proof. From the smallest fragments he deduces the whole structure, precisely as the great naturalists do; and so flawless are his reasonings that a course of 'The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes' would not be bad training in a high-school class in logic.

The creator of this eminent personage was born in Edinburgh in 1859, of a line of artists; his grandfather, John Doyle, having been a famous political caricaturist, whose works, under the signature "H. B.," were purchased at a high price by the British Museum. The quaint signature of his father--a capital D, with a little bird perched on top, gained him the affectionate sobriquet of "Dicky Doyle"; and Dicky Doyle's house was the gathering-place of artists and authors, whose talk served to decide the destiny of the lad Conan. For though he was intended for the medical profession, and after studying in Germany had kept his terms at the Medical College of Edinburgh University, the love of letters drove him forth in his early twenties to try his fortunes in the literary world of London.

Inheriting from his artist ancestry a sense of form and color, a faculty of constructiveness, and a vivid imagination, his studiousness and his industry have turned his capacities into abilities. For his romance of 'The White Company' he read more than two hundred books, and spent on it more than two years of labor. 'Micah Clarke' and 'The Great Shadow' involved equal wit and conscience. In his historic fiction he has described the England of Edward III., of James II., and of to-day, the Scotland of George III., the France of Edward III., of Louis XIV., and of Napoleon, and the America of Frontenac; while, in securing this correctness of historic detail, he has not neglected the first duty of a story-teller, which is to be interesting.

THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE

From 'The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.' Copyright 1892, by Harper & Brothers

I had called upon my friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes one day in the autumn of last year, and found him in deep conversation with a very stout, florid-faced elderly gentleman, with fiery red hair. With an apology

for my intrusion I was about to withdraw, when Holmes pulled me abruptly into the room and closed the door behind me.

"You could not possibly have come at a better time, my dear Watson," he said, cordially.

"I was afraid that you were engaged."

"So I am. Very much so."

"Then I can wait in the next room."

"Not at all. This gentleman, Mr. Wilson, has been my partner and helper in many of my most successful cases, and I have no doubt that he will be of the utmost use to me in yours also."

The stout gentleman half rose from his chair and gave a bob of greeting, with a quick little questioning glance from his small, fat-encircled eyes.

"Try the settee," said Holmes, relapsing into his arm-chair and putting his finger-tips together, as was his custom when in judicial moods. "I know, my dear Watson, that you share my love of all that is bizarre and outside the conventions and humdrum routine of every-day life. You have shown your relish for it by the enthusiasm which has prompted you to chronicle, and if you will excuse my saying so, somewhat to embellish so many of my own little adventures."

"Your cases have indeed been of the greatest interest to me," I observed.

"You will remember that I remarked the other day, just before we went into the very simple problem presented by Miss Mary Sutherland, that for strange effects and extraordinary combinations we must go to life itself, which is always far more daring than any effort of the imagination."

"A proposition which I took the liberty of doubting."

"You did, doctor; but none the less you must come round to my view, for otherwise I shall keep on piling fact upon fact on you, until your reason breaks down under them and acknowledges me to be right. Now, Mr. Jabez Wilson here has been good enough to call upon me this morning, and to begin a narrative which promises to be one of the most singular which I have listened to for some time. You have heard me remark that the strangest and most unique things are very often connected not with the larger but with the smaller crimes; and occasionally, indeed, where there is room for doubt whether any positive crime has been committed. As far as I have heard, it is

impossible for me to say whether the present case is an instance of crime or not; but the course of events is certainly among the most singular that I have ever listened to. Perhaps, Mr. Wilson, you would have the great kindness to recommence your narrative. I ask you, not merely because my friend Dr. Watson has not heard the opening part, but also because the peculiar nature of the story makes me anxious to have every possible detail from your lips. As a rule, when I have heard some slight indication of the course of events, I am able to guide myself by the thousands of other similar cases which occur to my memory. In the present instance I am forced to admit that the facts are, to the best of my belief, unique."

The portly client puffed out his chest with an appearance of some little pride, and pulled a dirty and wrinkled newspaper from the inside pocket of his great-coat. As he glanced down the advertisement column, with his head thrust forward, and the paper flattened out upon his knee, I took a good look at the man, and endeavored, after the fashion of my companion, to read the indications which might be presented by his dress or appearance. I did not gain very much, however, by my inspection. Our visitor bore every mark of being an average commonplace British tradesman, obese, pompous, and slow. He wore rather baggy gray shepherd's-check trousers, a not over clean black frock-coat unbuttoned in the front, and a drab waistcoat, with a heavy brassy Albert chain and a square pierced bit of metal dangling down as an ornament. A frayed top-hat and a faded brown overcoat with a wrinkled velvet collar lay upon a chair beside him. Altogether, look as I would, there was nothing remarkable about the man save his blazing red head, and the expression of extreme chagrin and discontent upon his features.

Sherlock Holmes's quick eye took in my occupation, and he shook his head with a smile as he noticed my questioning glances. "Beyond the obvious facts that he has at some time done manual labor, that he takes snuff, that he is a Freemason, that he has been in China, and that he has done a considerable amount of writing lately, I can deduce nothing else."

Mr. Jabez Wilson started up in his chair, with his forefinger upon the paper, but his eyes upon my companion.

"How in the name of good fortune did you know all that, Mr. Holmes?" he asked. "How did you know, for example, that I did manual labor? It's as true as gospel, for I began as a ship's carpenter."

"Your hands, my dear sir. Your right hand is quite a size larger than your left. You have worked with it, and the muscles are more developed."

"Well, the snuff, then, and the Freemasonry?"

"I won't insult your intelligence by telling you how I read that; especially as, rather against the strict rules of your order, you use an arc-and-compass breastpin."

"Ah, of course, I forgot that. But the writing?"

"What else can be indicated by that right cuff so very shiny for five inches, and the left one with the smooth patch near the elbow where you rest it upon the desk?"

"Well, but China?"

"The fish that you have tattooed immediately above your right wrist could only have been done in China. I have made a small study of tattoo marks, and have even contributed to the literature of the subject. That trick of staining the fishes' scales of a delicate pink is quite peculiar to China. When in addition I see a Chinese coin hanging from your watch-chain, the matter becomes even more simple."

Mr. Jabez Wilson laughed heavily. "Well, I never!" said he. "I thought at first that you had done something clever, but I see that there was nothing in it, after all."

"I begin to think, Watson," said Holmes, "that I make a mistake in explaining. 'Omne ignotum pro magnifico,' you know, and my poor little reputation, such as it is, will suffer shipwreck if I am so candid. Can you not find the advertisement, Mr. Wilson?"

"Yes, I have got it now," he answered, with his thick red finger planted half-way down the column. "Here it is. This is what began it all. You just read it for yourself, sir."

I took the paper from him, and read as follows:--

"TO THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE:--On account of the bequest of the late Ezekiah Hopkins, of Lebanon, Pa., U.S.A., there is now another vacancy open, which entitles a member of the League to a salary of £4 a week for purely nominal services. All red-headed men who are sound in body and mind, and above the age of twenty-one years, are eligible. Apply in person on Monday, at eleven o'clock, to Duncan Ross, at the offices of the League, 7 Pope's Court, Fleet Street."

"What on earth does this mean?" I ejaculated, after I had twice read over the extraordinary announcement.

Holmes chuckled, and wriggled in his chair, as was his habit when in high spirits. "It is a little off the beaten track, isn't it?" said

he. "And now, Mr. Wilson, off you go at scratch, and tell us all about yourself, your household, and the effect which this advertisement had upon your fortunes. You will first make a note, doctor, of the paper and the date."

"It is the Morning Chronicle of April 27th, 1890. Just two months ago."

"Very good. Now, Mr. Wilson?"

"Well, it is just as I have been telling you, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," said Jabez Wilson, mopping his forehead: "I have a small pawnbroker's business at Coburg Square, near the city. It's not a very large affair, and of late years it has not done more than just give me a living. I used to be able to keep two assistants, but now I only keep one; and I would have a job to pay him, but that he is willing to come for half wages, so as to learn the business."

"What is the name of this obliging youth?" asked Sherlock Holmes.

"His name is Vincent Spaulding, and he's not such a youth, either. It's hard to say his age. I should not wish a smarter assistant, Mr. Holmes; and I know very well that he could better himself, and earn twice what I am able to give him. But after all, if he is satisfied, why should I put ideas in his head?"

"Why, indeed? You seem most fortunate in having an _employé_ who comes under the full market price. It is not a common experience among employers in this age. I don't know that your assistant is not as remarkable as your advertisement."

"Oh, he has his faults, too," said Mr. Wilson. "Never was such a fellow for photography. Snapping away with a camera when he ought to be improving his mind, and then diving down into the cellar like a rabbit into its hole to develop his pictures. That is his main fault; but on the whole, he's a good worker. There's no vice in him."

"He is still with you, I presume?"

"Yes, sir. He and a girl of fourteen, who does a bit of simple cooking, and keeps the place clean--that's all I have in the house, for I am a widower, and never had any family. We live very quietly, sir, the three of us; and we keep a roof over our heads, and pay our debts, if we do nothing more."

"The first thing that put us out was that advertisement. Spaulding, he came down into the office just this day eight weeks, with this very paper in his hand, and he says:--

"I wish to the Lord, Mr. Wilson, that I was a red-headed man."

"Why that?" I asks.

"Why," says he, "here's another vacancy on the League of the Red-Headed Men. It's worth quite a little fortune to any man who gets it, and I understand that there are more vacancies than there are men, so that the trustees are at their wits' end what to do with the money. If my hair would only change color, here's a nice little crib all ready for me to step into."

"Why, what is it, then?" I asked. You see, Mr. Holmes, I am a very stay-at-home man, and as my business came to me instead of my having to go to it, I was often weeks on end without putting my foot over the door-mat. In that way I didn't know much of what was going on outside, and I was always glad of a bit of news.

"Have you never heard of the League of the Red-Headed Men?" he asked, with his eyes open.

"Never."

"Why, I wonder at that, for you are eligible yourself for one of the vacancies."

"And what are they worth?" I asked.

"Oh, merely a couple of hundred a year; but the work is slight, and it need not interfere very much with one's other occupations."

"Well, you can easily think that that made me prick up my ears, for the business has not been over good for some years, and an extra couple of hundred would have been very handy."

"Tell me all about it," said I.

"Well," said he, showing me the advertisement, "you can see for yourself that the League has a vacancy, and there is the address where you should apply for particulars. As far as I can make out, the League was founded by an American millionaire, Ezekiah Hopkins, who was very peculiar in his ways. He was himself red-headed, and he had a great sympathy for all red-headed men; so when he died it was found that he had left his enormous fortune in the hands of trustees, with instructions to apply the interest to the providing of easy berths to men whose hair is of that color. From all I hear, it is splendid pay and very little to do."

"But," said I, "there would be millions of red-headed men who would apply."

"Not so many as you might think,' he answered. 'You see it is really confined to Londoners, and to grown men. This American had started from London when he was young, and he wanted to do the old town a good turn. Then again, I have heard it is no use your applying if your hair is light red, or dark red, or anything but real bright, blazing, fiery red. Now if you care to apply, Mr. Wilson, you would just walk in; but perhaps it would hardly be worth your while to put yourself out of the way for the sake of a few hundred pounds.'

"Now, it is a fact, gentlemen, as you may see for yourselves, that my hair is of a very full and rich tint, so that it seemed to me that if there was to be any competition in the matter, I stood as good a chance as any man that I had ever met. Vincent Spaulding seemed to know so much about it that I thought he might prove useful, so I just ordered him to put up the shutters for the day, and to come right away with me. He was very willing to have a holiday; so we shut the business up, and started off for the address that was given us in the advertisement.

"I never hope to see such a sight as that again, Mr. Holmes. From north, south, east, and west, every man who had a shade of red in his hair had tramped into the city to answer the advertisement. Fleet Street was choked with red-headed folk, and Pope's Court looked like a coster's orange-barrow. I should not have thought there were so many in the whole country as were brought together by that single advertisement. Every shade of color they were--straw, lemon, orange, brick, Irish-setter, liver, clay; but as Spaulding said, there were not many who had the real vivid flame-colored tint. When I saw how many were waiting, I would have given it up in despair; but Spaulding would not hear of it. How he did it I could not imagine, but he pushed and pulled and butted until he got me through the crowd, and right up to the steps which led to the office. There was a double stream upon the stair, some going up in hope, and some coming back dejected; but we wedged in as well as we could, and soon found ourselves in the office."

"Your experience has been a most entertaining one," remarked Holmes, as his client paused and refreshed his memory with a huge pinch of snuff. "Pray continue your very interesting statement."

"There was nothing in the office but a couple of wooden chairs and a deal table, behind which sat a small man, with a head that was even redder than mine. He said a few words to each candidate as he came up, and then he always managed to find some fault in them which would disqualify them. Getting a vacancy did not seem to be such a very easy matter, after all. However, when our turn came, the little man was much more favorable to me than to any of the others, and he closed the door as we entered, so that he might have a private word with us.

"This is Mr. Jabez Wilson,' said my assistant, 'and he is willing to fill a vacancy in the League.'

"And he is admirably suited for it,' the other answered. 'He has every requirement. I cannot recall when I have seen anything so fine.' He took a step backward, cocked his head on one side, and gazed at my hair until I felt quite bashful. Then suddenly he plunged forward, wrung my hand, and congratulated me warmly on my success.

"It would be injustice to hesitate,' said he. 'You will, however, I am sure, excuse me for taking an obvious precaution.' With that he seized my hair in both his hands, and tugged until I yelled with the pain. 'There is water in your eyes,' said he, as he released me. 'I perceive that all is as it should be. But we have to be careful, for we have twice been deceived by wigs and once by paint. I could tell you tales of cobbler's wax which would disgust you with human nature.' He stepped over to the window, and shouted through it at the top of his voice that the vacancy was filled. A groan of disappointment came up from below, and the folk all trooped away in different directions, until there was not a red head to be seen except my own and that of the manager.

"My name,' said he, 'is Mr. Duncan Ross, and I am myself one of the pensioners upon the fund left by our noble benefactor. Are you a married man, Mr. Wilson? Have you a family?'

"I answered that I had not.

"His face fell immediately.

"Dear me,' he said, gravely, 'that is very serious indeed! I am sorry to hear you say that. The fund was of course for the propagation and spread of the red-heads, as well as for their maintenance. It is exceedingly unfortunate that you should be a bachelor.'

"My face lengthened at this, Mr. Holmes, for I thought that I was not to have the vacancy after all; but after thinking it over for a few minutes, he said that it would be all right.

"In the case of another,' said he, 'the objection might be fatal, but we must stretch a point in favor of a man with such a head of hair as yours. When shall you be able to enter upon your new duties?'

"Well, it is a little awkward, for I have a business already,' said I.

"Oh, never mind about that, Mr. Wilson!' said Vincent Spaulding. 'I shall be able to look after that for you.'

"What would be the hours?' I asked.

"Ten to two.'

"Now a pawnbroker's business is mostly done of an evening, Mr. Holmes, especially Thursday and Friday evening, which is just before pay-day; so it would suit me very well to earn a little in the mornings. Besides, I knew that my assistant was a good man, and that he would see to anything that turned up.

"That would suit me very well,' said I. 'And the pay?'

"Is £4 a week.'

"And the work?'

"Is purely nominal.'

"What do you call purely nominal?'

"Well, you have to be in the office, or at least in the building, the whole time. If you leave, you forfeit your whole position forever. The will is very clear upon that point. You don't comply with the conditions if you budge from the office during that time.'

"It's only four hours a day, and I should not think of leaving,' said I.

"No excuse will avail,' said Mr. Duncan Ross, 'neither sickness nor business nor anything else. There you must stay, or you lose your billet.'

"And the work?'

"Is to copy out the Encyclopædia Britannica. There is the first volume of it in that press. You must find your own ink, pens, and blotting-paper, but we provide this table and chair. Will you be ready to-morrow?'

"Certainly,' I answered.

"Then good-by, Mr. Jabez Wilson; and let me congratulate you once more on the important position which you have been fortunate enough to gain.' He bowed me out of the room, and I went home with my assistant, hardly knowing what to say or do, I was so pleased at my own good fortune.

"Well, I thought over the matter all day, and by evening I was in low

spirits again; for I had quite persuaded myself that the whole affair must be some great hoax or fraud, though what its object might be I could not imagine. It seemed altogether past belief that any one could make such a will, or that they would pay such a sum for doing anything so simple as copying out the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' Vincent Spaulding did what he could to cheer me up, but by bedtime I had reasoned myself out of the whole thing. However, in the morning I determined to have a look at it anyhow, so I bought a penny bottle of ink, and with a quill pen and seven sheets of foolscap paper I started off for Pope's Court.

"Well, to my surprise and delight, everything was as right as possible. The table was set out ready for me, and Mr. Duncan Ross was there to see that I got fairly to work. He started me off upon the letter A, and then he left me; but he would drop in from time to time to see that all was right with me. At two o'clock he bade me good-by, complimented me upon the amount that I had written, and locked the door of the office after me.

"This went on day after day, Mr. Holmes, and on Saturday the manager came in and planked down four golden sovereigns for my week's work. It was the same next week, and the same the week after. Every morning I was there at ten, and every afternoon I left at two. By degrees Mr. Duncan Ross took to coming in only once of a morning, and then after a time he did not come in at all. Still, of course, I never dared to leave the room for an instant, for I was not sure when he might come, and the billet was such a good one, and suited me so well, that I would not risk the loss of it.

"Eight weeks passed away like this, and I had written about Abbots and Archery and Armor and Architecture and Attica, and hoped with diligence that I might get on to the B's before very long. It cost me something in foolscap, and I had pretty nearly filled a shelf with my writings. And then suddenly the whole business came to an end."

"To an end?"

"Yes, sir. And no later than this morning. I went to my work as usual at ten o'clock, but the door was shut and locked with a little square of card-board hammered on to the middle of the panel with a tack. Here it is, and you can read for yourself."

He held up a piece of white cardboard about the size of a sheet of note-paper. It read in this fashion:--

THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE
IS
DISSOLVED.

October 9th, 1890.

Sherlock Holmes and I surveyed this curt announcement and the rueful face behind it, until the comical side of the affair so completely overtopped every other consideration that we both burst out into a roar of laughter.

"I cannot see that there is anything very funny," cried our client, flushing up to the roots of his flaming head. "If you can do nothing better than laugh at me, I can go elsewhere."

"No, no," cried Holmes, shoving him back into the chair from which he had half risen. "I really wouldn't miss your case for the world. It is most refreshingly unusual. But there is, if you will excuse my saying so, something just a little funny about it. Pray, what steps did you take when you found the card upon the door?"

"I was staggered, sir. I did not know what to do. Then I called at the offices round, but none of them seemed to know anything about it. Finally I went to the landlord, who is an accountant living on the ground-floor, and I asked him if he could tell me what had become of the Red-Headed League. He said that he had never heard of any such body. Then I asked him who Mr. Duncan Ross was. He answered that the name was new to him.

"Well," said I, 'the gentleman at No. 4.'

"What, the red-headed man?"

"Yes."

"Oh," said he, 'his name was William Morris. He was a solicitor, and was using my room as a temporary convenience until his new premises were ready. He moved out yesterday.'

"Where could I find him?"

"Oh, at his new offices. He did tell me the address. Yes, 17 King Edward Street, near St. Paul's."

"I started off, Mr. Holmes, but when I got to that address it was a manufactory of artificial knee caps, and no one in it had ever heard of either Mr. William Morris or Mr. Duncan Ross."

"And what did you do then?" asked Holmes.

"I went home to Saxe-Coburg Square, and I took the advice of my assistant. But he could not help me in any way. He could only say that if I waited I should hear by post. But that was not quite good enough,

Mr. Holmes. I did not wish to lose such a place without a struggle; so as I had heard that you were good enough to give advice to poor folk who were in need of it, I came right away to you."

"And you did very wisely," said Holmes. "Your case is an exceedingly remarkable one, and I shall be happy to look into it. From what you have told me, I think that it is possible that graver issues hang from it than might at first sight appear."

"Grave enough!" said Mr. Jabez Wilson. "Why, I have lost four pound a week."

"As far as you are personally concerned," remarked Holmes, "I do not see that you have any grievance against this extraordinary league. On the contrary, you are, as I understand, richer by some £30, to say nothing of the minute knowledge which you have gained on every subject which comes under the letter A. You have lost nothing by them."

"No, sir. But I want to find out about them, and who they are, and what their object was in playing this prank--if it was a prank--upon me. It was a pretty expensive joke for them, for it cost them two-and-thirty pounds."

"We shall endeavor to clear up these points for you. And first one or two questions, Mr. Wilson. This assistant of yours who first called your attention to the advertisement--how long had he been with you?"

"About a month then."

"How did he come?"

"In answer to an advertisement."

"Was he the only applicant?"

"No; I had a dozen."

"Why did you pick him?"

"Because he was handy, and would come cheap."

"At half wages, in fact."

"Yes."

"What is he like, this Vincent Spaulding?"

"Small, stout-built, very quick in his ways, no hair on his face, though he's not short of thirty. Has a white splash of acid upon his

forehead."

Holmes sat up in his chair in considerable excitement. "I thought as much," said he. "Have you ever observed that his ears are pierced for earrings?"

"Yes, sir. He told me that a gipsy had done it for him when he was a lad."

"Hum!" said Holmes, sinking back in deep thought. "He is still with you?"

"Oh yes, sir; I have only just left him."

"And has your business been attended to in your absence?"

"Nothing to complain of, sir. There's never very much to do of a morning."

"That will do, Mr. Wilson. I shall be happy to give you an opinion upon the subject in the course of a day or two. To-day is Saturday, and I hope that by Monday we may come to a conclusion."

"Well, Watson," said Holmes, when our visitor had left us, "what do you make of it all?"

"I make nothing of it," I answered, frankly. "It is a most mysterious business."

"As a rule," said Holmes, "the more bizarre a thing is, the less mysterious it proves to be. It is your commonplace, featureless crimes which are really puzzling, just as a commonplace face is the most difficult to identify. But I must be prompt over this matter."

"What are you going to do, then?" I asked.

"To smoke," he answered. "It is quite a three-pipe problem, and I beg that you won't speak to me for fifty minutes." He curled himself up in his chair, with his thin knees drawn up to his hawk-like nose, and there he sat with his eyes closed and his black clay pipe thrusting out like the bill of some strange bird. I had come to the conclusion that he had dropped asleep, and indeed was nodding myself, when he suddenly sprang out of his chair with the gesture of a man who has made up his mind, and put his pipe down upon the mantel-piece.

"Sarasate plays at the St. James's Hall this afternoon," he remarked. "What do you think, Watson? Could your patients spare you for a few hours?"

"I have nothing to do to-day. My practice is never very absorbing."

"Then put on your hat and come. I am going through the city first, and we can have some lunch on the way. I observe that there is a good deal of German music on the programme, which is rather more to my taste than Italian or French. It is introspective, and I want to introspect. Come along!"

We traveled by the Underground as far as Aldersgate; and a short walk took us to Saxe-Coburg Square, the scene of the singular story which we had listened to in the morning. It was a poky little shabby-genteel place, where four lines of dingy two-storied brick houses looked out into a small railed-in inclosure, where a lawn of weedy grass and a few clumps of faded laurel-bushes made a hard fight against a smoke-laden and uncongenial atmosphere. Three gilt balls, and a brown board with "JABEZ WILSON" in white letters, upon a corner house, announced the place where our red-headed client carried on his business. Sherlock Holmes stopped in front of it, with his head on one side, and looked it all over, with his eyes shining brightly between puckered lids. Then he walked slowly up the street, and then down again to the corner, still looking keenly at the houses. Finally he returned to the pawnbroker's, and having thumped vigorously upon the pavement with his stick two or three times he went up to the door and knocked. It was instantly opened by a bright-looking, clean-shaven young fellow, who asked him to step in.

"Thank you," said Holmes, "I only wish to ask you how you would go from here to the Strand."

"Third right, fourth left," answered the assistant, promptly, closing the door.

"Smart fellow, that," observed Holmes, as we walked away. "He is, in my judgment, the fourth smartest man in London, and for daring I am not sure that he has not a claim to be third. I have known something of him before."

"Evidently," said I, "Mr. Wilson's assistant counts for a good deal in this mystery of the Red-Headed League. I am sure that you inquired your way merely in order that you might see him."

"Not him."

"What then?"

"The knees of his trousers."

"And what did you see?"

"What I expected to see."

"Why did you beat the pavement?"

"My dear doctor, this is a time for observation, not for talk. We are spies in an enemy's country. We know something of Saxe-Coburg Square. Let us now explore the parts which lie behind it."

The road in which we found ourselves as we turned round the corner from the retired Saxe-Coburg Square presented as great a contrast to it as the front of a picture does to the back. It was one of the main arteries which convey the traffic of the city to the north and west. The roadway was blocked with the immense stream of commerce, flowing in a double tide inward and outward, while the foot-paths were black with the hurrying swarm of pedestrians. It was difficult to realize, as we looked at the line of fine shops and stately business premises, that they really abutted on the other side upon the faded and stagnant square which we had just quitted.

"Let me see," said Holmes, standing at the corner and glancing along the line, "I should like just to remember the order of the houses here. It is a hobby of mine to have an exact knowledge of London. There is Mortimer's, the tobacconist, the little newspaper shop, the Coburg branch of the City and Suburban Bank, the Vegetarian Restaurant, and McFarlane's carriage-building depot. That carries us right on to the other block. And now, doctor, we've done our work, so it's time we had some play. A sandwich and a cup of coffee, and then off to violin-land, where all is sweetness and delicacy and harmony, and there are no red-headed clients to vex us with their conundrums."

My friend was an enthusiastic musician, being himself not only a very capable performer, but a composer of no ordinary merit. All the afternoon he sat in the stalls wrapped in the most perfect happiness, gently waving his long thin fingers in time to the music, while his gently smiling face and his languid, dreamy eyes were as unlike those of Holmes the sleuth-hound, Holmes the relentless, keen-witted, ready-handed criminal agent, as it was possible to conceive. In his singular character the dual nature alternately asserted itself, and his extreme exactness and astuteness represented, as I have often thought, the reaction against the poetic and contemplative mood which occasionally predominated in him. The swing of his nature took him from extreme languor to devouring energy; and as I knew well, he was never so truly formidable as when for days on end he had been lounging in his arm-chair, amid his improvisations and his black-letter editions. Then it was that the lust of the chase would suddenly come upon him, and that his brilliant reasoning power would rise to the level of intuition, until those who were unacquainted with his methods would look askance at him as on a man whose knowledge was not that of other mortals. When I saw him that afternoon so enwrapped in the music

at St. James's Hall, I felt that an evil time might be coming upon those whom he had set himself to hunt down.

"You want to go home, no doubt, doctor," he remarked as we emerged.

"Yes, it would be as well."

"And I have some business to do which will take some hours. This business at Coburg Square is serious."

"Why serious?"

"A considerable crime is in contemplation. I have every reason to believe that we shall be in time to stop it. But to-day being Saturday rather complicates matters. I shall want your help to-night."

"At what time?"

"Ten will be early enough."

"I shall be at Baker Street at ten."

"Very well. And I say, doctor, there may be some little danger, so kindly put your army revolver in your pocket." He waved his hand, turned on his heel, and disappeared in an instant among the crowd.

I trust that I am not more dense than my neighbors, but I was always oppressed with a sense of my own stupidity in my dealings with Sherlock Holmes. Here I had heard what he had heard, I had seen what he had seen, and yet from his words it was evident that he saw clearly not only what had happened, but what was about to happen, while to me the whole business was still confused and grotesque. As I drove home to my house in Kensington I thought over it all, from the extraordinary story of the red-headed copier of the 'Encyclopædia' down to the visit to Saxe-Coburg Square, and the ominous words with which he had parted from me. What was this nocturnal expedition, and why should I go armed? Where were we going, and what were we to do? I had the hint from Holmes that this smooth-faced pawnbroker's assistant was a formidable man--a man who might play a deep game. I tried to puzzle it out, but gave it up in despair, and set the matter aside until night should bring an explanation.

It was a quarter past nine when I started from home and made my way across the Park, and so through Oxford Street to Baker Street. Two hansoms were standing at the door, and as I entered the passage I heard the sound of voices from above. On entering his room I found Holmes in animated conversation with two men, one of whom I recognized as Peter Jones, the official police agent, while the other was a long thin sad-faced man, with a very shiny hat and oppressively respectable

frock-coat.

"Ha! our party is complete," said Holmes, buttoning up his pea-jacket, and taking his heavy hunting crop from the rack. "Watson, I think you know Mr. Jones, of Scotland Yard? Let me introduce you to Mr. Merryweather, who is to be our companion in to-night's adventure."

"We're hunting in couples again, doctor, you see," said Jones, in his consequential way. "Our friend here is a wonderful man for starting a chase. All he wants is an old dog to help him to do the running down."

"I hope a wild goose may not prove to be the end of our chase," observed Mr. Merryweather, gloomily.

"You may place considerable confidence in Mr. Holmes, sir," said the police agent, loftily. "He has his own little methods, which are, if he won't mind my saying so, just a little too theoretical and fantastic, but he has the makings of a detective in him. It is not too much to say that once or twice, as in that business of the Sholto murder and the Agra treasure, he has been more nearly correct than the official force."

"Oh, if you say so, Mr. Jones, it is all right," said the stranger, with deference, "Still, I confess that I miss my rubber. It is the first Saturday night for seven-and-twenty years that I have not had my rubber."

"I think you will find," said Sherlock Holmes, "that you will play for a higher stake to-night than you have ever done yet, and that the play will be more exciting. For you, Mr. Merryweather, the stake will be some £30,000; and for you, Jones, it will be the man upon whom you wish to lay your hands."

"John Clay, the murderer, thief, smasher, and forger. He's a young man, Mr. Merryweather, but he is at the head of his profession, and I would rather have my bracelets on him than on any criminal in London. He's a remarkable man, is young John Clay. His grandfather was a royal duke, and he himself has been to Eton and Oxford. His brain is as cunning as his fingers, and though we meet signs of him at every turn, we never know where to find the man himself. He'll crack a crib in Scotland one week, and be raising money to build an orphanage in Cornwall the next. I've been on his track for years, and have never set eyes on him yet."

"I hope that I may have the pleasure of introducing you to-night. I've had one or two little turns also with Mr. John Clay, and I agree with you that he is at the head of his profession. It is past ten, however, and quite time that we started. If you two will take the first hansom,

Watson and I will follow in the second."

Sherlock Holmes was not very communicative during the long drive, and lay back in the cab humming the tunes which he had heard in the afternoon. We rattled through an endless labyrinth of gas-lit streets until we emerged into Farringdon Street.

"We are close there now," my friend remarked. "This fellow Merryweather is a bank director, and personally interested in the matter. I thought it as well to have Jones with us also. He is not a bad fellow, though an absolute imbecile in his profession. He has one positive virtue. He is as brave as a bull-dog, and as tenacious as a lobster if he gets his claws upon any one. Here we are, and they are waiting for us."

We had reached the same crowded thoroughfare in which we had found ourselves in the morning. Our cabs were dismissed, and following the guidance of Mr. Merryweather, we passed down a narrow passage and through a side door, which he opened for us. Within, there was a small corridor, which ended in a very massive iron gate. This also was opened, and led down a flight of winding stone steps, which terminated at another formidable gate. Mr. Merryweather stopped to light a lantern, and then conducted us down a dark, earth-smelling passage, and so, after opening a third door, into a huge vault or cellar, which was piled all around with crates and massive boxes.

"You are not very vulnerable from above," Holmes remarked, as he held up the lantern and gazed about him.

"Nor from below," said Mr. Merryweather, striking his stick upon the flags which lined the floor. "Why, dear me, it sounds quite hollow!" he remarked, looking up in surprise.

"I must really ask you to be a little more quiet," said Holmes, severely. "You have already imperiled the whole success of our expedition. Might I beg that you would have the goodness to sit down upon one of those boxes, and not to interfere?"

The solemn Mr. Merryweather perched himself upon a crate, with a very injured expression upon his face, while Holmes fell upon his knees upon the floor, and with the lantern and a magnifying lens began to examine minutely the cracks between the stones. A few seconds sufficed to satisfy him, for he sprang to his feet again, and put his glass in his pocket.

"We have at least an hour before us," he remarked; "for they can hardly take any steps until the good pawnbroker is safely in bed. Then they will not lose a minute, for the sooner they do their work the longer time they will have for their escape. We are at present,

doctor--as no doubt you have divined--in the cellar at the City branch of one of the principal London banks. Mr. Merryweather is the chairman of directors, and he will explain to you that there are reasons why the more daring criminals of London should take a considerable interest in this cellar at present."

"It is our French gold," whispered the director. "We have had several warnings that an attempt might be made upon it."

"Your French gold?"

"Yes. We had occasion some months ago to strengthen our resources, and borrowed for that purpose 30,000 napoleons from the Bank of France. It has become known that we have never had occasion to unpack the money, and that it is still lying in our cellar. The crate upon which I sit contains 2,000 napoleons packed between layers of lead foil. Our reserve of bullion is much larger at present than is usually kept in a single branch office, and the directors have had misgivings upon the subject."

"Which were very well justified," observed Holmes. "And now it is time that we arranged our little plans. I expect that within an hour matters will come to a head. In the mean time, Mr. Merryweather, we must put the screen over that dark lantern."

"And sit in the dark?"

"I am afraid so. I had brought a pack of cards in my pocket, and I thought that, as we were a partie carrée, you might have your rubber after all. But I see that the enemy's preparations have gone so far that we cannot risk the presence of a light. And first of all, we must choose our positions. These are daring men, and though we shall take them at a disadvantage, they may do us some harm unless we are careful. I shall stand behind this crate, and do you conceal yourselves behind those. Then when I flash a light upon them, close in swiftly. If they fire, Watson, have no compunction about shooting them down."

I placed my revolver, cocked, upon the top of the wooden case behind which I crouched. Holmes shot the slide across the front of his lantern, and left us in pitch darkness--such an absolute darkness as I had never before experienced. The smell of hot metal remained to assure us that the light was still there, ready to flash out at a moment's notice. To me, with my nerves worked up to a pitch of expectancy, there was something depressing and subduing in the sudden gloom, and in the cold dank air of the vault.

"They have but one retreat," whispered Holmes. "That is back through the house into Saxe-Coburg Square. I hope that you have done what I

asked you, Jones?"

"I have an inspector and two officers waiting at the front door."

"Then we have stopped all the holes. And now we must be silent and wait."

What a time it seemed! From comparing notes afterwards it was but an hour and a quarter, yet it appeared to me that the night must have almost gone, and the dawn be breaking above us. My limbs were weary and stiff, for I feared to change my position; yet my nerves were worked up to the highest pitch of tension, and my hearing was so acute that I could not only hear the gentle breathing of my companions, but I could distinguish the deeper, heavier in-breath of the bulky Jones from the thin, sighing note of the bank director. From my position I could look over the case in the direction of the floor. Suddenly my eyes caught the glint of a light.

At first it was but a lurid spark upon the stone pavement. Then it lengthened out until it became a yellow line, and then, without any warning or sound, a gash seemed to open and a hand appeared; a white, almost womanly hand, which felt about in the centre of the little area of light. For a minute or more the hand, with its writhing fingers, protruded out of the floor. Then it was withdrawn as suddenly as it appeared, and all was dark again save the single lurid spark which marked a chink between the stones.

Its disappearance, however, was but momentary. With a rending, tearing sound, one of the broad white stones turned over upon its side, and left a square gaping hole, through which streamed the light of a lantern. Over the edge there peeped a clean-cut, boyish face, which looked keenly about it, and then, with a hand on either side of the aperture, drew itself shoulder-high and waist-high, until one knee rested upon the edge. In another instant he stood at the side of the hole, and was hauling after him a companion, lithe and small like himself, with a pale face and a shock of very red hair.

"It's all clear," he whispered. "Have you the chisel and the bags?--Great Scott! Jump, Archie, jump, and I'll swing for it!"

Sherlock Holmes had sprung out and seized the intruder by the collar. The other dived down the hole, and I heard the sound of rending cloth as Jones clutched at his skirts. The light flashed upon the barrel of a revolver, but Holmes's hunting crop came down on the man's wrist and the pistol clinked upon the stone floor.

"It's no use, John Clay," said Holmes, blandly, "You have no chance at all."

"So I see," the other answered, with the utmost coolness. "I fancy that my pal is all right, though I see you have got his coat-tails."

"There are three men waiting for him at the door," said Holmes.

"Oh, indeed! You seem to have done the thing very completely. I must compliment you."

"And I you," Holmes answered. "Your red-headed idea was very new and effective."

"You'll see your pal again presently," said Jones. "He's quicker at climbing down holes than I am. Just hold out, while I fix the derbies."

"I beg that you will not touch me with your filthy hands," remarked our prisoner, as the handcuffs clattered upon his wrists. "You may not be aware that I have royal blood in my veins. Have the goodness, also, when you address me always to say 'sir' and 'please.'"

"All right," said Jones, with a stare and a snigger. "Well, would you please, sir, march upstairs, where we can get a cab to carry your Highness to the police station?"

"That is better," said John Clay, serenely. He made a sweeping bow to the three of us, and walked quietly off in the custody of the detective.

"Really, Mr. Holmes," said Mr. Merryweather, as we followed them from the cellar, "I do not know how the bank can thank you or repay you. There is no doubt that you have detected and defeated in the most complete manner one of the most determined attempts at bank robbery that have ever come within my experience."

"I have had one or two little scores of my own to settle with Mr. John Clay," said Holmes. "I have been at some small expense over this matter, which I shall expect the bank to refund; but beyond that I am amply repaid by having had an experience which is in many ways unique, and by hearing the very remarkable narrative of the Red-Headed League."

* * * *

"You see, Watson," he explained, in the early hours of the morning, as we sat over a glass of whisky and soda in Baker Street, "it was perfectly obvious from the first that the only possible object of this rather fantastic business of the advertisement of the League, and the copying of the 'Encyclopædia,' must be to get this not over bright pawnbroker out of the way for a number of hours every day. It was a

curious way of managing it, but really, it would be difficult to suggest a better. The method was no doubt suggested to Clay's ingenious mind by the color of his accomplice's hair. The £4 a week was a lure which must draw him,--and what was it to them, who were playing for thousands? They put in the advertisement, one rogue has the temporary office, the other rogue incites the man to apply for it, and together they manage to secure his absence every morning in the week. From the time that I heard of the assistant having come for half wages, it was obvious to me that he had some strong motive for securing the situation."

"But how could you guess what the motive was?"

"Had there been women in the house, I should have suspected a mere vulgar intrigue. That however was out of the question. The man's business was a small one, and there was nothing in his house which could account for such elaborate preparations and such an expenditure as they were at. It must then be something out of the house. What could it be? I thought of the assistant's fondness for photography, and his trick of vanishing into the cellar. The cellar! There was the end of this tangled clue. Then I made inquiries as to this mysterious assistant, and found that I had to deal with one of the coolest and most daring criminals in London. He was doing something in the cellar--something which took many hours a day for months on end. What could it be, once more? I could think of nothing save that he was running a tunnel to some other building.

"So, far I had got when we went to visit the scene of action. I surprised you by beating upon the pavement with my stick. I was ascertaining whether the cellar stretched out in front or behind. It was not in front. Then I rang the bell, and as I hoped, the assistant answered it. We have had some skirmishes, but we had never set eyes upon each other before. I hardly looked at his face. His knees were what I wished to see. You must yourself have remarked how worn, wrinkled, and stained they were. They spoke of those hours of burrowing. The only remaining point was what they were burrowing for. I walked round the corner, saw that the City and Suburban Bank abutted on our friend's premises, and felt that I had solved my problem. When you drove home after the concert I called upon Scotland Yard, and upon the chairman of the bank directors, with the result that you have seen."

"And how could you tell that they would make their attempt to-night?" I asked.

"Well, when they closed their League offices, that was a sign that they cared no longer about Mr. Jabez Wilson's presence--in other words, that they had completed their tunnel. But it was essential that they should use it soon, as it might be discovered, or the bullion

might be removed. Saturday would suit them better than any other day, as it would give them two days for their escape. For all these reasons I expected them to come to-night."

"You reasoned it out beautifully," I exclaimed, in unfeigned admiration. "It is so long a chain, and yet every link rings true."

"It saved me from ennui," he answered, yawning. "Alas! I already feel it closing in upon me. My life is spent in one long effort to escape from the commonplaces of existence. These little problems help me to do so."

"And you are a benefactor of the race," said I.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, perhaps after all it is of some little use," he remarked. "'L'homme c'est rien--l'oeuvre c'est tout,' as Gustave Flaubert wrote to George Sand."

DEMOCRACY_

Project Gutenberg's Voltaire's *Philosophical Dictionary*, by Voltaire

Ordinarily there is no comparison between the crimes of the great who are always ambitious, and the crimes of the people who always want, and can want only liberty and equality. These two sentiments, Liberty and Equality, do not lead direct to calumny, rapine, assassination, poisoning, the devastation of one's neighbours' lands, etc.; but ambitious might and the mania for power plunge into all these crimes whatever be the time, whatever be the place.

Popular government is in itself, therefore, less iniquitous, less abominable than despotic power.

The great vice of democracy is certainly not tyranny and cruelty: there have been mountain-dwelling republicans, savage, ferocious; but it is not the republican spirit that made them so, it is nature.

The real vice of a civilized republic is in the Turkish fable of the dragon with many heads and the dragon with many tails. The many heads hurt each other, and the many tails obey a single head which wants to devour everything.

Democracy seems suitable only to a very little country, and further it must be happily situated. Small though it be, it will make many mistakes, because it will be composed of men. Discord will reign there as in a monastery; but there will be no St. Bartholomew, no Irish

massacres, no Sicilian vespers, no inquisition, no condemnation to the galleys for having taken some water from the sea without paying for it, unless one supposes this republic composed of devils in a corner of hell.

One questions every day whether a republican government is preferable to a king's government? The dispute ends always by agreeing that to govern men is very difficult. The Jews had God Himself for master; see what has happened to them on that account: nearly always have they been beaten and slaves, and to-day do you not find that they cut a pretty figure?

DESTINY ibid

Of all the books of the Occident which have come down to us, the most ancient is Homer; it is there that one finds the customs of profane antiquity, of the gross heroes, of the gross gods, made in the image of men; but it is there that among the reveries and inconsequences, one finds too the seeds of philosophy, and above all the idea of the destiny which is master of the gods, as the gods are masters of the world.

When the magnanimous Hector wishes absolutely to fight the magnanimous Achilles, and with this object starts fleeing with all his might, and three times makes the circuit of the city before fighting, in order to have more vigour; when Homer compares fleet-of-foot Achilles, who pursues him, to a man who sleeps; when Madame Dacier goes into ecstasies of admiration over the art and mighty sense of this passage, then Jupiter wants to save great Hector who has made so many sacrifices to him, and he consults the fates; he weighs the destinies of Hector and Achilles in the balance (Iliad, liv. xxii.): he finds that the Trojan must absolutely be killed by the Greek; he cannot oppose it; and from this moment, Apollo, Hector's guardian genius, is forced to abandon him. It is not that Homer is not often prodigal, and particularly in this place, of quite contrary ideas, following the privilege of antiquity; but he is the first in whom one finds the notion of destiny. This notion, therefore, was very much in vogue in his time.

The Pharisees, among the little Jewish people, did not adopt destiny until several centuries later; for these Pharisees themselves, who were the first literates among the Jews, were very new fangled. In Alexandria they mixed a part of the dogmas of the Stoics with the old Jewish ideas. St. Jerome claims even that their sect is not much anterior to the Christian era.

The philosophers never had need either of Homer or the Pharisees to persuade themselves that everything happens through immutable laws, that

everything is arranged, that everything is a necessary effect. This is how they argued.

Either the world exists by its own nature, by its physical laws, or a supreme being has formed it according to his supreme laws: in both cases, these laws are immutable; in both cases everything is necessary; heavy bodies tend towards the centre of the earth, without being able to tend to pause in the air. Pear-trees can never bear pineapples. A spaniel's instinct cannot be an ostrich's instinct; everything is arranged, in gear, limited.

Man can have only a certain number of teeth, hair and ideas; there comes a time when he necessarily loses his teeth, hair and ideas.

It would be a contradiction that what was yesterday was not, that what is to-day is not; it is also a contradiction that what must be cannot be.

If you could disturb the destiny of a fly, there would be no reason that could stop your making the destiny of all the other flies, of all the other animals, of all men, of all nature; you would find yourself in the end more powerful than God.

Imbeciles say: "My doctor has extricated my aunt from a mortal malady; he has made my aunt live ten years longer than she ought to have lived." Others who affect knowledge, say: "The prudent man makes his own destiny."

But often the prudent, far from making their destinies, succumb to them; it is destiny which makes them prudent.

Profound students of politics affirm that, if Cromwell, Ludlow, Ireton and a dozen other parliamentarians had been assassinated a week before Charles I.'s head was cut off, this king might have lived longer and died in his bed; they are right; they can add further that if the whole of England had been swallowed up in the sea, this monarch would not have perished on a scaffold near Whitehall; but things were arranged so that Charles had to have his neck severed.

Cardinal d'Ossat was doubtless more prudent than a madman in Bedlam; but is it not clear that the organs of d'Ossat the sage were made otherwise than those of the scatter-brain? just as a fox's organs are different from a stork's and a lark's.

Your doctor saved your aunt; but assuredly he did not in that contradict nature's order; he followed it. It is clear that your aunt could not stop herself being born in such and such town, that she could not stop herself having a certain malady at a particular time, that the doctor could not be elsewhere than in the town where he was, that your aunt had

to call him, that he had to prescribe for her the drugs which cured her, or which one thinks cured her, when nature was the only doctor.

A peasant thinks that it has hailed on his field by chance; but the philosopher knows that there is no chance, and that it was impossible, in the constitution of this world, for it not to hail on that day in that place.

There are persons who, frightened by this truth, admit half of it as debtors who offer half to their creditors, and ask respite for the rest. "There are," they say, "some events which are necessary, and others which are not." It would be very comic that one part of the world was arranged, and that the other were not; that a part of what happens had to happen, and that another part of what happens did not have to happen. If one looks closely at it, one sees that the doctrine contrary to that of destiny is absurd; but there are many people destined to reason badly, others not to reason at all, others to persecute those who reason.

Some say to you: "Do not believe in fatalism; for then everything appearing inevitable, you will work at nothing, you will wallow in indifference, you will love neither riches, nor honours, nor glory; you will not want to acquire anything, you will believe yourself without merit as without power; no talent will be cultivated, everything will perish through apathy."

Be not afraid, gentlemen, we shall ever have passions and prejudices, since it is our destiny to be subjected to prejudices and passions: we shall know that it no more depends on us to have much merit and great talent, than to have a good head of hair and beautiful hands: we shall be convinced that we must not be vain about anything, and yet we shall always have vanity.

I necessarily have the passion for writing this, and you have the passion for condemning me; both of us are equally fools, equally the toys of destiny. Your nature is to do harm, mine is to love truth, and to make it public in spite of you.

The owl, which feeds on mice in its ruins, said to the nightingale: "Finish singing under your beautiful shady trees, come into my hole, that I may eat you"; and the nightingale answered: "I was born to sing here, and to laugh at you."

You ask me what will become of liberty? I do not understand you. I do not know what this liberty is of which you speak; so long have you been disputing about its nature, that assuredly you are not acquainted with it. If you wish, or rather, if you are able to examine peaceably with me what it is, pass to the letter L.

The Declaration of Independence of The United States of America

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Declaration of Independence of The United States of America* by Thomas Jefferson

by Thomas Jefferson

Edition 1, (October 12, 2005)

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

IN CONGRESS, July 4, 1776

The unanimous Declaration of the thirteen united States of America

When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the Powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness.--That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed,--That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to

which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security.--Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his Assent to Laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his Governors to pass Laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his Assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other Laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of Representation in the Legislature, a right inestimable to them and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their Public Records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time, after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the Legislative Powers, incapable of Annihilation, have returned to the People at large for their exercise; the State remaining in the mean time exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavoured to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the Laws of Naturalization of Foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new Appropriations of Lands.

He has obstructed the Administration of Justice, by refusing his Assent to Laws for establishing Judiciary Powers.

He has made judges dependent on his Will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of New Offices, and sent hither swarms of Officers to harass our People, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, Standing Armies without the Consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the Military independent of and superior to the Civil Power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his Assent to their Acts of pretended legislation:

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:
For protecting them, by a mock Trial, from Punishment for any Murders which they should commit on the Inhabitants of these States:
For cutting off our Trade with all parts of the world:
For imposing taxes on us without our Consent:
For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of Trial by Jury:
For transporting us beyond Seas to be tried for pretended offences:
For abolishing the free System of English Laws in a neighbouring Province, establishing therein an Arbitrary government, and enlarging its Boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies:
For taking away our Charters, abolishing our most valuable Laws, and altering fundamentally the Forms of our Governments:
For suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with Power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.
He has abdicated Government here, by declaring us out of his Protection and waging War against us.
He has plundered our seas, ravaged our Coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.
He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to compleat the works of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of Cruelty & perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy of the Head of a civilized nation.
He has constrained our fellow Citizens taken Captive on the high Seas to bear Arms against their Country, to become the executioners of their friends and Brethren, or to fall themselves by their Hands.
He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavoured to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian Savages, whose known rule of warfare, is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions.

In every stage of these Oppressions We have Petitioned for Redress in the most humble terms: Our repeated Petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A Prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free People.

Nor have We been wanting in attention to our Brittish brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our Separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, Enemies in War, in Peace Friends.

We, therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress, Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name, and by the Authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States; that they are Absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as Free and Independent States, they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which Independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the Protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes and our sacred Honor.

Button Gwinnett
Lyman Hall
George Walton

William Hooper
Joseph Hewes
John Penn

Edward Rutledge
Thomas Heyward, Jr.
Thomas Lunch, Jr.
Arthur Middleton

John Hancock

Samuel Chase
William Paca
Thomas Stone
Charles Carroll of Carrollton

George Wythe
Richard Henry Lee
Thomas Jefferson
Benjamin Harrison
Thomas Nelson, Jr.
Francis Lightfoot Lee
Carter Braxton

Robert Morris
Benjamin Rush
Benjamin Franklin
John Morton
George Clymer
James Smith
George Taylor
James Wilson
George Ross

Caesar Rodney
George Read
Thomas McKean

William Floyd
Philip Livingston
Francis Lewis
Lewis Morris

Richard Stockton
John Witherspoon
Francis Hopkinson
John Hart
Abraham Clark

Josiah Bartlett
William Whipple

Samuel Adams
John Adams
Robert Treat Paine
Elbridge Gerry

Stephen Hopkins
William Ellery

Roger Sherman
Samuel Huntington
William Williams
Oliver Wolcott

Matthew Thornton

DANCES AND CEREMONIALS.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *American Indians* by Frederick Starr

The dances of Indians are sometimes, like our own, simply social and for pleasure. They are more frequently religious or for some important purpose.

They are always accompanied by music. Indian music is in perfect swing or time. Most Indian musical instruments are simply time beaters. The commonest is the rattle. This varies with place and tribe. Among Northwest Coast tribes it is of wood, elaborately carved, both in form and decoration. A common rattle in that district is cut into the form of a bird—the raven. Some of the old rattles, made and used by Shamans a hundred years ago, are still in existence: they were probably carved with knives and chisels of stone, but they are better done than most of the modern ones, which have been cut out with metal tools. Some of the Plains tribes had leather rattles,—balls of dried skin fastened over the end of a little wooden handle. Many tribes used gourds for rattles. Some of these are round, about the size of an apple; such were pierced and a wooden handle thrust through. Others are flask or bottle shaped; such need no handle beyond the one supplied by nature.

Drums and tambourines of various kinds are used in time beating. The beaters usually take no other part in the dance, but sit by themselves at one side. Frequently each dancer has a rattle. Sometimes a stick notched across with deep notches is used. Across these notches a thin bone, usually a shoulder-blade, is rubbed with a good deal of force. Such rubbed sticks are very good time beaters. They are used by Apaches, Pueblos, and Tonkaways. Among the old Aztecs, they had a similar instrument, but made of a long bone instead of from a stick.

Indians prepare for dances with much care. The hair is combed and arranged. The face and body are painted. A special dance dress is frequently worn. This dress is often of ancient form and decoration. Sometimes all this preparation is just to make the dancers look pretty; more frequently, however, the dress and decoration have some meaning, and often they mimic some creature or copy the dress worn by some great person of their legends. Thus in the buffalo and the bear dances, skins of buffalo, with the head, skin, and horns attached, or the skins of bears, were put on, to make the dancers look like these animals.

The meaning and uses of dances differ greatly. The war dance, in which the men are painted as if for war and have about them everything that can make them think of war, is intended to influence them for battle. The music,

songs, movements, prayers, and offerings all relate to the coming conflict. The scalp dance is in celebration of victory. The buffalo dance is magical and is to compel the coming of herds of that animal. At some dances the story told by the tribe in regard to the creation of the world and how man learned things is all acted out; the dancers are dressed to represent the spirits, or beings who made, helped, or taught the tribe, and the dance is a real drama. Among the Pueblos and some other southwestern tribes, many dances are prayers for rain; the songs sung and the movements made all have reference to the rain so much desired.

In one of these dances the drummers make curious, beckoning gestures to bring up the rain clouds. In some the dancers carry sticks curiously jointed together so as to open and shut in zigzag movements, which are meant to look like lightning and are believed to bring it; other dancers imitate the thunder. Sometimes the dancers and others are drenched with water thrown upon them, in order that the town and its fields may be drenched with rain.

Many dances are only a part of some great religious ceremonial. Thus the sun dance follows several days of fasting and prayer, and the snake dance is but a small part of a nine days' ceremonial. Indian religion abounds in such long ceremonials with a vast number of minute details. The songs, prayers, and significant actions used in some of them must number many hundreds.

In order that the desired result of ceremonials should be secured, it was necessary that the persons performing it should be pure. There were many ways to purify or cleanse oneself. Sometimes a sweat bath was taken, after which the body was rubbed with sweet-smelling plants. The person might sit in smoke that came from burning some sacred herb or wood. He might fast for several days. He might refuse to touch or come into contact with his friends, or with the objects he was in the habit of using. Many times it was thought necessary that the objects which he was to use in the ceremony must be new, or must be purified by being held in sacred smoke.

In ceremonies, much attention is paid to sacred numbers. The number most often sacred is four. Four men are often concerned in one act; four drums may be used; the men may fast four days; an action may be repeated four times. If a thing is done sixteen times, four times four, it might be still better. In the snake-dance ceremonial there are sixteen sacred songs, which are sung at one sitting.

Seven is a sacred number among the Cherokees; it is less important than four, but the two may be combined, and twenty-eight often occurs. Thus the scratcher used upon the ball-players has seven teeth and is drawn four times, making twenty-eight scratches.

Connected with the sacred number four, the Indians give much importance to the cardinal points—north, west, south, and east. They always pay

attention to these when they dance and pray. Some tribes recognize more than four world's points, adding the up and the down, or the above and the below, making six in all. A few think of the place where they themselves are, and speak of seven points; so the Zuñi have the north, west, south, east, above, below, and the center. When they prepared their medicine lodge for the sun dance, the Mandans put one of their curious, turtle-shaped, skin water-drums at each of the four world quarters. Usually in ceremonials, Indians pray to each of these quarters, and make an offering toward it.

One of the commonest offerings made in ceremonials is the smoke of tobacco. Gods and spirits are believed to be fond of it. In smoking to their honor, a puff is blown in turn to each of the four points, and then perhaps up, and possibly down. In the Pueblos, every religious act is accompanied by the scattering of sacred meal. This sacred meal is a mixture of corn meal and pounded sea-shells. It is sprinkled everywhere to secure kindly spirit influence. A pinch of it is thrown to the north, west, south, east, up and down. Frank Cushing once took a party of Zuñi Indians to the Atlantic Ocean to get sea-water for certain ceremonials. On the way, the Indians saw many novel and strange things which they did not understand. When they saw such, they sprinkled sacred meal to render them harmless and kindly.

Prayer sticks are much used among the Pueblos. They are bits of stick to which feathers are attached. They are set up wherever it is desired to have the good will of spirit powers. For several days before the Moki snake dance, messengers are sent out with prayer sticks to be set up near springs and sacred places. Such prayer sticks are put up near fields where corn is planted, or buried in the earth in corrals where ponies or _burros_ are kept. Other offerings are made at especially sacred spots. In mountain caves there are often masses of prayer sticks, miniature bows and arrows, and other tiny things meant as gifts to the gods.

Each of the cardinal points may have a color that is proper to it. The use of sacred colors for the cardinal points is found among the Pueblos, Navajo, many Siouan tribes, the Pani, and others. It was the custom also among the old Aztecs in Mexico. A curious example of the use of these colors is found in the sand altars of the Pueblos and Navajo. They are made in many ceremonials. They are made of different colored sands produced by pounding up rocks. The sand altars are rectangular in form, and are made on the floor. A layer of one color of sand may be spread out for a foundation; upon it may be put a sheet of sand of a different color and of smaller size, so that the margin of the first serves as a border of the second; additional layers may be added, each bordering the one that follows it. Finally, upon the topmost layer, curious and interesting designs may be made. One sand altar in the Moki snake dance had an outer broad border of brownish yellow sand; then followed broad borders of white and black; upon this black border were four snakes in red, green, yellow, and blue, one on each side of the square; then came narrower borders of

white, red, green, yellow, one within the other; within these was a central square of green, upon which was a yellow mountain lion.

You see that Indian ceremonials are often very complex, with many dances, decorations, purifyings, prayers, gifts, and altars.

DAPPER PETE AND THE SUCKER PLAY

The Project Gutenberg etext of *A Thousand and One Afternoons in Chicago*,
by Ben Hecht

Dapper Pete Handley, the veteran con man, shook hands all around with his old friends in the detective bureau and followed his captors into the basement. Another pinch for Dapper Pete; another jam to pry out of. The cell door closed and Pete composed his lean, gambler's face, eyed his manicured nails and with a sigh sat down on the wooden cell bench to wait for his lawyer.

"Whether I'm guilty of this or not," said Dapper Pete, "it goes to show what a sucker a guy is--even a smart guy. This ain't no sermon against a life of crime I'm pulling, mind you. I'm too old to do that and my sense of humor is workin' too good. I'm only sayin' what a sucker a guy is--sometimes. Take me."

Dapper Pete registered mock woe.

"Not that I'm guilty, mind you, or anything like that. But on general principles I usually keep out of the way of the coppers. Especially when there's been a misunderstanding concerning some deal or other. Well, how I happen to be here just goes to show what a sucker a guy is--even me."

* * * * *

Pressed for the key to his self-accusation, Dapper Pete continued:

"I come straight here from Grand Island, Neb. I had a deal on in Grand Island and worked it for a couple of months. And after I finished there was trouble and I left. I knew there would be warrants and commotion, the deal having flopped and a lot of prominent citizens feeling as if they had been bilked. You know how them get-rich-quick investors are. If they don't make 3,000 per cent profit over night they raise a squawk right away. And wanna arrest you.

"So I lit out and came to Chicago and when I got here some friends of mine tipped me off that there was considerable hunt for me. Well, I figured that the Nebraska coppers had let out a big holler and I thought it best

to lay kind of low and keep out of trouble. That was only last week, you see.

"So I get the bright idea. Layin' around town with nothin' to do but keep out of sight ain't the cinch it sounds. You get so sick and tired of your own company that you're almost ready to throw your arms around the first harness bull you meet.

"But," smiled Dapper Pete, "I restrained myself."

There was time out while Pete discussed the irresponsibility, cruelty and selfishness of policemen in general. After which he continued with his original narrative:

"It was like this," he said. "I made up my mind that I would take in a few of the points of interest in the city I ain't ever got around to. Being a Chicagoan, like most Chicagoans I ain't ever seen any of our natural wonders at all. So first day out I figured that the place no copper would ever look for me would be like the Field Museum and in the zoo and on the beach and like that.

"So, first of all, I join a rubberneck crowd in one of the carryalls with a megaphone guy in charge. And I ride around all day. I got kind of nervous owing to the many coppers we kept passing and exchanging courtesies with. But I stuck all day, knowing that no sleuth was going looking for Dapper Pete on a rubberneck wagon.

"Well, then I spent three days in the Field Museum, eyeing the exhibits. Can you beat it? I walk around and walk around rubbering at mummies and bones and--well, I ain't kiddin', but they was among the three most interesting days I ever put in. And I felt pretty good, too, knowin' that no copper would be thinking of Dapper Pete as being in the museums.

"Then after that I went to the zoo and, rubbered at the animals and birds. And I sat in the park and watched comical ball games and golf games and the like. And then I went on some of those boats that run between no place and nowhere--you get on at a pier and ride for a half hour and get off at a pier and have to call a taxi in order to find your way back to anywhere. You get me?

"I'm tellin' you all this," said Dapper Pete cautiously, "with no reference to the charges involved and for which I am pinched and incarcerated for, see? But I thought you might make a story out of the way a guy like me with all my experience dogin' coppers can play himself for a sucker.

"Well, pretty soon I pretty near run out of rube spots to take in. And then I think suddenly of the observation towers like on the Masonic Temple and the Wrigley Building. I headed for them right away, figuring to take a

sandwich or so along and spend the day leisurely giving the city the once over from my eerie perch.

"And when I come home that night and told my friends about it they was all excited. They all agreed that I had made the discovery of the age and all claimed to feel sorry they wasn't hiding out from the coppers, just for the sake of bein' able to lay low on top of a loop building. It does sound pretty good, even now.

"I was on my fifth day and was just walking in on the Masonic Temple observation platform when things began to happen. You know how the city looks from high up. Like a lot of toys crawling around. And it's nice and cool and on the whole as good a place to lay low in as you want. And there's always kind of comical company, see? Rubes on their honeymoon and sightseers and old maids and finicky old parties afraid of fallin' off, and gals and their Johns lookin' for some quiet place to spoon."

* * * * *

Dapper Pete sighed in memory.

"I am sitting there nibbling a sandwich," he went on, "when a hick comes along and looks at me."

"Hello, pardner," he says. 'How's the gas mine business?'

"And I look at him and pretend I don't savvy at all. But this terrible looking rube grins and walks up to me, so help me God, and pulls back his lapel and shows me the big star.

"You better come along peaceabul," he says. 'I know you, Pete Handley,' just like that. So I get up and follow this hick down the elevator and he turns me over to a cop on State Street and I am given the ride to the hoosegow. Can you beat it?"

"But who was the party with the star and why the pinch?" I asked Dapper Pete. That gentleman screwed his lean, gambler's face into a ludicrous frown.

"Him," he sighed, "that was Jim Sloan, constable from Grand Island, Neb. And they sent him here about two weeks ago to find me. See? And all this rube does is ride around in rubberneck wagons and take in the museums and parks, having no idee where I was. He figured merely on enjoyin' himself at Nebraska's expense.

"And he was just on the observation tower lookin' over the city in his rube way when I have to walk into him. Yes, sir, Pete Handley, and there ain't no slicker guy in the country, walkin' like a prize sucker right into the arms of a Grand Island, Neb., constable. It all goes to show,"

sighed Dapper Pete, "what a small world it is after all."

DAHOMEY.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *History of the Negro Race in America From 1619 to 1880. Vol 1*, by George W. Williams

This nation is flanked by Ashantee on the west, and Yoruba on the east; running from the seacoast on the south to the Kong mountains on the north. It is one hundred and eighty miles in width, by two hundred in breadth. Whydah is the principal town on the seacoast. The story runs, that, about two hundred and seventy-five years ago, Tacudons, chief of the Foys, carried a siege against the city of Abomey. He made a solemn vow to the gods, that, if they aided him in pushing the city to capitulate, he would build a palace in honor of the victory. He succeeded. He laid the foundations of his palace, and then upon them ripped open the bowels of Da. He called the building _Da-Omi_, which meant Da's belly. He took the title of King of Dahomey, which has remained until the present time. The neighboring tribes, proud and ambitious, overran the country, and swept Whydah and adjacent places with the torch and spear. Many whites fell into their hands as prisoners; all of whom were treated with great consideration, save the English governor of the above-named town. They put him to death, because, as they charged, he had incited and excited the people of Dahomey to resist their king.

This is a remarkable people. They are as cruel as they are cunning. The entire population is converted into an army: even women are soldiers. Whole regiments of women are to be found in the army of the king of Dahomey, and they are the best foot-regiments in the kingdom. They are drilled at stated periods, are officered, and well disciplined. The army is so large, and is so constantly employed in predatory raids upon neighboring tribes, that the consuming element is greater than the producing. The object of these raids was threefold: to get slaves for human sacrifices, to pour the blood of the victims on the graves of their ancestors yearly, and to secure human skulls to pave the court of the king and to ornament the walls about the palace! After a successful war, the captives are brought to the capital of the kingdom. A large platform is erected in the great market space, encircled by a parapet about three feet high. The platform blazes with rich clothes, elaborate umbrellas, and all the evidences of kingly wealth and splendor, as well as the spoils taken in battle. The king occupies a seat in the centre of the platform, attended by his imperturbable wives. The captives, rum, tobacco, and cowries are now ready to be thrown to the surging mob below. They have fought gallantly, and now clamor for their reward. "Feed us, king!" they cry,

"feed us, king! for we are hungry!" and as the poor captives are tossed to the mob they are despatched without ceremony!

But let us turn from this bloody and barbarous scene. The king is the most absolute despot in the world. He is heir-at-law to all his subjects. He is regarded as a demigod. It is unlawful to indicate that the king eats, sleeps, or drinks. No one is allowed to approach him, except his nobles, who at a court levee disrobe themselves of all their elegant garments, and, prostrate upon the ground, they crawl into his royal presence. The whole people are the cringing lickspittles of the nobles in turn. Every private in the army is ambitious to please the king by valor. The king is literally monarch of all he surveys. He is proprietor of the land, and has at his disposal every thing animate or inanimate in his kingdom. He has about three thousand wives.[59] Every man who would marry must buy his spouse from the king; and, while the system of polygamy obtains everywhere throughout the kingdom, the subject must have care not to secure so many wives that it would appear that he is attempting to rival the king. The robust women are consigned to the military service. But the real condition of woman in this kingdom is slavery of the vilest type. She owns nothing. She is always in the market, and lives in a state of constant dread of being sold. When the king dies, a large number of his wives are sacrificed upon his grave. This fact inspires them to take good care of him! In case of death, the king's brother, then his nephew, and so on, take the throne. An inauguration generally lasts six days, during which time hundreds of human lives are sacrificed in honor of the new monarch.

The code of Dahomey is very severe. Witchcraft is punished with death; and in this regard stalwart old Massachusetts borrowed from the barbarian. Adultery is punished by slavery or sudden death. Thieves are also sold into slavery. Treason and cowardice and murder are punished by death. The civil code is as complicated as the criminal is severe. Over every village, is a Caboceer, equivalent to our mayor. He can convene a court by prostrating himself and kissing the ground. The court convenes, tries and condemns the criminal. If it be a death sentence, he is delivered to a man called the Milgan, or equivalent to our sheriff, who is the ranking officer in the state. If the criminal is sentenced to slavery, he is delivered to the Mayo, who is second in rank to the Milgan, or about like our turnkey or jailer. All sentences must be referred to the king for his approval; and all executions take place at the capital, where notice is given of the same by a public crier in the market-places.

The revenue system of this kingdom is oppressive. The majority of slaves taken in war are the property of the king. A tax is levied on each person or slave exported from the kingdom. In relation to domestic commerce, a tax is levied on every article of food and clothing. A custom-service is organized, and the tax-collectors are

shrewd and exacting.

The religion of the people is idolatry and fetich, or superstition. They have large houses where they worship snakes; and so great is their reverence for the reptile, that, if any one kills one that has escaped, he is punished with death. But, above their wild and superstitious notions, there is an ever-present consciousness of a Supreme Being. They seldom mention the name of God, and then with fear and trembling.

"The worship of God in the absurd symbol of the lower animals I do not wish to defend: but it is all that these poor savages can do; and is not that less impious than to speak of the Deity with blasphemous familiarity, as our illiterate preachers often do?"[60]

But this people are not in a hopeless condition of degradation.

"The Wesleyan Missionary Society of England have had a mission-station at Badagry for some years, and not without some important and encouraging tokens of success.... The king, it is thought, is more favorable to Christian missions now than he formerly was."[61]

And we say Amen!

DAWSON

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *The Great Gold Rush*, by W. H. P. (William Henry Pope) Jarvis

Being in the vanguard of the multitude, whose rush to the diggings in the following year was the outstanding feature of the history of the Klondike, the Dawson that John Berwick and his companions found was that of the winter of '97, very different from the city of five thousand tents it was to become two months after their arrival!

An hour before midnight, when they arrived, Hugh had pointed out a high hill, Dawson's Dome, placed beyond the mouth of the Klondike River, or, as it was called before usage corrupted its name, the Thron Duik. Little did he or his companions dream of the part this Dome was to play in the events yet to be! The Dome was to become historic.

The main portion of Dawson was built on the north side of the Klondike. It was a scene of much movement and business. Pack-trains were passing up and down the streets, and innumerable dogs seemed everywhere.

Few boats had yet arrived, and a group of loafers gathered to watch them land. One fellow shouted, "I'll give you a dollar apiece for any late papers you have!"

Now that they were at the Klondike capital, the natural impulse of the party was to enjoy whatever amusements were available; so, in spite of their being tired, and the hour late, they drew the boat upon the gravel shore. Passing between tents, they came to the mire of the main thoroughfare. The atmosphere and circumstance of the goldfields were all about them. There were pack-horses and pack-mules waiting before the shops. Men were hurrying in and out with pack-straps on their backs. Even the dogs wore saddle-bags--a good dog being able to pack forty pounds of supplies. Other dogs passed drawing a cart, on which were half-a-dozen cans, oil-tins filled with water, dispensed at twenty-five cents the tin.

The festive side of life was more marked than the commercial. Men in wild attire, women in gorgeous raiment, were ever passing in and out of the saloons and gambling-halls. The four adventurers floundered across the mud and entered the hospitable doors of the Borealis. This was a saloon and dance-hall combined; but a roulette-wheel and faro lay-out invited to play. It was the interval between the dances when they entered, and a loud voice was calling: "Come along, gentlemen, pretty ladies here!--just in over the ice. The next dance will be a waltz."

Frank Corte--ever the squire of dames--made a dive for the rear of the hall, and was soon leading one of the gorgeous creatures into the dizzy whirl. The partners from the last dance were crowding the bar, ordering drinks. As each man paid his two dollars his "lady" was handed a check. This check was redeemable for one dollar--the girls' source of revenue!

The orchestra was good, but the male section of the dancers was certainly grotesque; many of the men, with sombreros on their head and cigars between their teeth, were floundering through the dance in a half-intoxicated condition, their great hob-nailed boots almost drowning the music with their noise.

The three others soon left Frank to his diversions, and passed out to the street. They saw a policeman, with whom, in the way of such a free-and-easy community, they fell into talk.

"What's the chance of getting a claim?" they asked.

"Don't know. They are having stampedes right along, and any time you may hear of good pay being located on a creek. When news like this gets out there is a big rush by all classes, and you're lucky if you get anywhere near discovery. If you want work, they are paying ten dollars per day and board on the creeks for shovelling in--so I guess you need

not starve!"

Hugh, with his mind on the immediate necessities of the party, asked, "Where is a good place to locate?"

"Up on the bench on the north side of the Klondike over there." The policeman pointed south-east. "You can get wood handy, and the water is good."

"What's the matter with pitching our tent where we landed?"

"Among the outfit along the water-front? No, they are the sore heads and general kickers. You don't want to tie to them. Most of them have lived in these tents all winter, and had nothing to do but dream of what some other fellow has done them out of, and how much better things would be if they had struck it rich instead of McDonald or Carmack! No, you fellows pole up-stream to-morrow to the Klondike, and then up that stream half a mile. Pack your grub to the top of the hill there, where you can live like white men."

"That sounds reasonable, but we want to sleep now."

"Well, go to Flanagan's bunk-house up the street," and the man pointed up a turning running at right angles to the main street. "He will give you beds at a dollar each."

"Our boat and things will be all right? Good-night--and thanks."

When the three visited the boat next morning they found a man standing on the bank, his legs--encased in rubber boots coming up to his hips--far apart, hands in the pockets of his overalls, a sombrero on the back of his head. Hugh noticed the smile of good-natured cynicism on his face as he regarded the boat, and said,

"Queer, ain't it? And they say there are thousands more coming."

"Yes, fifty thousand more coming in--and me waiting for a chance to get out!"

"I wonder what makes them do it?"

"Same thing as made me do it."

"Didn't you git a chance to stake anything?"

"Stake anything!--how long have you been in the country? Say! is that your boat?"

"Yes."

"Well, take my tip and just get in it, and keep right on going till you strike St. Michael's."

"For what reason would we do that?"

"Don't you know they have a Government in this country? Well, that's the reason: officials and graft! Stake a claim, and they rob you of it! No, sir, no more British mining-camps for me. I'm for the good old State of Washington. If this camp was in Alaska a fellow could hold down what was his with a shot-gun; but here you daren't make a break. Law and order!--hell! Grafters appointed by the law, and the law to see no fellow interfere with the grafters! We'd shoot the whole bunch if we had them on the other side."

"We intend to stake claims, and we intend to hold them."

"You do, eh?--well, I bet you won't. You fellows should have brought your nurse-girls with you to teach you the A B C."

The party was then joined by Frank, the habitual smile on his face; but his eyes were heavy.

"Cost me fifty dollars!" he said.

"You got off easy--better get in and cook breakfast to wake you up. We haven't eaten yet, and meals up town cost two dollars and a half!"

"Say! if you fellows want to you can use my tent and things, but I have no grub to give away."

This invitation from the new-found pessimist was accepted, and Frank went to work cooking while their host let loose his opinions upon life.

He told them how the manager of a great trading company had the autumn before addressed the crowd, prophesying famine through the winter and exhorting all to leave the place by the only avenue of escape--the river, then filling with ice. It was a dismal picture enough, but happily worse than the reality. He spoke well of the police, and praised the way they had rushed the mail in and out with dog-teams. "And it ain't their fault there is so much grafting; they don't graft themselves."

He told of the fabulous wealth of Eldorado, Bonanza, and Hunker Creeks, and of Alec McDonald, the "Big Moose," estimated to be worth \$26,000,000. He expatiated at length upon the irregularities of the Gold Commissioner's office; the iniquitous Orders-in-Council from Ottawa, such as the imposition of ten per cent. royalty on the production of the creeks, and the reserving to the Crown of every alternate claim on

Dominion Creek, of all other creeks on which new discoveries might have been made, and of the hillside claims.

Frank, with his Yankee predilections, was ready to believe anything bad of Canada, and chuckled at the account. John and George, though they had had experience of official corruption in Australia, thought the accounts fantastic, and could not believe such things possible in British dominions. "The Gold Commissioner is not in the graft; he's honest--but he's like a baby, and the gang play with him as they like."

Breakfast over, the party set out, and in an hour had poled and tracked the boat half a mile up the Klondike. They passed under a crude suspension bridge and saw two ferries and innumerable boats plying across the river.

Hugh noticed a break or "draw" in the cliff, marked by a trail that led to the bench on which the party was to locate, and stopped the boat.

"Get out the axes, fellows; and, Frank, you pack the tent up the hill. It will make you think of what you have done with your last winter's wages. John, you're the honoured guest--you're going to boss the job."

Berwick, without any load, found the climb to the top of the hill sufficiently exhausting, as he was not yet fully recovered. After Frank had thrown down the tent Hugh unlashed it, and spread it in the sun, folded one end to make a pillow, and told John to lie upon it. And then he addressed his partners,

"Look here, fellows--one thing is certain. Whatever we do as regards prospecting and taking up claims, we want a home-camp as a sort of headquarters; and we might as well make it here and now. We need not bother building a cabin, but we can put up a wall of logs the size of the tent and put the tent on top. This will do till the fall, by which time we will all be millionaires--except Frank here, unless he quits dancing! Now we'll pack up the rest of the outfit. Come on, boys!"

By four o'clock their new habitation was completed: two beds were built and the little stove erected inside the tent. Frank had an early supper and went to bed. The others built a camp-fire outside to keep away the flies, and discussed mining far into the night.

PLANTATION LIFE AS VIEWED BY AN EX-SLAVE

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Slave Narratives: A Folk History of Slavery in the United States From Interviews with Former Slaves: Volume IV, Georgia Narratives, Part 1*, by Work Projects Administration

MINNIE DAVIS, Age 78

237 Billups St.
Athens, Ga.

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August 29, 1938

The bareness of Minnie Davis' yard was relieved by a single rosebush, and her small house might best be described as a "tumble-down shack." An unsteady wooden box served as a step to the fragment of porch before the front door.

"Good mornin', Mam," was the greeting of a Negro man who hastened to answer the visitor's knock at the door. "Yes Mam, Miss Minnie's at home." He turned, tapped on the door of one of the four rooms adjoining the hall, and called: "Miss Minnie, a white lady wants to see you." Minnie hobbled to the door and invited the visitor to her bedroom, where a suite of handsome walnut furniture reflected the period when marble tops were standard parts of dressers and washstands. A low chair, an old table, and a rusty heater completed the furnishings of the room.

Age and ill health have not dealt kindly with Minnie, and her short-cut, kinky hair is almost white, but her eyes and face retain a remarkably youthful appearance. She is a small thin woman of gingercake color and, despite the sweltering heat, she wore a pink flannel nightgown, faded and dingy, and a pair of high top black shoes, so badly run over that she hobbled along on the sides of them. Minnie is well educated, and she taught school for so long that her speech is remarkably free of dialect.

When the nature of the visit was explained, Minnie said: "A white woman

has been here several times before, but I was sick and didn't understand clearly what she wanted me to tell her." She then explained that she did not care to talk for publication at all. She said she was hungry and had nothing at all in the house to eat. Her nephew, Ed, an ex-postman lived with her, she explained, and he would go for food if there was any money. She might feel like talking a little if she had a little something to eat. The interviewer provided the cash and Ed soon returned with a pint of milk and some cinnamon rolls. After her repast, Minnie began to talk, giving the impression that every word was carefully weighed before it was uttered.

"I was born in Greene County near Penfield, Georgia," she said. "Aggie Crawford was my mother and she was married to Jim Young. My only sister was Mariah, and my three brothers were Ned, John, and Jim. Ned was a mulatto. I know who his father was, but of course you won't ask me that. I wouldn't want to expose my own mother or the man who was Ned's father. I was quite a small child during the war period, and I can tell you very little of that time, except the things my mother told me when I grew old enough to remember. My mother belonged to the Crawford family in Greene County, but when I knew anything we were living in Athens and were the slaves of Marster John Crawford.

"As children we played around the yard; those of us who were old enough had odd jobs to do. The unceiled house that my father and mother shared with three other families was weatherboarded and had a chimney made of sticks and dirt. There was a bed in each corner of the room and from one to three children slept in the bed with their parents: the rest of the children slept on the floor. The tall old home-made wooden beds had very much the appearance of beds used now, except that cords were used instead of the metal springs that came into use later. Our osnaburg mattress ticks were filled with straw. I'm quite sure there were no pillows. There was also a two-story house on the lot for slaves." She was asked what she called her father and mother during slavery time, and her reply was: "I have always said father and mother because I liked it better, and the Bible teaches us to say that.

"Grandmother Dilsey and grandfather Levi Crawford lived in Lexington. I saw my grandmother one time, but I don't know what she did at the white folks' house. Grandfather was a carpenter.

"I never got any money in slavery time. If the slaves ever got any, it was when the Yankees came through here. At that time the white people gave their money to the slaves for safekeeping, and after the Yankees went on it was returned to the white owners.

"My mother was the cook and looked after the house. Oh, yes indeed, we had good food to eat. Bread, milk, meat, collard greens, turnips, and potatoes. I would say we had just everything that was grown in the garden and on the plantations to eat at that time. The cooking was done

in the kitchen in the yard. The fireplace was as wide as the end of this room, and a long iron bar extended from one end to the other. The great cooking pots were suspended over the coals from this bar by means of pot hooks. Heavy iron skillets with thick lids were much used for baking, and they had ovens of various sizes. I have seen my mother bake beautiful biscuits and cakes in those old skillets, and they were ideal for roasting meats. Mother's batter cakes would just melt in your mouth and she could bake and fry the most delicious fish. There was no certain thing that I liked to eat more than anything else in those days. I was young and had a keen appetite for all good things. Miss Fannie and Miss Susan often made candy and it was so good I could have eaten all they made, had they given it to me. My father hired his time out; he made and sold gingercakes on the railroad.

"In the summertime we wore homespun dresses made with a full skirt gathered onto a tight-fitting waist. In the wintertime the dresses were made of checked woolen material called linsey cloth. For underwear, we wore balmoral petticoats and osnaburg drawers. We went barefooted most of the time. I remember one particular time when the ground was frozen and I went about without any shoes, but it didn't bother me. Barefooted children seldom had bad colds in winter. We wore just anything on Sunday, but we had to look nice and clean.

"Marster John Crawford, son of the distinguished William H. Crawford, was my owner. Indeed, he was good to us. I'll tell you after awhile about the time he wouldn't let the town marshal whip my mother. They told me his wife was a fine woman and that she was as good to her slaves as she could be. She died very young in life and Marse John's sisters, Miss Fannie and Miss Susan, kept house for him after that. Marse John's three children were Miss Fannie, Miss Rosa, and Marse Allie. Miss Rosa married Marse Tom Golden, and Miss Fannie married a Gerdine; I've forgotten his first name.

"Marse John may have had an overseer on one of his plantations, but I don't remember. I do know he didn't have a carriage driver for he didn't have a carriage. I don't believe I can describe the peculiar shape of his fine eight-room house. It was on Dougherty Street, right back of Scudder's School. The Crawfords were considered very uppity people and their slaves were uppish too. Marse John didn't have many slaves and they had to get up and get going early every morning. Marse John was postmaster of Athens and had to be in his office by eight o'clock every morning so he ordered that his breakfast be served regularly at seven-thirty.

"No Mam, our white folks didn't teach their slaves to read and write because it was against the law. However, they did read the Bible to us, and the slaves that were smart enough, were asked to repeat the verses they had learned from hearing Miss Fannie, Miss Sue, and Marse John read. The Crawford children were caught teaching my mother to read and

write, but they were made to stop. Mother was quick to learn and she never gave up. She would steal the newspapers and read up about the war, and she kept the other slaves posted as to how the war was progressing. She knew when the war was over, almost as soon as Marse John did.

"I don't recall any certain reason why the slaves were punished; they needed it, I'm sure of that. Some folks need to be punished now. Miss Sue, as we called her, whipped the slaves for misbehavior. I remember one time there was quite a commotion. The town marshal came to our house to whip my mother. It had been told that she had been writing letters, asking people to buy whiskey from her, but Marse John wouldn't let the marshal touch her. There was a jail, but I don't recall that any of Marse John's slaves were ever put in there. I was told that his slaves were, as a rule, well behaved and that they gave him no trouble.

"Yes Mam, we went to church, that is, those of us who cared to go did. There wasn't any separate church for colored people in Athens, that I can remember. We went to church and Sunday School at the First Presbyterian Church, where the slaves were allowed to sit in the gallery. I recall that Dr. Hoyt used to pray that the Lord would drive the Yankees back. He said that 'Niggers were born to be slaves.' My mother said that all the time he was praying out loud like that, she was praying to herself: 'Oh, Lord, please send the Yankees on and let them set us free.' I wasn't enough of a singer to have a favorite song, and I was too happy playing with the Crawford children to be interested in going to baptizings and funerals.

"I did go to my father's funeral. When he was taken sick Dr. Holt attended his case, and it was not long before he told Marse John that Father would never get well. When he died Mother hollered and screamed something terrible. Miss Sue told her not to cry because, 'the Lord knows best.' 'Yes, Miss Sue,' answered Mother, 'but you have never loved a man to lose.' With that, they both cried. When anyone died in those days, the people sat up all night and didn't go to bed until the funeral was over. Now, no real sympathy is shown.

"I don't believe any of Marse John's slaves ever went to the war. He was good to them and everyone of them loved him. I heard of patterollers chasing slaves and whipping them if they were caught away from home without a pass, and sometimes they locked them up. However, nothing of the kind ever happened to any of Marse John's slaves. He was a highly respected citizen and everyone in Athens knew better than to touch his Negroes.

"After the work for the day was finished at the big house, the slaves went to their quarters to weave cloth and sew, but when ten o'clock came and the bell sounded, everything had to be quiet. Slaves on our place worked Saturday afternoons the same as any other day. On Saturday nights the young folks and a few of the older folks danced. Some of them got

passes from Marse John so they could visit around. They popped corn, pulled candy, or just sat around and talked. Those of us who desired went to Sunday School and church on Sundays; others stayed at home and did their washing and ironing, and there was always plenty of that to be done.

"Christmas was a grand time at Marse John's. We had everything good to eat under the sun at that time and, as my mother was the cook, I was sure of getting my share of the good things. Miss Fannie and Miss Sue played Santa Claus to slave children. I was sorry when Mary got too smart and peeped to see what it was all about, for after that they just came to our house and handed us the things that would have come as Santa Claus.

"New Year's Day was no different from other days, except that Marse John gave the grown folks whiskey to drink that day like he did on Christmas morning. They couldn't risk giving slaves much whiskey because it made them mean, and then they would fight the white folks. They had to be mighty careful about things like that in order to keep down uprisings.

"My mother went to cornshuckings, cotton pickings, and quiltings. They must have had wonderful times, to hear her tell it. She said that after the corn was shucked, cotton picked, or quilts quilted, they always gave them plenty of good things to eat and drink and let them alose to enjoy themselves for the balance of the night. Those things took place at harvest time, and everyone looked forward to having a good time at that season. Mother said that Marse John was particular with his slaves, and wouldn't let them go just anywhere to these things.

"About the only game I can remember playing as a child was a doll game. The Crawford children would use me for the doll, and then when my turn came to play mamma and claim one of them for my doll, Miss Fanny or Miss Sue would appear and then I would have to be a doll for them. I didn't mind, for I dearly loved them all.

"Now about Raw Head and Bloody Bones; I am going to tell you, Miss, my Marster's people were cultured and refined, and they wouldn't allow such things told to their own children or to their slaves' children. They didn't want anything said or done to frighten any little children, and if a nurse or anyone else was caught doing such a thing, that person was punished for it. With the heritage of training like that I could hardly be expected to believe in such things.

"Marse John was grand to sick slaves. He always sent for Dr. Moore, who would make his examination and write out his prescription. When he left his parting word was usually 'Give him a sound thrashing and he will get better.' Of course he didn't mean that; it was his little joke. Dr. Holt, Dr. Crawford Long, and Dr. Jones Long were sometimes called in for consultation on particularly serious cases. We didn't like Dr. Moore and

usually begged for one of the other doctors. I don't think my white folks used teas made of herbs, leaves or roots; they may have, but I don't remember it. However, I do know that we wore little sacks of asafetida around our necks to keep off diseases, and the white folks wore it too.

"On the day we learned of the surrender, the Negroes rallied around the liberty flag pole that they set up near where the city hall is now. All day long they cut up and there was a song they sung that day that went something like this:

'We rally around the flag pole of liberty,
The Union forever, Hurrah! Boys Hurrah!'

"Next morning when the Negroes got up the white folks had cut that pole down. We were mortally afraid of the Yankees when they appeared here a short time after the surrender. We were afraid of the Ku Klux Klan riders too. The Negroes did act so bad; there were lots of killings going on for a long time after the war was supposed to be over.

"Mother was glad and sorry too that she was free. Marse John had been so good to all his slaves that none of them really wanted to leave him. We stayed on a while, then mother left and rented a room. She worked hard and bought a house as soon as she could; others did the same. There were very few slaves that had any money at all to begin on.

"Immediately following the surrender northern people opened Knox Institute. One of my teachers was Miss Dora Brooks, a white woman from the North. The principal was a white man, he was Mr. Sorter. After I graduated from Knox Institute, I went to the Atlanta University four years, then came back to Athens and taught school here forty years. I taught whatever grade they assigned me to each year, never any certain grade from year to year. First and last, I've taught from first grade through high school. I would be teaching now if it were not for my bad health. I receive a teacher's pension, but have never applied for an old age pension.

"My husband was Samuel B. Davis, publisher of the _Athens Clipper_. I published this newspaper myself for a short while after his death, then sold it. We didn't have a big wedding, just a very simple one at my mother's house. I was married in a nice white dress, but it was nothing fancy. Our two children were born dead. Once I had a nice home, beautifully furnished. All I have left of it is this old house and my good bedroom suite. The rest of my possessions have gotten away from me during my continued illness.

"I often think of Abraham Lincoln; he did a good deed for my race. Jeff Davis was a good man and, no doubt, he thought he was doing the right thing. Booker T. Washington was a man of brilliant mind, but he was

radically wrong in many of his views pertaining to education of the black race. He lectured here once, but I didn't bother to hear him speak.

"Yes Mam, indeed I had rather be free. Oh! religion is glorious. If God has set you free from the bonds and penalties of sin, I think you ought to live up to your Lord's commands. I dearly love to go to church and hear the preacher tell of God. It gives me strength to live until He is ready for me to go.

"Now, Miss, I hope I have told you what you wanted to know, but I must admit the things that took place way back there are rather vague in my mind. I'm an old woman and my mind is not as clear as it once was. Next week, if I am strong enough to make the trip, I am going to spend the day with Mary Colbert, and go over the old times you and I have discussed. She remembers them better than I do, because she is older."

Recipes from The Project Gutenberg EBook of Things Mother Used To Make, by Lydia Maria Gurney

=Doughnuts=

1 Egg
1 Cupful of Milk
1 and 1/3 Cupfuls of Sugar
2 Teaspoonfuls of Cream of Tartar
1 Teaspoonful of Soda
Piece of Butter the Size of a Walnut
1/4 Teaspoonful of Cinnamon or Nutmeg
Salt, and Flour enough to roll soft

Beat the egg and sugar together and add the milk and butter. Stir the soda and cream of tartar into the flour, dry; mix all together, with the flour and salt. Cut into rings and fry in deep fat. Lay them on brown paper when you take them from the fat.

=Delicious Cake without Eggs=

1 Cupful of Thick, Sour Milk
1 Cupful of Sugar
1/2 Cupful of Butter
2 Cupfuls of Flour
1 Cupful of Chopped Raisins
Pinch of Salt
1 Teaspoonful of Soda
1 Teaspoonful of Cinnamon

1/2 Teaspoonful each of Cloves and Nutmeg

Stir the soda into the sour milk, add melted butter and sugar, salt and spices. Put the flour over the raisins and stir all together. This will make one loaf or twelve little cakes in gem-pans.

Domestic Wine Recipes from Project Gutenberg's *Miss Leslie's Lady's New Receipt-Book*, by Eliza Leslie

DOMESTIC FRONTINIAC.--Put into a large kettle, twelve pounds of broken-up loaf-sugar; and pour on it six gallons of clear, soft water, and let the sugar dissolve. Take seven pounds of the best raisins, and chop them small, having first removed the seeds. Mix the raisins with the dissolved sugar; set the kettle over the fire, and let it boil for an hour, skimming it well. Have ready half a peck of full-blown elder-blossoms, gathered just before they are ready to fall from the branches. Take the kettle from the fire; pour the liquor into a clean tub; and as soon as it has cooled, (so as to be merely lukewarm,) stir in the elder-flowers. Cover it closely. Next day, add six large table-spoonfuls of lemon-syrup, and four of strong, fresh yeast. After the wine has fermented two days, strain it into a clean cask; and, after it has stood two months, bottle it. Next summer, it will be in fine order for drinking, and will be found a delicious wine; very similar to the real Frontiniac.

DOMESTIC TOKAY.--Take fine grapes, that are all perfectly ripe; pick them carefully from the stalks, omitting all that are blemished; put them into a large hair sieve, placed over a large, deep pan, or a clean tub. Mash the grapes, with your hand, squeezing and pressing out all the juice. To every quart of juice, allow a pound of sultana raisins, chopped small, or of bloom raisins, seeded and chopped. Let the grape-juice and raisins stand twelve days; stirring it twice or three times every day. Then strain the liquor into a cask; but do not stop it closely till after three days. Let it stand eight months; then bottle it. If it is not clear, take out a pint of the wine; mix with it half an ounce of isinglass, shaved fine, or an ounce of powdered gum-arabic. Set it in a warm place, and, when dissolved, add an ounce of fine chalk. This will be sufficient to fine a barrel of wine. Stir it lightly into the rest. Let it stand three or four days, and then bottle it.

Deviled Sandwiches

Chop a quarter of a pound of cold, boiled tongue very fine; add to it two tablespoonfuls of olive oil, a dash of red pepper, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, and a saltspoonful of paprika; mix and add the hard-boiled yolks of three eggs that have been pressed through a sieve. Put this between thin slices of bread and butter, and garnish with water cress.

Afternoon Teas [Date Sandwiches]

Stone a quarter of a pound of dates, put them through a meat grinder, add to them a half tumbler of nut butter, mix until smooth, add four tablespoonfuls of sweet cream and a tablespoonful of orange juice. Put this mixture between thin slices of white buttered bread, press together, trim the crusts and cut into fingers or four small triangles.

Deviled Oyster Canapés

Cut slices of bread into squares, toast and remove the crusts. Remove the hard part from a pint of pickled oysters, place oysters over bread, close together and in rotation, dust thickly with red pepper; put over as a thin covering a highly seasoned sauce mayonnaise, and serve. Do not put over a second piece of bread.

THE DINOSAURS

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Dinosaur National Monument, Colorado-Utah*, by John M. Good and Theodore E. White and Gilbert F. Stucker

FIRST DISCOVERIES

Today, most of us would recognize a fossil bone for what it is, but in the 1790's things were different. Isolated legbones, vertebrae, and teeth of huge reptiles had been dug out of certain sedimentary rocks of Europe and North America but their scientific importance was little understood.

These specimens were found by people in all walks of life and it was natural that their curiosity was greatly aroused. The finders took the specimens to someone nearby whom they considered more competent to tell them something about these strange bones and teeth. In nearly all cases

these “experts” were doctors of medicine. They studied the fossil specimens and reported on them at regular meetings of the learned societies of which they were members. It was customary to put the fossils in the collections of these societies where they could be studied by other members. In North America most reports of these early discoveries are found in the Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia, Pa.

By 1842 accumulated knowledge of these large reptiles was sufficient to show that they were distinct from any group then known. This was first recognized by Sir Richard Owen of the British Museum. It was he who named the group Dinosauria. The name is made up of two Greek words: deinos (terrible) plus sauras (lizard).

As knowledge of these unusual reptiles increased through the discovery of additional types and more complete and better preserved specimens, it became evident that dinosaurs were neither a single group of reptiles nor were all of them large. Actually the dinosaurs show as much diversity in size, body form, and habits as any group of reptiles. The smallest dinosaur walked on its 2 hind legs like a chicken and was about the same size. The largest walked on all 4 legs, was about 80 feet long, and weighed 30 to 40 tons. As examples of variety in body form there are the two-footed, flesh-eating Antrodemus, the armored Stegosaurus, the turtle-like Ankylosaurus, the horned Triceratops, the huge Apatosaurus, the two-footed vegetarian Camptosaurus, and the great variety of head forms in the aquatic hadrosaurs. Although there were two distinct groups, we still retain the term “dinosaur” as a convenient name for all of them but qualify it by saying, flesh-eating dinosaur, plant-eating dinosaur, armored dinosaur, etc., to indicate the particular type we are talking about. Perhaps you are wondering how all these ancient creatures are related to reptiles in general. Where do they fit in the classification system devised to bring order to this mass of knowledge?

POSITION OF DINOSAURS AMONG REPTILES

It seems there are several orders of reptiles similar to and closely related to the dinosaurs. Remains of these reptiles are found in the sedimentary rocks which contain the earliest known dinosaurs. A number of them resembled the dinosaurs but do not quite meet the requirements as far as details of the skeleton are concerned. In the scheme of classification these orders of reptiles are grouped together into the subclass Archosauria. This subclass includes the dinosaurs, crocodiles, and the flying reptiles. The lizards, snakes, turtles, and the tuatera of New Zealand belong to other subclasses of reptiles which have been distinct from that of the dinosaurs as far back in geologic time as we can trace them. The kinship between the dinosaurs and the small lizards living in the monument today lies only in that both are

reptiles. The only living relatives of the dinosaurs are the alligator and the crocodile.

The dinosaurs were so numerous, and so dominated the whole of the Mesozoic Era, that this period of earth history is frequently referred to as the Age of Reptiles.

GEOLOGIC HISTORY

The Mesozoic Era began some 200 million years ago and ended some 60 million years ago. Although many other animals lived during that era, the dinosaurs were the dominant forms of animal life on land. The 140 million years of the Mesozoic are divided into geologic periods named Triassic (the oldest), Jurassic, and Cretaceous (the most recent). Continental deposits representing each of these periods have been found in all parts of the world and on all continents. Dinosaur bones have been found in these deposits—even in such far-away places as Australia and the southern tip of South America. Only Jurassic dinosaurs have been found at Dinosaur National Monument.

The oldest known dinosaurs are found in rocks of the Triassic Period. The smaller of these were chicken-size and the largest were about as big as kangaroos. All of these Triassic dinosaurs were two-footed. They can be divided into flesh-eaters and plant-eaters, although none are believed to have been particularly specialized in their food habits. In general the flesh-eaters were small, agile, and had sharp teeth for seizing and overpowering active prey. The plant-eaters were larger with rather long front legs and small blunt teeth suited only to cropping vegetation. These plant-eaters are believed to be the Triassic ancestors of the giant marsh-dwelling dinosaurs of the Jurassic and Cretaceous Periods.

A greater variety of dinosaurs lived during the Jurassic Period than in the Triassic. Both two- and four-footed types were present. The flesh-eaters remained two-footed but increased in size. *Antrodemus*, perhaps the best known, was much bigger than a kangaroo. The larger plant-eaters weighed from 30 to 40 tons and all were four-footed. The largest land animals, they lived on dry land and in the swamps that formed an important part of the Jurassic landscape. The first of the armored plant-eating dinosaurs, *Stegosaurus*, inhabited the dry plains. There were also some smaller, kangaroo-size plant-eaters that were two-footed.

A wide variety of dinosaur fossils has been found in the rocks of the Cretaceous Period, the last of the Mesozoic Era. The huge swamp dwellers still thrived. The flesh-eaters had evolved much larger types and included 40-foot *Tyrannosaurus*, the largest that ever lived. All the

flesh-eaters walked on their hind legs as did their predecessors of the Jurassic and Triassic Periods.

New and interesting dinosaurs were present among the flesh-eaters. Horned forms, somewhat similar to the rhinoceros but much larger, were common. Also common were the turtle-like ankylosaurs. Perhaps the oddest and most interesting dinosaurs of the Cretaceous were the two-footed hadrosaurs. These excellent swimmers had weird head shapes with complicated skull passages and openings. They were a very successful group and at least 15 different kinds are known from the Cretaceous rocks of North America.

WHAT THEY LOOKED LIKE

Ideas about the external appearances of dinosaurs have been developed after many years of work and study. They are a combination of the ideas of several people who had studied different specimens of a single species. Let us review briefly the materials and work necessary to arrive at a reasonably accurate picture of the body form and external appearance of these strange reptiles.

The first requirement for arriving at a good idea of the build and physical attitude of an animal is a nearly entire skeleton. We cannot have too much of the animal's skeleton missing or we may make a serious error. But if the left hind leg is missing and we have the right, we are not seriously handicapped. However, if both hind legs are missing we must restore them according to a similar animal whose hind legs are known.

After the nearly entire skeleton has been found it must be collected with great care. This is a rather involved process and, for some of the large dinosaurs, 2 or 3 months work may be required. The specimen is first uncovered and the fossil bone is treated with a preservative such as gum arabic, shellac, or one of the plastics. An accurate diagram of the specimen as it lies in the rock is made on cross-ruled paper. A trench 2 or 3 feet wide is then dug around the specimen. The depth of the trench is determined by the width of the specimen and the nature of the rock.

[Illustration: PUTTING PLASTER CAST ON A FOSSIL BEFORE REMOVING IT FROM THE QUARRY.]

If the specimen is too large to take out in one piece, as most dinosaurs are, it is divided into sections which are numbered serially as they are taken out. Each section is bandaged in strips of burlap dipped in plaster of Paris. After the plaster has set, the section is turned over and the bottom is sealed with burlap and plaster. The section is labeled with the appropriate number and the section and number are shown on the

diagram.

When all of the sections have been bandaged and numbered they are packed in strong wooden boxes and shipped to the laboratory.

The work in the laboratory is more involved than that in the field, and extreme care must be exercised to be sure that the bones will be undamaged. In most cases the bones have been broken by natural causes as they lay in the rock before discovery. All the pieces of each bone must be thoroughly cleaned and securely cemented together. This is a very time-consuming task and for a large dinosaur like Apatosaurus it requires 3 men 4 or 5 years to complete the task.

After all of the bones are cleaned and cemented together the vertebral column is laid out in its proper sequence on a sand table. Special care is exercised to be sure that the vertebrae fit correctly with each other. In this way the correct curvature of the vertebral column is determined. The proper relationships of the hip bones and ribs to the vertebrae, the shoulder blade to the ribs, and elements of the limb bones to each other are determined in the same manner. All of this work is necessary to correctly fashion the steel framework which will support the skeleton when it is placed on exhibition. The results of this careful work must be the framework of an animal which could, if living, easily go through the normal activities of life such as securing food and escaping enemies.

Now that the framework of an animal has been set up so that it could move about if it had muscles, skin, and life, how do we know how large the muscles were and where they were placed? It is necessary to have a thorough knowledge of the muscles of a recent animal similar to the one we are restoring so that we will know what we are looking for in the fossil. The areas at which muscles are attached to bones are called muscle scars and are identified by their rough surfaces. Often the necessary information can be obtained from publications which usually represent the work done by graduate students for advanced degrees. At other times we must make our own investigation. Thus if we know what muscle we are looking for and the size and shape of its muscle scar, we can determine whether the muscle is a spindle-shaped mass or a broad sheet.

After we have determined the size and position of the muscles which operate the limbs, head, and neck, we have a reasonably accurate idea of the external form of the animal, but we still know nothing of the nature of the skin which covered the body. Since dinosaurs were reptiles, we are obliged to assume that they were covered with a scaly skin in order to preserve the body moisture. None of the modern reptiles possess sweat glands in the skin. If they did not possess a waterproof covering of scales they would die in a few hours as a result of the loss of body moisture by evaporation through the skin. It is possible that some of

the marsh dwellers like Apatosaurus had naked skin which was, as in the elephant, nearly an inch thick. The elephant does not possess sweat glands but the outer half of its skin is composed entirely of dead cells which form a covering as waterproof as the scales of today's reptiles.

There have been only a few lucky finds of mummified dinosaurs which show the impressions of the scales. We know that all lizards do not possess the same type of scales, and therefore, by analogy, we cannot assume that the dinosaurs did. Eventually, we will probably find that the dinosaurs exhibited as great a variety of scale-types as do today's lizards. As yet we have found nothing in the fossil record which indicates the color of the dinosaurs. Again, we can only assume that they exhibited as great a variety of colors as do our lizards. So also, we assume their body functions were somewhat similar to the reptiles and other related animals we know today.

TEMPERATURE TOLERANCE

We know the body temperatures of reptiles vary with that of the air or water in which they live, as they have no means of internal temperature control. They are very sluggish when their body temperatures are low and become more active as these temperatures rise, but only to a certain point. If the body temperatures of reptiles become too high, they die in a few minutes.

A group of physiologists from Columbia University spent nearly 2 months in southern Florida experimenting on reptiles. They determined the rate of rise of body temperatures of large lizards and alligators of all sizes during exposure to the midday sun. As was expected, the smaller the reptile the more rapid the rise in body temperature. Dinosaurs were reptiles so we can make two assumptions: That their physiology was very similar to that of living reptiles; and that the rate of rise of their body temperatures from exposure to the sun would follow the principles found for living reptiles.

By applying these principles to the dinosaurs, this group of scientists calculated that if the great bulk of an Apatosaurus were exposed to the direct rays of the sun at an air temperature of 110° F. for 36 to 40 hours, its body temperature would rise only 1° F. Therefore, if these calculations are correct, it is probable that the very size of the huge dinosaurs operated to maintain a fairly constant body temperature. Consequently, daily and seasonal temperature changes probably did not affect the activities of the large dinosaurs. However, the activities of the small ones may have been affected by the daily range in temperature.

GIZZARD STONES

For many years rounded stones with a very high polish have been found in the sedimentary rocks which contain bones of extinct reptiles. The polish on these stones is very much higher than could have been applied by the action of water or wind. Some look as though they had been polished by a jeweler. Since we cannot attribute this very high polish to wind or water action, we must seek another agent.

Just as chickens swallow fine gravel for their gizzards to aid digestion, so it is thought that some large dinosaurs swallowed stones for the same purpose. There is some evidence to support this idea. Several specimens of a group of swimming reptiles, called _plesiosaurs_, which swarmed the Jurassic and Cretaceous seas, have been found with highly polished stones inside the rib basket. Also a mass of highly polished stones was found similarly associated with one dinosaur, _Protiguanodon_, in the Lower Cretaceous rocks of Mongolia.

On the other hand, no highly polished stones have been found associated with the specimens in the Dinosaur Quarry or anywhere in the quarry. A search of the many publications on dinosaurs has not turned up any mention of highly polished stones being associated with any of the many specimens found in North America. Thus the evidence which we have does not permit us to say that the dinosaurs found in the quarry did or did not possess gizzard stones.

THE DANCING-MASTER

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Parisian Points of View*, by Ludovic Halévy

I was dining at the house of some friends, and in the course of the evening the hostess said to me:

"Do you often go to the opera?"

"Yes, very often."

"And do you go behind the scenes?"

"Yes, I go behind."

"Then you can do me a favor. In the ballet department there's an old man called Morin, who is perfectly respectable, it seems. He is the little B----'s dancing-master. He gives excellent lessons. I should like to have him for my little girls, so ask him if he could come twice a week."

I willingly undertook the delicate mission.

The next day, February 17, 1881, about ten in the evening, I arrived at

the opera, and went behind the scenes to search for Monsieur Morin. "The Prophet" was being played, and the third act had just begun. On the stage the Anabaptists were singing forcibly:

"Du sang! que Judas succombe!
Du sang! Dansons sur leur tombe!
Du sang! Voilà l'hécatombe
Que Dieu nous demande encor!"

Axes were raised over the heads of a crowd of hapless prisoners, who were barons, bishops, monks, and grand ladies. In the wings, balanced on their skates, all the ballet-girls were waiting the right moment to

"Effleurer la glace
Sans laisser de trace."

I respectfully begged one of the young Westphalian peasant-girls to point out to me the man named Morin.

"Morin," she replied, "is not one of the skaters. Look, he is on the stage. That's he over there, the one who is doing the bishop; that bishop, you see, who is being pushed and pulled. Wait, he will be off directly."

One of the Anabaptist leaders intervened, however, declaring that the nobles and priests who could pay ransom should be spared. Morin escaped with his life, and I had the honor of being presented to him by the little Westphalian peasant-girl.

He had quite a venerable air, with his long gray beard and his fine purple robe with his large pastoral cross. While he was arranging somewhat his costume, which had been so roughly pulled by those violent Anabaptists, I asked him if he would be willing to give lessons to two young girls of good family.

The pious bishop accepted with alacrity. His price was ten francs an hour.

The little skaters had gone on the stage, and were performing wonderful feats. The wings had suddenly become calm and silent. We gave ourselves up, his Reverence and myself, to a little friendly chat.

"Yes, sir," his Highness said to me, "I give dancing lessons. I have many patrons among the aristocracy and the bankers. I have no reason to complain; and yet one must admit things were better once, much better. Dancing is going out, sir, dancing is going out."

"Is it possible?"

"It is as I have the honor of telling you. Women still learn to dance; but no longer the young men, sir, no longer. Baccarat, races, and the minor theatres--that's what they enjoy. It's a little the fault of the Government."

"How can that be?"

"M. Jules Ferry has recently rearranged the curriculum of the University. He has made certain studies obligatory--modern languages, for instance. I don't blame him for that; the study of modern languages has great advantages. But dancing, sir; nothing has been done for dancing, and it is dancing which ought, after all, to have been made obligatory. There ought to be a dancing-master in every high-school, and a normal-school for dancing with examinations and competitions in dancing. Dancing ought to be studied the same as Latin or Greek. Dancing, too, is a language, and a language that every well-bred man ought to be able to speak. Well, do you know what happens nowadays? Sometimes it happens, sir, that diplomatic posts are given to people who get confused in the figures of a quadrille, and who are incapable of waltzing for two minutes. They know very well that their education is incomplete. Quite lately a young man came to me--a young man of great merit, it seems, except in regard to dancing. He had just been attached to a great embassy. He had never danced in his life--never. Do you understand? Never! It is scarcely to be credited, and yet it is true. That's the way M. Barthélemy-Saint-Hilaire picks them out. Oh, this beard smothers me! Will you permit me?"

"Certainly."

He took off his gray beard, and thus looked much less venerable. He then continued:

"I said to this young man: 'We will try, but it will be hard work. One oughtn't to begin dancing at twenty-eight.' I limbered him up as best I could. I had only two weeks to do it in. I begged him to put off his departure, to obtain a reprieve of three or four months--I could have made something of him. He would not. He went without knowing anything. I often think of him. He will represent us out there; he will represent us very badly; he will not be an honor to his country. Please to remember that he may be called upon to take part in some official quadrille--to dance, for instance, with an archduchess. Well, if he slips up in it, with his archduchess, it will be charming! All this is very sad indeed. I am a Republican, sir, an old Republican, and it is painful to think that the republic is represented by diplomats who cannot distinguish between a change of foot and a simple step. Do you know what is said in foreign courts? 'Why, who are those savages that France sends us?' Yes, that's what they say. The diplomatic corps in the time of the Empire was not brilliant. Oh no; those gentlemen did many foolish things. Oh yes; but still they knew how to dance!"

And the good old bishop, seeing that I listened with much interest, went on with his brilliant improvisation.

"Dancing, sir, is not merely a pleasure, an amusement; no, it is of great social interest. Why, the question of marriage is closely connected with dancing. At present, in France, marriage is languishing. That is proved by statistics. Well, I am convinced that if there are fewer marriages it is because there is less dancing. Consider this first of all, that to know how to dance well, very well, is, for an agreeable young man who is without fortune, a great advantage in society. One of my pupils, sir, has recently married extremely well. He was a very ordinary kind of youth, who had tried everything and had succeeded in nothing; but he was a first-rate waltzer, and he danced away with two millions."

"Two millions!"

"Yes, two millions, and they were two cash millions; she was an orphan, no father nor mother--all that can be dreamed of. He clasped that young lady (she was very plump). Well, in his arms, she felt herself light as a feather. She thought of but one thing--waltzing with him. She was as one wild. He gave her a new sensation, and what is it women desire above all things? To have new sensations, in short, she refused marquises, counts, and millionaires. She wanted him only. She got him, and he was penniless, and his name is Durand. Ah, do not repeat his name; I oughtn't to have told you."

"Don't be afraid."

"After all, you can repeat it; it doesn't matter, it's such a common name. There is public policy in love-matches which cause a rich girl to marry a poor man, or a poor girl to marry a rich man. It sets money circulating, it prevents its remaining in the same place, it keeps capital moving. Well, three-fourths of the love-matches were formerly made by the dance. Now there are short interviews in parlors, in galleries, and at the Opéra Comique. They chat; that's all right, but chatting is not sufficient. Wit is something, but not everything. A waltz furnishes much knowledge that conversation cannot. Dress-makers nowadays are so wily. They know how to bring out this point and hide that; they remodel bad figures. They give plumpness and roundness to the thin; they make hips, shoulders--everything, in fact. One doesn't know what to expect, science has made such advances. The eye may be deceived, but the hand of an experienced dancer never! A waltzer with tact knows how to find out the exact truth about things."

"Oh! oh!"

"Remaining all the time, sir, perfectly respectful and perfectly

reserved. Good heavens! look at myself, for instance. It is to waltzing that I owe my happiness. Mme. Morin was not then Mme. Morin. I kept my eye on her, but I hesitated. She appeared thin, and--well, I'll admit that to marry a thin woman didn't suit my ideas. You know every one has his ideals. So, sir, I was still hesitating, when one evening, at the wedding of one of my friends, a very capable young man, a deputy manager of a department at the Ministry of Religion, they started a little dance. For the first waltz I asked the one who was to be my companion through life. Immediately I felt in my hand a delightful figure--one of those full but supple figures; and while waltzing, quite enchanted, I was saying to myself, 'She isn't really thin! she isn't really thin!' I took her back to her place after the waltz, and went at once to her mother to ask for her hand, which was granted me. For fourteen years I have been the happiest of men, and perhaps I shouldn't have made that marriage if I hadn't known how to waltz. You see, sir, the results of a waltz?"

"Perfectly."

"That is not all, sir. Thanks to dancing, one discovers not only the agreeable points of a person, the fulness of her figure, the litheness of her waist, but also, in a briskly led waltz, a little examination of the health and constitution of a woman can be had. I remember one evening twelve or so years ago--in the Rue Le Peletier, in the old Opéra-house, which has burned down--I was on the stage awaiting my cue for the dance in 'William Tell,' you know, in the third act. Two subscribers were talking quite close to me, in the wings. One of the gentlemen was an old pupil of mine. I have had so many pupils! Without wishing to, I heard scraps of the conversation, and these two sentences struck my ear: 'Well, have you decided?' 'Oh,' replied my pupil, 'I find her very charming, but I have heard that she is weak in the lungs.' Then, sir, I did a very unusual thing for me. I begged pardon for having heard unintentionally, and I said to my old pupil: 'I think I have guessed that a marriage is in question. Will you authorize me to give you a piece of advice--advice drawn from the practice of my profession? Do they allow this young lady to waltz?' You know there are mothers who do not permit--"

"I know, I know."

We had arrived at this point in that interesting conversation when the ballet ended. The bishop and myself were assailed by an actual whirlwind of skaters, and my little Westphalian peasant-girl found me where she had left me.

"I declare!" she said to me, "so you come to confess at the opera? Give him absolution, Morin, and give it to me, too. Now then, come along to

the greenroom."

She took my arm, and we went off together, while the excellent Morin, with gravity and dignity beneath his sacred ornaments, withstood the shock of this avalanche of dancers.

"THE DESCENT OF MAN".

Project Gutenberg's *Darwin and Modern Science*, by A.C. Seward and Others

By G. Schwalbe

Professor of Anatomy in the University of Strassburg.

The problem of the origin of the human race, of the descent of man, is ranked by Huxley in his epoch-making book "Man's Place in Nature", as the deepest with which biology has to concern itself, "the question of questions,"--the problem which underlies all others. In the same brilliant and lucid exposition, which appeared in 1863, soon after the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species", Huxley stated his own views in regard to this great problem. He tells us how the idea of a natural descent of man gradually grew up in his mind, it was especially the assertions of Owen in regard to the total difference between the human and the simian brain that called forth strong dissent from the great anatomist Huxley, and he easily succeeded in showing that Owen's supposed differences had no real existence; he even established, on the basis of his own anatomical investigations, the proposition that the anatomical differences between the Marmoset and the Chimpanzee are much greater than those between the Chimpanzee and Man.

But why do we thus introduce the study of Darwin's "Descent of Man", which is to occupy us here, by insisting on the fact that Huxley had taken the field in defence of the descent of man in 1863, while Darwin's book on the subject did not appear till 1871? It is in order that we may clearly understand how it happened that from this time onwards Darwin and Huxley followed the same great aim in the most intimate association.

Huxley and Darwin working at the same *Problema maximum*! Huxley fiery, impetuous, eager for battle, contemptuous of the resistance of a dull world, or energetically triumphing over it. Darwin calm, weighing every problem slowly, letting it mature thoroughly,--not a fighter, yet having the greater and more lasting influence by virtue of his immense mass of critically sifted proofs. Darwin's friend, Huxley, was the first to do him justice, to understand his nature, and to find in it the reason why the detailed and carefully considered book on the descent of man made its appearance so late. Huxley, always generous, never thought of claiming priority for himself. In enthusiastic language he tells how

Darwin's immortal work, "The Origin of Species", first shed light for him on the problem of the descent of man; the recognition of a vera causa in the transformation of species illuminated his thoughts as with a flash. He was now content to leave what perplexed him, what he could not yet solve, as he says himself, "in the mighty hands of Darwin." Happy in the bustle of strife against old and deep-rooted prejudices, against intolerance and superstition, he wielded his sharp weapons on Darwin's behalf; wearing Darwin's armour he joyously overthrew adversary after adversary. Darwin spoke of Huxley as his "general agent." ("Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley", Vol. I. page 171, London, 1900.) Huxley says of himself "I am Darwin's bulldog." (Ibid. page 363.)

Thus Huxley openly acknowledged that it was Darwin's "Origin of Species" that first set the problem of the descent of man in its true light, that made the question of the origin of the human race a pressing one. That this was the logical consequence of his book Darwin himself had long felt. He had been reproached with intentionally shirking the application of his theory to Man. Let us hear what he says on this point in his autobiography: "As soon as I had become, in the year 1837 or 1838, convinced that species were mutable productions, I could not avoid the belief that man must come under the same law. Accordingly I collected notes on the subject for my own satisfaction, and not for a long time with any intention of publishing. Although in the 'Origin of Species' the derivation of any particular species is never discussed, yet I thought it best, in order THAT NO HONOURABLE MAN SHOULD ACCUSE ME OF CONCEALING MY VIEWS (No italics in original.), to add that by the work 'light would be thrown on the origin of man and his history.' It would have been useless and injurious to the success of the book to have paraded, without giving any evidence, my conviction with respect to his origin." ("Life and Letters of Charles Darwin", Vol. 1. page 93.)

In a letter written in January, 1860, to the Rev. L. Blomefield, Darwin expresses himself in similar terms. "With respect to man, I am very far from wishing to obtrude my belief; but I thought it dishonest to quite conceal my opinion." (Ibid. Vol. II. page 263.)

The brief allusion in the "Origin of Species" is so far from prominent and so incidental that it was excusable to assume that Darwin had not touched upon the descent of man in this work. It was solely the desire to have his mass of evidence sufficiently complete, solely Darwin's great characteristic of never publishing till he had carefully weighed all aspects of his subject for years, solely, in short, his most fastidious scientific conscience that restrained him from challenging the world in 1859 with a book in which the theory of the descent of man was fully set forth. Three years, frequently interrupted by ill-health, were needed for the actual writing of the book ("Life and Letters", Vol. I. page 94.): the first edition, which appeared in 1871, was followed in 1874 by a much improved second edition, the preparation of which he very reluctantly undertook. (Ibid. Vol. III. page 175.)

This, briefly, is the history of the work, which, with the "Origin of Species", marks an epoch in the history of biological sciences--the work with which the cautious, peace-loving investigator ventured forth from his contemplative life into the arena of strife and unrest, and laid himself open to all the annoyances that deep-rooted belief and prejudice, and the prevailing tendency of scientific thought at the time could devise.

Darwin did not take this step lightly. Of great interest in this connection is a letter written to Wallace on Dec. 22, 1857 (Ibid. Vol. II. page 109.), in which he says "You ask whether I shall discuss 'man.' I think I shall avoid the whole subject, as so surrounded with prejudices; though I fully admit that it is the highest and most interesting problem for the naturalist." But his conscientiousness compelled him to state briefly his opinion on the subject in the "Origin of Species" in 1859. Nevertheless he did not escape reproaches for having been so reticent. This is unmistakably apparent from a letter to Fritz Muller dated February 22 (1869?), in which he says: "I am thinking of writing a little essay on the Origin of Mankind, as I have been taunted with concealing my opinions." (Ibid. Vol. III. page 112.)

It might be thought that Darwin behaved thus hesitatingly, and was so slow in deciding on the full publication of his collected material in regard to the descent of man, because he had religious difficulties to overcome.

But this was not the case, as we can see from his admirable confession of faith, the publication of which we owe to his son Francis. (Ibid. Vol. I. pages 304-317.) Whoever wishes really to understand the lofty character of this great man should read these immortal lines in which he unfolds to us in simple and straightforward words the development of his conception of the universe. He describes how, though he was still quite orthodox during his voyage round the world on board the "Beagle", he came gradually to see, shortly afterwards (1836-1839) that the Old Testament was no more to be trusted than the Sacred Books of the Hindoos; the miracles by which Christianity is supported, the discrepancies between the accounts in the different Gospels, gradually led him to disbelieve in Christianity as a divine revelation. "Thus," he writes ("Life and Letters", Vol. 1. page 309.), "disbelief crept over me at a very slow rate, but was at last complete. The rate was so slow that I felt no distress." But Darwin was too modest to presume to go beyond the limits laid down by science. He wanted nothing more than to be able to go, freely and unhampered by belief in authority or in the Bible, as far as human knowledge could lead him. We learn this from the concluding words of his chapter on religion: "The mystery of the beginning of all things is insoluble by us; and I for one must be content to remain an Agnostic." (Loc. cit. page 313.)

Darwin was always very unwilling to give publicity to his views in regard to religion. In a letter to Asa Gray on May 22, 1860 (Ibid. Vol. II. page 310.), he declares that it is always painful to him to have to enter into discussion of religious problems. He had, he said, no intention of writing atheistically.

Finally, let us cite one characteristic sentence from a letter from Darwin to C. Ridley (Ibid. Vol. III. page. 236. ("C. Ridley," Mr Francis Darwin points out to me, should be H.N. Ridley. A.C.S.)) (Nov. 28, 1878.) A clergyman, Dr Pusey, had asserted that Darwin had written the "Origin of Species" with some relation to theology. Darwin writes emphatically, "Many years ago, when I was collecting facts for the 'Origin', my belief in what is called a personal God was as firm as that of Dr Pusey himself, and as to the eternity of matter I never troubled myself about such insoluble questions." The expression "many years ago" refers to the time of his voyage round the world, as has already been pointed out. Darwin means by this utterance that the views which had gradually developed in his mind in regard to the origin of species were quite compatible with the faith of the Church.

If we consider all these utterances of Darwin in regard to religion and to his outlook on life (*Weltanschauung*), we shall see at least so much, that religious reflection could in no way have influenced him in regard to the writing and publishing of his book on "The Descent of Man". Darwin had early won for himself freedom of thought, and to this freedom he remained true to the end of his life, uninfluenced by the customs and opinions of the world around him.

Darwin was thus inwardly fortified and armed against the host of calumnies, accusations, and attacks called forth by the publication of the "Origin of Species", and to an even greater extent by the appearance of the "Descent of Man". But in his defence he could rely on the aid of a band of distinguished auxiliaries of the rarest ability. His faithful confederate, Huxley, was joined by the botanist Hooker, and, after longer resistance, by the famous geologist Lyell, whose "conversion" afforded Darwin peculiar satisfaction. All three took the field with enthusiasm in defence of the natural descent of man. From Wallace, on the other hand, though he shared with him the idea of natural selection, Darwin got no support in this matter. Wallace expressed himself in a strange manner. He admitted everything in regard to the morphological descent of man, but maintained, in a mystic way, that something else, something of a spiritual nature must have been added to what man inherited from his animal ancestors. Darwin, whose esteem for Wallace was extraordinarily high, could not understand how he could give utterance to such a mystical view in regard to man; the idea seemed to him so "incredibly strange" that he thought some one else must have added these sentences to Wallace's paper.

Even now there are thinkers who, like Wallace, shrink from applying to

man the ultimate consequences of the theory of descent. The idea that man is derived from ape-like forms is to them unpleasant and humiliating.

So far I have been depicting the development of Darwin's work on the descent of man. In what follows I shall endeavour to give a condensed survey of the contents of the book.

It must at once be said that the contents of Darwin's work fall into two parts, dealing with entirely different subjects. "The Descent of Man" includes a very detailed investigation in regard to secondary sexual characters in the animal series, and on this investigation Darwin founded a new theory, that of sexual selection. With astonishing patience he gathered together an immense mass of material, and showed, in regard to Arthropods and Vertebrates, the wide distribution of secondary characters, which develop almost exclusively in the male, and which enable him, on the one hand, to get the better of his rivals in the struggle for the female by the greater perfection of his weapons, and on the other hand, to offer greater allurements to the female through the higher development of decorative characters, of song, or of scent-producing glands. The best equipped males will thus crowd out the less well-equipped in the matter of reproduction, and thus the relevant characters will be increased and perfected through sexual selection. It is, of course, a necessary assumption that these secondary sexual characters may be transmitted to the female, although perhaps in rudimentary form.

As we have said, this theory of sexual selection takes up a great deal of space in Darwin's book, and it need only be considered here in so far as Darwin applied it to the descent of man. To this latter problem the whole of Part I is devoted, while Part III contains a discussion of sexual selection in relation to man, and a general summary. Part II treats of sexual selection in general, and may be disregarded in our present study. Moreover, many interesting details must necessarily be passed over in what follows, for want of space.

The first part of the "Descent of Man" begins with an enumeration of the proofs of the animal descent of man taken from the structure of the human body. Darwin chiefly emphasises the fact that the human body consists of the same organs and of the same tissues as those of the other mammals; he shows also that man is subject to the same diseases and tormented by the same parasites as the apes. He further dwells on the general agreement exhibited by young, embryonic forms, and he illustrates this by two figures placed one above the other, one representing a human embryo, after Eaker, the other a dog embryo, after Bischoff. ("Descent of Man" (Popular Edition, 1901), fig. 1, page 14.)

Darwin finds further proofs of the animal origin of man in the reduced structures, in themselves extremely variable, which are either

absolutely useless to their possessors, or of so little use that they could never have developed under existing conditions. Of such vestiges he enumerates: the defective development of the panniculus carnosus (muscle of the skin) so widely distributed among mammals, the ear-muscles, the occasional persistence of the animal ear-point in man, the rudimentary nictitating membrane (plica semilunaris) in the human eye, the slight development of the organ of smell, the general hairiness of the human body, the frequently defective development or entire absence of the third molar (the wisdom tooth), the vermiform appendix, the occasional reappearance of a bony canal (foramen supracondyloideum) at the lower end of the humerus, the rudimentary tail of man (the so-called taillessness), and so on. Of these rudimentary structures the occasional occurrence of the animal ear-point in man is most fully discussed. Darwin's attention was called to this interesting structure by the sculptor Woolner. He figures such a case observed in man, and also the head of an alleged orang-foetus, the photograph of which he received from Nitsche.

Darwin's interpretation of Woolner's case as having arisen through a folding over of the free edge of a pointed ear has been fully borne out by my investigations on the external ear. (G. Schwalbe, "Das Darwin'sche Spitzohr beim menschlichen Embryo", "Anatom. Anzeiger", 1889, pages 176-189, and other papers.) In particular, it was established by these investigations that the human foetus, about the middle of its embryonic life, possesses a pointed ear somewhat similar to that of the monkey genus *Macacus*. One of Darwin's statements in regard to the head of the orang-foetus must be corrected. A LARGE ear with a point is shown in the photograph ("Descent of Man", fig.3, page 24.), but it can easily be demonstrated--and Deniker has already pointed this out--that the figure is not that of an orang-foetus at all, for that form has much smaller ears with no point; nor can it be a gibbon-foetus, as Deniker supposes, for the gibbon ear is also without a point. I myself regard it as that of a *Macacus*-embryo. But this mistake, which is due to Nitsche, in no way affects the fact recognised by Darwin, that ear-forms showing the point characteristic of the animal ear occur in man with extraordinary frequency.

Finally, there is a discussion of those rudimentary structures which occur only in ONE sex, such as the rudimentary mammary glands in the male, the vesicula prostatica, which corresponds to the uterus of the female, and others. All these facts tell in favour of the common descent of man and all other vertebrates. The conclusion of this section is characteristic: "IT IS ONLY OUR NATURAL PREJUDICE, AND THAT ARROGANCE WHICH MADE OUR FOREFATHERS DECLARE THAT THEY WERE DESCENDED FROM DEMI-GODS, WHICH LEADS US TO DEMUR TO THIS CONCLUSION. BUT THE TIME WILL BEFORE LONG COME, WHEN IT WILL BE THOUGHT WONDERFUL THAT NATURALISTS, WHO WERE WELL ACQUAINTED WITH THE COMPARATIVE STRUCTURE AND DEVELOPMENT OF MAN, AND OTHER MAMMALS, SHOULD HAVE BELIEVED THAT EACH WAS THE

WORK
OF A SEPARATE ACT OF CREATION." (Ibid. page 36.)

In the second chapter there is a more detailed discussion, again based upon an extraordinary wealth of facts, of the problem as to the manner in which, and the causes through which, man evolved from a lower form. Precisely the same causes are here suggested for the origin of man, as for the origin of species in general. Variability, which is a necessary assumption in regard to all transformations, occurs in man to a high degree. Moreover, the rapid multiplication of the human race creates conditions which necessitate an energetic struggle for existence, and thus afford scope for the intervention of natural selection. Of the exercise of ARTIFICIAL selection in the human race, there is nothing to be said, unless we cite such cases as the grenadiers of Frederick William I, or the population of ancient Sparta. In the passages already referred to and in those which follow, the transmission of acquired characters, upon which Darwin does not dwell, is taken for granted. In man, direct effects of changed conditions can be demonstrated (for instance in regard to bodily size), and there are also proofs of the influence exerted on his physical constitution by increased use or disuse. Reference is here made to the fact, established by Forbes, that the Quechua-Indians of the high plateaus of Peru show a striking development of lungs and thorax, as a result of living constantly at high altitudes.

Such special forms of variation as arrests of development (microcephalism) and reversion to lower forms are next discussed. Darwin himself felt ("Descent of Man", page 54.) that these subjects are so nearly related to the cases mentioned in the first chapter, that many of them might as well have been dealt with there. It seems to me that it would have been better so, for the citation of additional instances of reversion at this place rather disturbs the logical sequence of his ideas as to the conditions which have brought about the evolution of man from lower forms. The instances of reversion here discussed are microcephalism, which Darwin wrongly interpreted as atavistic, supernumerary mammae, supernumerary digits, bicornuate uterus, the development of abnormal muscles, and so on. Brief mention is also made of correlative variations observed in man.

Darwin next discusses the question as to the manner in which man attained to the erect position from the state of a climbing quadruped. Here again he puts the influence of Natural Selection in the first rank. The immediate progenitors of man had to maintain a struggle for existence in which success was to the more intelligent, and to those with social instincts. The hand of these climbing ancestors, which had little skill and served mainly for locomotion, could only undergo further development when some early member of the Primate series came to live more on the ground and less among trees.

A bipedal existence thus became possible, and with it the liberation of the hand from locomotion, and the one-sided development of the human foot. The upright position brought about correlated variations in the bodily structure; with the free use of the hand it became possible to manufacture weapons and to use them; and this again resulted in a degeneration of the powerful canine teeth and the jaws, which were then no longer necessary for defence. Above all, however, the intelligence immediately increased, and with it skull and brain. The nakedness of man, and the absence of a tail (rudimentariness of the tail vertebrae) are next discussed. Darwin is inclined to attribute the nakedness of man, not to the action of natural selection on ancestors who originally inhabited a tropical land, but to sexual selection, which, for aesthetic reasons, brought about the loss of the hairy covering in man, or primarily in woman. An interesting discussion of the loss of the tail, which, however, man shares with the anthropoid apes, some other monkeys and lemurs, forms the conclusion of the almost superabundant material which Darwin worked up in the second chapter. His object was to show that some of the most distinctive human characters are in all probability directly or indirectly due to natural selection. With characteristic modesty he adds ("Descent of Man", page 92.): "Hence, if I have erred in giving to natural selection great power, which I am very far from admitting, or in having exaggerated its power, which is in itself probable, I have at least, as I hope, done good service in aiding to overthrow the dogma of separate creations." At the end of the chapter he touches upon the objection as to man's helpless and defenceless condition. Against this he urges his intelligence and social instincts.

The two following chapters contain a detailed discussion of the objections drawn from the supposed great differences between the mental powers of men and animals. Darwin at once admits that the differences are enormous, but not that any fundamental difference between the two can be found. Very characteristic of him is the following passage: "In what manner the mental powers were first developed in the lowest organisms, is as hopeless an enquiry as how life itself first originated. These are problems for the distant future, if they are ever to be solved by man." (Ibid. page 100.)

After some brief observations on instinct and intelligence, Darwin brings forward evidence to show that the greater number of the emotional states, such as pleasure and pain, happiness and misery, love and hate are common to man and the higher animals. He goes on to give various examples showing that wonder and curiosity, imitation, attention, memory and imagination (dreams of animals), can also be observed in the higher mammals, especially in apes. In regard even to reason there are no sharply defined limits. A certain faculty of deliberation is characteristic of some animals, and the more thoroughly we know an animal the more intelligence we are inclined to credit it with. Examples are brought forward of the intelligent and deliberate actions of apes, dogs and elephants. But although no sharply defined differences exist

between man and animals, there is, nevertheless, a series of other mental powers which are characteristics usually regarded as absolutely peculiar to man. Some of these characteristics are examined in detail, and it is shown that the arguments drawn from them are not conclusive. Man alone is said to be capable of progressive improvement; but against this must be placed as something analogous in animals, the fact that they learn cunning and caution through long continued persecution. Even the use of tools is not in itself peculiar to man (monkeys use sticks, stones and twigs), but man alone fashions and uses implements DESIGNED FOR A SPECIAL PURPOSE. In this connection the remarks taken from Lubbock in regard to the origin and gradual development of the earliest flint implements will be read with interest; these are similar to the observations on modern eoliths, and their bearing on the development of the stone-industry. It is interesting to learn from a letter to Hooker ("Life and Letters", Vol. II. page 161, June 22, 1859.), that Darwin himself at first doubted whether the stone implements discovered by Boucher de Perthes were really of the nature of tools. With the relentless candour as to himself which characterised him, he writes four years later in a letter to Lyell in regard to this view of Boucher de Perthes' discoveries: "I know something about his errors, and looked at his book many years ago, and am ashamed to think that I concluded the whole was rubbish! Yet he has done for man something like what Agassiz did for glaciers." (Ibid. Vol. III. page 15, March 17, 1863.)

To return to Darwin's further comparisons between the higher mental powers of man and animals. He takes much of the force from the argument that man alone is capable of abstraction and self-consciousness by his own observations on dogs. One of the main differences between man and animals, speech, receives detailed treatment. He points out that various animals (birds, monkeys, dogs) have a large number of different sounds for different emotions, that, further, man produces in common with animals a whole series of inarticulate cries combined with gestures, and that dogs learn to understand whole sentences of human speech. In regard to human language, Darwin expresses a view contrary to that held by Max Muller ("Descent of Man", page 132.): "I cannot doubt that language owes its origin to the imitation and modification of various natural sounds, the voices of other animals, and man's own instinctive cries, aided by signs and gestures." The development of actual language presupposes a higher degree of intelligence than is found in any kind of ape. Darwin remarks on this point (Ibid. pages 136, 137.): "The fact of the higher apes not using their vocal organs for speech no doubt depends on their intelligence not having been sufficiently advanced."

The sense of beauty, too, has been alleged to be peculiar to man. In refutation of this assertion Darwin points to the decorative colours of birds, which are used for display. And to the last objection, that man alone has religion, that he alone has a belief in God, it is answered "that numerous races have existed, and still exist, who have no idea of one or more gods, and who have no words in their languages to express

such an idea." (Ibid. page 143.)

The result of the investigations recorded in this chapter is to show that, great as the difference in mental powers between man and the higher animals may be, it is undoubtedly only a difference "of degree and not of kind." ("Descent of Man", page 193.)

In the fourth chapter Darwin deals with the MORAL SENSE or CONSCIENCE, which is the most important of all differences between man and animals. It is a result of social instincts, which lead to sympathy for other members of the same society, to non-egoistic actions for the good of others. Darwin shows that social tendencies are found among many animals, and that among these love and kin-sympathy exist, and he gives examples of animals (especially dogs) which may exhibit characters that we should call moral in man (e.g. disinterested self-sacrifice for the sake of others). The early ape-like progenitors of the human race were undoubtedly social. With the increase of intelligence the moral sense develops farther; with the acquisition of speech public opinion arises, and finally, moral sense becomes habit. The rest of Darwin's detailed discussions on moral philosophy may be passed over.

The fifth chapter may be very briefly summarised. In it Darwin shows that the intellectual and moral faculties are perfected through natural selection. He inquires how it can come about that a tribe at a low level of evolution attains to a higher, although the best and bravest among them often pay for their fidelity and courage with their lives without leaving any descendants. In this case it is the sentiment of glory, praise and blame, the admiration of others, which bring about the increase of the better members of the tribe. Property, fixed dwellings, and the association of families into a community are also indispensable requirements for civilisation. In the longer second section of the fifth chapter Darwin acts mainly as recorder. On the basis of numerous investigations, especially those of Greg, Wallace, and Galton, he inquires how far the influence of natural selection can be demonstrated in regard to civilised nations. In the final section, which deals with the proofs that all civilised nations were once barbarians, Darwin again uses the results gained by other investigators, such as Lubbock and Tylor. There are two sets of facts which prove the proposition in question. In the first place, we find traces of a former lower state in the customs and beliefs of all civilised nations, and in the second place, there are proofs to show that savage races are independently able to raise themselves a few steps in the scale of civilisation, and that they have thus raised themselves.

In the sixth chapter of the work, Morphology comes into the foreground once more. Darwin first goes back, however, to the argument based on the great difference between the mental powers of the highest animals and those of man. That this is only quantitative, not qualitative, he has already shown. Very instructive in this connection is the reference to

the enormous difference in mental powers in another class. No one would draw from the fact that the cochineal insect (*Coccus*) and the ant exhibit enormous differences in their mental powers, the conclusion that the ant should therefore be regarded as something quite distinct, and withdrawn from the class of insects altogether.

Darwin next attempts to establish the SPECIFIC genealogical tree of man, and carefully weighs the differences and resemblances between the different families of the Primates. The erect position of man is an adaptive character, just as are the various characters referable to aquatic life in the seals, which, notwithstanding these, are ranked as a mere family of the Carnivores. The following utterance is very characteristic of Darwin ("Descent of Man", page 231.): "If man had not been his own classifier, he would never have thought of founding a separate order for his own reception." In numerous characters not mentioned in systematic works, in the features of the face, in the form of the nose, in the structure of the external ear, man resembles the apes. The arrangement of the hair in man has also much in common with the apes; as also the occurrence of hair on the forehead of the human embryo, the beard, the convergence of the hair of the upper and under arm towards the elbow, which occurs not only in the anthropoid apes, but also in some American monkeys. Darwin here adopts Wallace's explanation of the origin of the ascending direction of the hair in the forearm of the orang,--that it has arisen through the habit of holding the hands over the head in rain. But this explanation cannot be maintained when we consider that this disposition of the hair is widely distributed among the most different mammals, being found in the dog, in the sloth, and in many of the lower monkeys.

After further careful analysis of the anatomical characters Darwin reaches the conclusion that the New World monkeys (Platyrrhine) may be excluded from the genealogical tree altogether, but that man is an offshoot from the Old World monkeys (Catarrhine) whose progenitors existed as far back as the Miocene period. Among these Old World monkeys the forms to which man shows the greatest resemblance are the anthropoid apes, which, like him, possess neither tail nor ischial callosities. The platyrrhine and catarrhine monkeys have their primitive ancestor among extinct forms of the Lemnidae. Darwin also touches on the question of the original home of the human race and supposes that it may have been in Africa, because it is there that man's nearest relatives, the gorilla and the chimpanzee, are found. But he regards speculation on this point as useless. It is remarkable that, in this connection, Darwin regards the loss of the hair-covering in man as having some relation to a warm climate, while elsewhere he is inclined to make sexual selection responsible for it. Darwin recognises the great gap between man and his nearest relatives, but similar gaps exist at other parts of the mammalian genealogical tree: the allied forms have become extinct. After the extermination of the lower races of mankind, on the one hand, and of the anthropoid apes on the other, which will undoubtedly take place, the

gulf will be greater than ever, since the baboons will then bound it on the one side, and the white races on the other. Little weight need be attached to the lack of fossil remains to fill up this gap, since the discovery of these depends upon chance. The last part of the chapter is devoted to a discussion of the earlier stages in the genealogy of man. Here Darwin accepts in the main the genealogical tree, which had meantime been published by Haeckel, who traces the pedigree back through Monotremes, Reptiles, Amphibians, and Fishes, to Amphioxus.

Then follows an attempt to reconstruct, from the atavistic characters, a picture of our primitive ancestor who was undoubtedly an arboreal animal. The occurrence of rudiments of parts in one sex which only come to full development in the other is next discussed. This state of things Darwin regards as derived from an original hermaphroditism. In regard to the mammary glands of the male he does not accept the theory that they are vestigial, but considers them rather as not fully developed.

The last chapter of Part I deals with the question whether the different races of man are to be regarded as different species, or as sub-species of a race of monophyletic origin. The striking differences between the races are first emphasised, and the question of the fertility or infertility of hybrids is discussed. That fertility is the more usual is shown by the excessive fertility of the hybrid population of Brazil. This, and the great variability of the distinguishing characters of the different races, as well as the fact that all grades of transition stages are found between these, while considerable general agreement exists, tell in favour of the unity of the races and lead to the conclusion that they all had a common primitive ancestor.

Darwin therefore classifies all the different races as sub-species of ONE AND THE SAME SPECIES. Then follows an interesting inquiry into the reasons for the extinction of human races. He recognises as the ultimate reason the injurious effects of a change of the conditions of life, which may bring about an increase in infantile mortality, and a diminished fertility. It is precisely the reproductive system, among animals also, which is most susceptible to changes in the environment.

The final section of this chapter deals with the formation of the races of mankind. Darwin discusses the question how far the direct effect of different conditions of life, or the inherited effects of increased use or disuse may have brought about the characteristic differences between the different races. Even in regard to the origin of the colour of the skin he rejects the transmitted effects of an original difference of climate as an explanation. In so doing he is following his tendency to exclude Lamarckian explanations as far as possible. But here he makes gratuitous difficulties from which, since natural selection fails, there is no escape except by bringing in the principle of sexual selection, to which, he regarded it as possible, skin-colouring, arrangement of hair, and form of features might be traced. But with his characteristic

conscientiousness he guards himself thus: "I do not intend to assert that sexual selection will account for all the differences between the races." ("Descent of Man", page 308.)

I may be permitted a remark as to Darwin's attitude towards Lamarck. While, at an earlier stage, when he was engaged in the preliminary labours for his immortal work, "The Origin of Species", Darwin expresses himself very forcibly against the views of Lamarck, speaking of Lamarckian "nonsense," ("Life and Letters", Vol. II. page 23.), and of Lamarck's "absurd, though clever work" (Loc. cit. page 39.) and expressly declaring, "I attribute very little to the direct action of climate, etc." (Loc. cit. (1856), page 82.) yet in later life he became more and more convinced of the influence of external conditions. In 1876, that is, two years after the appearance of the second edition of "The Descent of Man", he writes with his usual candid honesty: "In my opinion the greatest error which I have committed, has been not allowing sufficient weight to the direct action of the environment, i.e. food, climate, etc. independently of natural selection." (Ibid. Vol. III. page 159.) It is certain from this change of opinion that, if he had been able to make up his mind to issue a third edition of "The Descent of Man", he would have ascribed a much greater influence to the effect of external conditions in explaining the different characters of the races of man than he did in the second edition. He would also undoubtedly have attributed less influence to sexual selection as a factor in the origin of the different bodily characteristics, if indeed he would not have excluded it altogether.

In Part III of the "Descent" two additional chapters are devoted to the discussion of sexual selection in relation to man. These may be very briefly referred to. Darwin here seeks to show that sexual selection has been operative on man and his primitive progenitor. Space fails me to follow out his interesting arguments. I can only mention that he is inclined to trace back hairlessness, the development of the beard in man, and the characteristic colour of the different human races to sexual selection. Since bareness of the skin could be no advantage, but rather a disadvantage, this character cannot have been brought about by natural selection. Darwin also rejected a direct influence of climate as a cause of the origin of the skin-colour. I have already expressed the opinion, based on the development of his views as shown in his letters, that in a third edition Darwin would probably have laid more stress on the influence of external environment. He himself feels that there are gaps in his proofs here, and says in self-criticism: "The views here advanced, on the part which sexual selection has played in the history of man, want scientific precision." ("Descent of Man", page 924.) I need here only point out that it is impossible to explain the graduated stages of skin-colour by sexual selection, since it would have produced races sharply defined by their colour and not united to other races by transition stages, and this, it is well known, is not the case. Moreover, the fact established by me ("Die Hautfarbe des Menschen",

"Mitteilungen der Anthropologischen Gesellschaft in Wien", Vol. XXXIV. pages 331-352.), that in all races the ventral side of the trunk is paler than the dorsal side, and the inner surface of the extremities paler than the outer side, cannot be explained by sexual selection in the Darwinian sense.

With this I conclude my brief survey of the rich contents of Darwin's book. I may be permitted to conclude by quoting the magnificent final words of "The Descent of Man": "We must, however, acknowledge, as it seems to me, that man, with all his noble qualities, with sympathy which feels for the most debased, with benevolence which extends not only to other men but to the humblest living creature, with his god-like intellect which has penetrated into the movements and constitution of the solar system--with all these exalted powers--Man still bears in his bodily frame the indelible stamp of his lowly origin." (Ibid. page 947.)

What has been the fate of Darwin's doctrines since his great achievement? How have they been received and followed up by the scientific and lay world? And what do the successors of the mighty hero and genius think now in regard to the origin of the human race?

At the present time we are incomparably more favourably placed than Darwin was for answering this question of all questions. We have at our command an incomparably greater wealth of material than he had at his disposal. And we are more fortunate than he in this respect, that we now know transition-forms which help to fill up the gap, still great, between the lowest human races and the highest apes. Let us consider for a little the more essential additions to our knowledge since the publication of "The Descent of Man".

Since that time our knowledge of animal embryos has increased enormously. While Darwin was obliged to content himself with comparing a human embryo with that of a dog, there are now available the youngest embryos of monkeys of all possible groups (Orang, Gibbon, Semnopithecus, Macacus), thanks to Selenka's most successful tour in the East Indies in search of such material. We can now compare corresponding stages of the lower monkeys and of the Anthropoid apes with human embryos, and convince ourselves of their great resemblance to one another, thus strengthening enormously the armour prepared by Darwin in defence of his view on man's nearest relatives. It may be said that Selenka's material fills up the blanks in Darwin's array of proofs in the most satisfactory manner.

The deepening of our knowledge of comparative anatomy also gives us much surer foundations than those on which Darwin was obliged to build. Just of late there have been many workers in the domain of the anatomy of apes and lemurs, and their investigations extend to the most different organs. Our knowledge of fossil apes and lemurs has also become much wider and more exact since Darwin's time: the fossil lemurs have been

especially worked up by Cope, Forsyth Major, Ameghino, and others. Darwin knew very little about fossil monkeys. He mentions two or three anthropoid apes as occurring in the Miocene of Europe ("Descent of Man", page 240.), but only names *Dryopithecus*, the largest form from the Miocene of France. It was erroneously supposed that this form was related to *Hylobates*. We now know not only a form that actually stands near to the gibbon (*Pliopithecus*), and remains of other anthropoids (*Pliohylobates* and the fossil chimpanzee, *Palaeopithecus*), but also several lower catarrhine monkeys, of which *Mesopithecus*, a form nearly related to the modern Sacred Monkeys (a species of *Semnopithecus*) and found in strata of the Miocene period in Greece, is the most important. Quite recently, too, Ameghino's investigations have made us acquainted with fossil monkeys from South America (*Anthropops*, *Homunculus*), which, according to their discoverer, are to be regarded as in the line of human descent.

What Darwin missed most of all--intermediate forms between apes and man--has been recently furnished. (E. Dubois, as is well known, discovered in 1893, near Trinil in Java, in the alluvial deposits of the river Bengawan, an important form represented by a skull-cap, some molars, and a femur. His opinion--much disputed as it has been--that in this form, which he named *Pithecanthropus*, he has found a long-desired transition-form is shared by the present writer. And although the geological age of these fossils, which, according to Dubois, belong to the uppermost Tertiary series, the Pliocene, has recently been fixed at a later date (the older Diluvium)), the MORPHOLOGICAL VALUE of these interesting remains, that is, the intermediate position of *Pithecanthropus*, still holds good. Volz says with justice ("Das geologische Alter der *Pithecanthropus*-Schichten bei Trinil, Ost-Java". "Neues Jahrb. f. Mineralogie". Festband, 1907.), that even if *Pithecanthropus* is not THE missing link, it is undoubtedly _A_ missing link.

As on the one hand there has been found in *Pithecanthropus* a form which, though intermediate between apes and man, is nevertheless more closely allied to the apes, so on the other hand, much progress has been made since Darwin's day in the discovery and description of the older human remains. Since the famous roof of a skull and the bones of the extremities belonging to it were found in 1856 in the Neandertal near Dusseldorf, the most varied judgments have been expressed in regard to the significance of the remains and of the skull in particular. In Darwin's "Descent of Man" there is only a passing allusion to them ("Descent of Man", page 82.) in connection with the discussion of the skull-capacity, although the investigations of Schaaffhausen, King, and Huxley were then known. I believe I have shown, in a series of papers, that the skull in question belongs to a form different from any of the races of man now living, and, with King and Cope, I regard it as at least a different species from living man, and have therefore designated it *Homo primigenius*. The form unquestionably belongs to the older

Diluvium, and in the later Diluvium human forms already appear, which agree in all essential points with existing human races.

As far back as 1886 the value of the Neandertal skull was greatly enhanced by Fraipont's discovery of two skulls and skeletons from Spy in Belgium. These are excellently described by their discoverer ("La race humaine de Neanderthal ou de Canstatt en Belgique". "Arch. de Biologie", VII. 1887.), and are regarded as belonging to the same group of forms as the Neandertal remains. In 1899 and the following years came the discovery by Gorjanovic-Kramberger of different skeletal parts of at least ten individuals in a cave near Krapina in Croatia.

(Gorjanovic-Kramberger "Der diluviale Mensch von Krapina in Kroatien", 1906.) It is in particular the form of the lower jaw which is different from that of all recent races of man, and which clearly indicates the lowly position of Homo primigenius, while, on the other hand, the long-known skull from Gibraltar, which I ("Studien zur Vorgeschichte des Menschen", 1906, pages 154 ff.) have referred to Homo primigenius, and which has lately been examined in detail by Sollas ("On the cranial and facial characters of the Neandertal Race". "Trans. R. Soc." London, vol. 199, 1908, page 281.), has made us acquainted with the surprising shape of the eye-orbit, of the nose, and of the whole upper part of the face. Isolated lower jaws found at La Naulette in Belgium, and at Malarnaud in France, increase our material which is now as abundant as could be desired. The most recent discovery of all is that of a skull dug up in August of this year (1908) by Klaatsch and Hauser in the lower grotto of the Le Moustier in Southern France, but this skull has not yet been fully described. Thus Homo primigenius must also be regarded as occupying a position in the gap existing between the highest apes and the lowest human races, Pithecanthropus, standing in the lower part of it, and Homo primigenius in the higher, near man. In order to prevent misunderstanding, I should like here to emphasise that in arranging this structural series--anthropoid apes, Pithecanthropus, Homo primigenius, Homo sapiens--I have no intention of establishing it as a direct genealogical series. I shall have something to say in regard to the genetic relations of these forms, one to another, when discussing the different theories of descent current at the present day. ((Since this essay was written Schoetensack has discovered near Heidelberg and briefly described an exceedingly interesting lower jaw from rocks between the Pliocene and Diluvial beds. This exhibits interesting differences from the forms of lower jaw of Homo primigenius. (Schoetensack "Der Unterkiefer des Homo heidelbergensis". Leipzig, 1908.) G.S.))

In quite a different domain from that of morphological relationship, namely in the physiological study of the blood, results have recently been gained which are of the highest importance to the doctrine of descent. Uhlenhuth, Nuttall, and others have established the fact that the blood-serum of a rabbit which has previously had human blood injected into it, forms a precipitate with human blood. This biological

reaction was tried with a great variety of mammalian species, and it was found that those far removed from man gave no precipitate under these conditions. But as in other cases among mammals all nearly related forms yield an almost equally marked precipitate, so the serum of a rabbit treated with human blood and then added to the blood of an anthropoid ape gives ALMOST as marked a precipitate as in human blood; the reaction to the blood of the lower Eastern monkeys is weaker, that to the Western monkeys weaker still; indeed in this last case there is only a slight clouding after a considerable time and no actual precipitate. The blood of the Lemuridae (Nuttall) gives no reaction or an extremely weak one, that of the other mammals none whatever. We have in this not only a proof of the literal blood-relationship between man and apes, but the degree of relationship with the different main groups of apes can be determined beyond possibility of mistake.

Finally, it must be briefly mentioned that in regard to remains of human handicraft also, the material at our disposal has greatly increased of late years, that, as a result of this, the opinions of archaeologists have undergone many changes, and that, in particular, their views in regard to the age of the human race have been greatly influenced. There is a tendency at the present time to refer the origin of man back to Tertiary times. It is true that no remains of Tertiary man have been found, but flints have been discovered which, according to the opinion of most investigators, bear traces either of use, or of very primitive workmanship. Since Rutot's time, following Mortillet's example, investigators have called these "eoliths," and they have been traced back by Verworn to the Miocene of the Auvergne, and by Rutot even to the upper Oligocene. Although these eoliths are even nowadays the subject of many different views, the preoccupation with them has kept the problem of the age of the human race continually before us.

Geology, too, has made great progress since the days of Darwin and Lyell, and has endeavoured with satisfactory results to arrange the human remains of the Diluvial period in chronological order (Penck). I do not intend to enter upon the question of the primitive home of the human race; since the space at my disposal will not allow of my touching even very briefly upon all the departments of science which are concerned in the problem of the descent of man. How Darwin would have rejoiced over each of the discoveries here briefly outlined! What use he would have made of the new and precious material, which would have prevented the discouragement from which he suffered when preparing the second edition of "The Descent of Man"! But it was not granted to him to see this progress towards filling up the gaps in his edifice of which he was so painfully conscious.

He did, however, have the satisfaction of seeing his ideas steadily gaining ground, notwithstanding much hostility and deep-rooted prejudice. Even in the years between the appearance of "The Origin of Species" and of the first edition of the "Descent", the idea of a

natural descent of man, which was only briefly indicated in the work of 1859, had been eagerly welcomed in some quarters. It has been already pointed out how brilliantly Huxley contributed to the defence and diffusion of Darwin's doctrines, and how in "Man's Place in Nature" he has given us a classic work as a foundation for the doctrine of the descent of man. As Huxley was Darwin's champion in England, so in Germany Carl Vogt, in particular, made himself master of the Darwinian ideas. But above all it was Haeckel who, in energy, eagerness for battle, and knowledge may be placed side by side with Huxley, who took over the leadership in the controversy over the new conception of the universe. As far back as 1866, in his "Generelle Morphologie", he had inquired minutely into the question of the descent of man, and not content with urging merely the general theory of descent from lower animal forms, he drew up for the first time genealogical trees showing the close relationships of the different animal groups; the last of these illustrated the relationships of Mammals, and among them of all groups of the Primates, including man. It was Haeckel's genealogical trees that formed the basis of the special discussion of the relationships of man, in the sixth chapter of Darwin's "Descent of Man".

In the last section of this essay I shall return to Haeckel's conception of the special descent of man, the main features of which he still upholds, and rightly so. Haeckel has contributed more than any one else to the spread of the Darwinian doctrine.

I can only allow myself a few words as to the spread of the theory of the natural descent of man in other countries. The Parisian anthropological school, founded and guided by the genius of Broca, took up the idea of the descent of man, and made many notable contributions to it (Broca, Manouvrier, Mahoudeau, Deniker and others). In England itself Darwin's work did not die. Huxley took care of that, for he, with his lofty and unprejudiced mind, dominated and inspired English biology until his death on June 29, 1895. He had the satisfaction shortly before his death of learning of Dubois' discovery, which he illustrated by a humorous sketch. ("Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley", Vol. II. page 394.) But there are still many followers in Darwin's footsteps in England. Keane has worked at the special genealogical tree of the Primates; Keith has inquired which of the anthropoid apes has the greatest number of characters in common with man; Morris concerns himself with the evolution of man in general, especially with his acquisition of the erect position. The recent discoveries of Pithecanthropus and Homo primigenius are being vigorously discussed; but the present writer is not in a position to form an opinion of the extent to which the idea of descent has penetrated throughout England generally.

In Italy independent work in the domain of the descent of man is being produced, especially by Morselli; with him are associated, in the investigation of related problems, Sergi and Giuffrida-Ruggeri. From

the ranks of American investigators we may single out in particular the eminent geologist Cope, who championed with much decision the idea of the specific difference of *Homo neandertalensis* (*primigenius*) and maintained a more direct descent of man from the fossil *Lemuridae*. In South America too, in Argentina, new life is stirring in this department of science. Ameghino in Buenos Ayres has awakened the fossil primates of the Pampas formation to new life; he even believes that in *Tetraprothomo*, represented by a femur, he has discovered a direct ancestor of man. Lehmann-Nitsche is working at the other side of the gulf between apes and men, and he describes a remarkable first cervical vertebra (atlas) from Monte Hermoso as belonging to a form which may bear the same relation to *Homo sapiens* in South America as *Homo primigenius* does in the Old World. After a minute investigation he establishes a human species *Homo neogaeus*, while Ameghino ascribes this atlas vertebra to his *Tetraprothomo*.

Thus throughout the whole scientific world there is arising a new life, an eager endeavour to get nearer to Huxley's *problema maximum*, to penetrate more deeply into the origin of the human race. There are to-day very few experts in anatomy and zoology who deny the animal descent of man in general. Religious considerations, old prejudices, the reluctance to accept man, who so far surpasses mentally all other creatures, as descended from "soulless" animals, prevent a few investigators from giving full adherence to the doctrine. But there are very few of these who still postulate a special act of creation for man. Although the majority of experts in anatomy and zoology accept unconditionally the descent of man from lower forms, there is much diversity of opinion among them in regard to the special line of descent.

In trying to establish any special hypothesis of descent, whether by the graphic method of drawing up genealogical trees or otherwise, let us always bear in mind Darwin's words ("*Descent of Man*", page 229.) and use them as a critical guiding line: "As we have no record of the lines of descent, the pedigree can be discovered only by observing the degrees of resemblance between the beings which are to be classed." Darwin carries this further by stating "that resemblances in several unimportant structures, in useless and rudimentary organs, or not now functionally active, or in an embryological condition, are by far the most serviceable for classification." (Loc. cit.) It has also to be remembered that NUMEROUS separate points of agreement are of much greater importance than the amount of similarity or dissimilarity in a few points.

The hypotheses as to descent current at the present day may be divided into two main groups. The first group seeks for the roots of the human race not among any of the families of the apes--the anatomically nearest forms--nor among their very similar but less specialised ancestral forms, the fossil representatives of which we can know only in part,

but, setting the monkeys on one side, it seeks for them lower down among the fossil Eocene Pseudo-lemuridae or Lemuridae (Cope), or even among the primitive pentadactylous Eocene forms, which may either have led directly to the evolution of man (Adloff), or have given rise to an ancestral form common to apes and men (Klaatsch (Klaatsch in his last publications speaks in the main only of an ancestral form common to men and anthropoid apes.), Giuffrida-Ruggeri). The common ancestral form, from which man and apes are thus supposed to have arisen independently, may explain the numerous resemblances which actually exist between them. That is to say, all the characters upon which the great structural resemblance between apes and man depends must have been present in their common ancestor. Let us take an example of such a common character. The bony external ear-passage is in general as highly developed in the lower Eastern monkeys and the anthropoid apes as in man. This character must, therefore, have already been present in the common primitive form. In that case it is not easy to understand why the Western monkeys have not also inherited the character, instead of possessing only a tympanic ring. But it becomes more intelligible if we assume that forms with a primitive tympanic ring were the original type, and that from these were evolved, on the one hand, the existing New World monkeys with persistent tympanic ring, and on the other an ancestral form common to the lower Old World monkeys, the anthropoid apes and man. For man shares with these the character in question, and it is also one of the "unimportant" characters required by Darwin. Thus we have two divergent lines arising from the ancestral form, the Western monkeys (Platyrrhine) on the one hand, and an ancestral form common to the lower Eastern monkeys, the anthropoid apes, and man, on the other. But considerations similar to those which showed it to be impossible that man should have developed from an ancestor common to him and the monkeys, yet outside of and parallel with these, may be urged also against the likelihood of a parallel evolution of the lower Eastern monkeys, the anthropoid apes, and man. The anthropoid apes have in common with man many characters which are not present in the lower Old World monkeys. These characters must therefore have been present in the ancestral form common to the three groups. But here, again, it is difficult to understand why the lower Eastern monkeys should not also have inherited these characters. As this is not the case, there remains no alternative but to assume divergent evolution from an indifferent form. The lower Eastern monkeys are carrying on the evolution in one direction--I might almost say towards a blind alley--while anthropoids and men have struck out a progressive path, at first in common, which explains the many points of resemblance between them, without regarding man as derived directly from the anthropoids. Their many striking points of agreement indicate a common descent, and cannot be explained as phenomena of convergence.

I believe I have shown in the above sketch that a theory which derives man directly from lower forms without regarding apes as transition-types leads ad absurdum. The close structural relationship between man and monkeys can only be understood if both are brought into the same line

of evolution. To trace man's line of descent directly back to the old Eocene mammals, alongside of, but with no relation to these very similar forms, is to abandon the method of exact comparison, which, as Darwin rightly recognised, alone justifies us in drawing up genealogical trees on the basis of resemblances and differences. The farther down we go the more does the ground slip from beneath our feet. Even the Lemuridae show very numerous divergent conditions, much more so the Eocene mammals (Creodonta, Condylarthra), the chief resemblance of which to man consists in the possession of pentadactylous hands and feet! Thus the farther course of the line of descent disappears in the darkness of the ancestry of the mammals. With just as much reason we might pass by the Vertebrates altogether, and go back to the lower Invertebrates, but in that case it would be much easier to say that man has arisen independently, and has evolved, without relation to any animals, from the lowest primitive form to his present isolated and dominant position. But this would be to deny all value to classification, which must after all be the ultimate basis of a genealogical tree. We can, as Darwin rightly observed, only infer the line of descent from the degree of resemblance between single forms. If we regard man as directly derived from primitive forms very far back, we have no way of explaining the many points of agreement between him and the monkeys in general, and the anthropoid apes in particular. These must remain an inexplicable marvel.

I have thus, I trust, shown that the first class of special theories of descent, which assumes that man has developed, parallel with the monkeys, but without relation to them, from very low primitive forms cannot be upheld, because it fails to take into account the close structural affinity of man and monkeys. I cannot but regard this hypothesis as lamentably retrograde, for it makes impossible any application of the facts that have been discovered in the course of the anatomical and embryological study of man and monkeys, and indeed prejudices investigations of that class as pointless. The whole method is perverted; an unjustifiable theory of descent is first formulated with the aid of the imagination, and then we are asked to declare that all structural relations between man and monkeys, and between the different groups of the latter, are valueless,--the fact being that they are the only true basis on which a genealogical tree can be constructed.

So much for this most modern method of classification, which has probably found adherents because it would deliver us from the relationship to apes which many people so much dislike. In contrast to it we have the second class of special hypotheses of descent, which keeps strictly to the nearest structural relationships. This is the only basis that justifies the drawing up of a special hypothesis of descent. If this fundamental proposition be recognised, it will be admitted that the doctrine of special descent upheld by Haeckel, and set forth in Darwin's "Descent of Man", is still valid to-day. In the genealogical tree, man's place is quite close to the anthropoid apes; these again have as their nearest relatives the lower Old World monkeys, and their

progenitors must be sought among the less differentiated Platyrrhine monkeys, whose most important characters have been handed on to the present day New World monkeys. How the different genera are to be arranged within the general scheme indicated depends in the main on the classificatory value attributed to individual characters. This is particularly true in regard to *Pithecanthropus*, which I consider as the root of a branch which has sprung from the anthropoid ape root and has led up to man; the latter I have designated the family of the Hominidae.

For the rest, there are, as we have said, various possible ways of constructing the narrower genealogy within the limits of this branch including men and apes, and these methods will probably continue to change with the accumulation of new facts. Haeckel himself has modified his genealogical tree of the Primates in certain details since the publication of his "*Generelle Morphologie*" in 1866, but its general basis remains the same. (Haeckel's latest genealogical tree is to be found in his most recent work, "*Unsere Ahnenreihe*". Jena, 1908.) All the special genealogical trees drawn up on the lines laid down by Haeckel and Darwin--and that of Dubois may be specially mentioned--are based, in general, on the close relationship of monkeys and men, although they may vary in detail. Various hypotheses have been formulated on these lines, with special reference to the evolution of man. "*Pithecanthropus*" is regarded by some authorities as the direct ancestor of man, by others as a side-track failure in the attempt at the evolution of man. The problem of the monophyletic or polyphyletic origin of the human race has also been much discussed. Sergi (Sergi G. "*Europa*", 1908.) inclines towards the assumption of a polyphyletic origin of the three main races of man, the African primitive form of which has given rise also to the gorilla and chimpanzee, the Asiatic to the Orang, the Gibbon, and *Pithecanthropus*. Kollmann regards existing human races as derived from small primitive races (pigmies), and considers that *Homo primigenius* must have arisen in a secondary and degenerative manner.

But this is not the place, nor have I the space to criticise the various special theories of descent. One, however, must receive particular notice. According to Ameghino, the South American monkeys (*Pitheculites*) from the oldest Tertiary of the Pampas are the forms from which have arisen the existing American monkeys on the one hand, and on the other, the extinct South American Homunculidae, which are also small forms. From these last, anthropoid apes and man have, he believes, been evolved. Among the progenitors of man, Ameghino reckons the form discovered by him (*Tetraprothomo*), from which a South American primitive man, *Homo pampaeus*, might be directly evolved, while on the other hand all the lower Old World monkeys may have arisen from older fossil South American forms (*Clenialitidae*), the distribution of which may be explained by the bridge formerly existing between South America and Africa, as may be the derivation of all existing human races from *Homo pampaeus*. (See Ameghino's latest paper, "*Notas preliminares sobre el Tetraprothomo argentinus*", etc. "*Anales del Museo nacional de Buenos*

Aires", XVI. pages 107-242, 1907.) The fossil forms discovered by Ameghino deserve the most minute investigation, as does also the fossil man from South America of which Lehmann-Nitsche ("Nouvelles recherches sur la formation pampeenne et l'homme fossile de la Republique Argentine". "Rivista del Museo de la Plata", T. XIV. pages 193-488.) has made a thorough study.

It is obvious that, notwithstanding the necessity for fitting man's line of descent into the genealogical tree of the Primates, especially the apes, opinions in regard to it differ greatly in detail. This could not be otherwise, since the different Primate forms, especially the fossil forms, are still far from being exhaustively known. But one thing remains certain,--the idea of the close relationship between man and monkeys set forth in Darwin's "Descent of Man". Only those who deny the many points of agreement, the sole basis of classification, and thus of a natural genealogical tree, can look upon the position of Darwin and Haeckel as antiquated, or as standing on an insufficient foundation. For such a genealogical tree is nothing more than a summarised representation of what is known in regard to the degree of resemblance between the different forms.

Darwin's work in regard to the descent of man has not been surpassed; the more we immerse ourselves in the study of the structural relationships between apes and man, the more is our path illumined by the clear light radiating from him, and through his calm and deliberate investigation, based on a mass of material in the accumulation of which he has never had an equal. Darwin's fame will be bound up for all time with the unprejudiced investigation of the question of all questions, the descent of the human race.

The Doctrine of Christ.

2 John 9-11.

"WHOSOEVER transgresseth and abideth not in the doctrine of Christ, hath not God. He that abideth in the doctrine of Christ, he hath both the Father and the Son. If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed. For he that biddeth him God speed is partaker of his evil deeds" (2 John 9-11). What then is the doctrine of Christ? It is the revealed truth concerning the person of our Lord Jesus Christ, that He is the Son of God, whom the Father sent into the world. "God so loved the world, that He

gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." This is the doctrine of Christ. Anyone who does not hold the doctrine of Christ that He is absolutely God, one with the Father come into the world, hath not God. He is without God and hope in the world. He is an Anti-christ. "Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God; and every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God; and this is that spirit of Anti-christ, whereof ye have heard that it should come; and even now already is it in the world" (1 John iv:2-3). Such a denier of the Deity of the Lord Jesus Christ is no

christian at all and all fellowship even to the greeting must be denied to him. This seems severe and intolerant. But it is not if we consider what the denial of the Person of our holy and blessed Lord means. God grant unto us, who hold the doctrine of Christ, a divine jealousy for His honor and glory, manifested by separation from all who in any way deny the doctrine upon which all Christianity rests.

But how blessed to faith to see in the first Epistle of John the doctrine of Christ revealed and the blessings and comforts brought forth, which are for those who abide in this doctrine. In the Gospel of John the beloved disciple writes by the Holy Spirit about the Son of God, how He came from the Father and was in the world and how He left the world to go back to the Father. The Son of God is also the theme of the Holy Spirit in the first Epistle of John. "Our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ" (i:3). This fellowship means that we share the Father's thoughts about His Son and to enjoy with the Son His own blessed and eternal relationship with the Father. In the measure our faith enters into the doctrine of Christ in that measure we shall have deeper fellowship with the Father and His Son. Is your cry, dear reader, for more reality in this fellowship? There is one way only which leads to this. It is an increase in the knowledge of the Son of God and as you abide there, you have the Father and the Son.

And now we shall call to our remembrance other passages in the first Epistle of John in which our blessed Lord as the Son of God is mentioned. They are sweet and precious to faith and if read in the Spirit they will bring the joy, the blessing, the peace and the comfort of the doctrine of Christ to our hearts. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin" (i:7). That precious blood, His own blood, has cleansed us once and for all. "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil" (iii:8). "And this is his commandment, that we should believe on the

name of His Son Jesus Christ and love one another as He gave us commandment. And he that keepeth His commandments (which are: believing on Him and loving one another) dwelleth in Him and He in him. And hereby we know that He abideth in us, by the Spirit which He hath given us" (iii:23-24). "In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world that we might live through Him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son into the world to be the propitiation for our sins." "Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another" (iv:9-11). "And we have seen and do testify that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world. Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him and he in God. And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him" (iv:14-16). "Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?" (v:5) "If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater; for this is the witness of God which He hath testified of His Son. He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself; he that believeth not God hath made Him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave to His Son. And this is the record that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life; he that hath not the Son of God hath not life" (v:9-12). "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God. And this is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us" (v:13-14). "And we know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know Him that is true, and we are in Him that is true, even in His Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God and eternal life" (v:20).

May our faith lay hold anew of these simple yet deep and precious revelations. They are the doctrine of Christ. Into this we must enter constantly and manifest in our lives the fruits of this doctrine, love and righteousness. The increasing rejection of the doctrine of Christ demands the increased appreciation of that doctrine. The more the enemy attacks the Person of Christ, the more the Holy Spirit demands of us, who belong to Christ, that we exalt Him. Everything in the present time seems to be aimed at the setting aside of the doctrine upon which our Hope rests. Higher Criticism, the evil doctrines, which reject the eternal punishment of the wicked, the spurious gospels, ethical teachings and every other false doctrine strikes at the blessed Person of our Lord. The shadow of the Anti-christ is cast in our days. Let us heed God's Word. Let us be separated from those who deny Christ or we are partakers of their evil deeds. The path of the true believer becomes narrower. It must be so. But Christ becomes more precious, more real to our souls. What awful times are coming upon this age according to God's Word! With the rejection of the doctrine of Christ this age sides completely with Satan and that wonderful being is both blinding his victims and using them for his own sinister purposes. The blindness is fearful. It will be worse before long. The rush into complete apostasy and from there into the delusion with the lying wonders and on into the darkness forever will come next. Let us praise God for the doctrine of Christ, which is our salvation, and may God give us faith and courage to walk according to that doctrine. What day of joy awaits us, when we shall see him as He is and know the depth of the Love of God by being like Him!

Christ's Resurrection Song.

WHEN the blessed Lord appeared in the midst of His disciples and they beheld the risen One in His glorified body of flesh and bones and He ate before them, He told them that

all things which were written in the Law of Moses, and the Prophets and in the Psalms concerning Him, had to be fulfilled (Luke xxiv:44). While on the way to Emmaus He said to the two sorrowing and perplexed disciples "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into His glory? And beginning at Moses and all the prophets he expounded unto them all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself." It seems to us He must have then spoken much of the Psalms, these wonderful prayers and songs of praise, with which His Jewish disciples were so familiar. In the Psalms the richest prophecies concerning Christ are found. There we behold Him in His divine perfections as well as in His true humanity; in His suffering and in His glory; in His rejection and in His exaltation. Oh that we, the Lord's people, might read the Psalms more, so that the Holy Spirit can reveal Christ more to our hearts. In many unexpected places we can find Him in these songs. There is for instance the xxxvii Psalm, so much enjoyed by the Saints of God. It contains such precious exhortations to faith, to be patient and to hope. But in taking the comfort of these blessed exhortations and their accompanying promises, we are apt to overlook some verses which tell us of our Lord. Verses 30-33 apply to Him. "The mouth of the righteous speaketh wisdom and His tongue talketh of judgment. The law of His God is in His heart; none of His steps shall slide. The wicked watcheth the righteous, and seeketh to slay Him. Jehovah will not leave Him in his hand, nor condemn Him when He is judged." Our Lord is this righteous One. Words of wisdom and judgment, mercy and truth flowed from His lips while righteousness in heart and life, and perfect obedience were manifested in Him. Then His death and deliverance are indicated in these words. However, care must be taken not to apply all the experiences of the Psalms to Christ. We saw recently an exposition of Psalm xxxviii:7. The words "For my loins are filled with a loathsome disease and there is no soundness in my flesh" were applied to

Christ. This is a very serious mistake. He knew no sin and therefore no loathsome disease could fill His loins. Such exposition is evil.

Many joyous expressions of praise to God are found in the Psalms which properly belong first to Him, who is the leader of the praises of His people (Heb. ii:12). One of these sweet outbursts of praise is contained in the opening verses of the xl Psalm. The first three verses may be called "the resurrection song of Christ":

"I waited patiently for the Lord,
And He inclined unto me
And heard my cry.
He brought me up also
Out of an horrible pit,
Out of the miry clay;
And set my feet upon a rock,
Established my goings.
And He has put a new song in my mouth;
Praise unto our God;
Many shall see it and fear,
And shall trust in the Lord."

It is the experience of our Saviour, which must here first of all be considered. Patiently He had waited for Jehovah. Himself Jehovah He had taken the place of dependence under God His Father and patiently He endured. He was obedient unto death, the death of the cross. He endured the cross, despising the shame. He cried to God. "Who in the days of His flesh, when He had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and fears unto Him that was able to save Him from death, and was heard in that he feared; though He were Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered" (Heb. v:7-8). The place of death is given in this Psalm: "the horrible pit and the miry clay." Who can describe all what is meant by these words! "Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem Him stricken and smitten of God and afflicted. But He was wounded for our transgressions, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes

we are healed" (Isa. liii:45).

He went into the horrible pit, or as it reads literally, the pit of destruction, the place which belongs to fallen man by nature, so that we might be taken out of it. He went into the jaws of death and there the billows and waves, yea all the billows and waves of the judgment of the holy God passed over Him. In another Psalm the Holy Spirit describes His agony. (Ps. lxix). There we read His cry "Save me, O God; for the waters are come in unto my soul. I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing; I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me. I am weary of my crying, my throat is dried; mine eyes fail while I wait for my God."

And deeper He went for our sakes. The miry clay has a special meaning. Any one who sinks into a pit filled with miry clay cannot help himself. All his struggling does not help; the more he labors the deeper he sinks. One who is in the miry clay cannot save himself. And does this not remind us of the Lord and of what was said of Him "He saved others, Himself He cannot save." He was in the miry clay. He might have saved Himself but He would not. His mighty love it was, that love which passeth knowledge, which brought Him from Heaven's Glory down to the horrible pit, the miry clay.

But the sufferings of our adorable Lord are not so much before us in this Psalm as the fact of His resurrection. His cry was heard.

The prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears were answered; His resurrection from the dead was God's blessed answer. While in other Scriptures it is stated that Christ Himself arose, here His resurrection is seen as an act of God. "He brought me up." This act of God bears witness to the completeness and perfection of the accomplished salvation. "We believe in Him who raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead. Who was delivered for our offences and was raised again for our justification" (Rom. iv:24-25). But we read also that His feet were set upon a rock. "And set my feet upon a rock." He is the first born from the dead. Sin and death are abolished

by His mighty work. "Knowing that Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over Him. For in that He died, He died unto sin once, but in that He liveth, He liveth unto God" (Rom. vi:9-10). Upon that rock the feet of every believing sinner securely rest. But His ascension is likewise mentioned in this resurrection song. "And established my goings." He "whose goings forth have been from old, from everlasting" (Micah v:2) and who came from everlasting glory to walk in obedience to the cross and the grave has gone back into heaven. He was received up into glory; He ascended on high and led captivity captive. And the mighty victor sings now a new song. It is the triumphant song of redemption, to the praise of God. On account of Him, what He has accomplished in His death on the cross and Who is raised from the dead and in glory "many shall see it and fear and shall trust in the Lord." But this wonderful resurrection song the Lord sings not alone. We, who have trusted in Him and know Him have part in this song. Believing in Him we are taken out, yea forever, from the terrible pit and the miry clay. There is no more death and no more wrath for us. We are also risen with Him, our feet are planted upon the rock, our goings are established. We belong to the heavenlies where He is. We sing praises in His name unto our God, His God and our God, His Father and our Father, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. Oh! that our hearts may enter deeper into this song of accomplished redemption "praise unto our God;" the loving God who spared not His only Begotten. And indeed "many shall see and fear and trust in the Lord." This reaches into the future. Israel too will be taken from the place of spiritual and national death, and raised to life to join the new song. Nations will see it and fear and trust Jehovah. At last the great new song of resurrection and the new creation will swell in its divinely revealed length and breadth, height and depth. Now He sings the song, and His co-heirs sing it too in

feebleness, yet by His Grace and through His Spirit. Ere long in His presence all the Redeemed will praise in Glory with glorified lips. Heavenly beings will utter their praise and in a wider circle down on earth, every creature will join in. "And they sung a new song saying, Thou art worthy to take the book and to open the seals thereof; for thou was slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred and tongue, and people, and nation. And hast made us unto our God, Kings and priests, and we shall reign over the earth. And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne and the living creatures and the elders; and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands. Saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength and honor, and glory and blessing. And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, blessing, and honor, and glory and power, be unto Him that sitteth on the throne, and unto the lamb forever and ever" (Revel. v:9-13). That song will never end. Oh may we learn to sing it now, and in His Name sing praises unto our God. May we follow the great leader of Praise, Him who is anointed with the oil of gladness above His fellows. May the path He followed down here become more and more ours. May we serve, be obedient, give up, wait patiently for the Lord, after His own pattern, suffer with Him, be rejected with Him, bear His reproach and through it all rejoice in Him and sing "the new song." How happy we ought to be as linked with Him, the blessed Christ of God. And as we walk in His fellowship the heart longs to see Him as He is. Even so; come Lord Jesus.

The Patience of Christ.

"BUT the Lord direct your hearts into the Love of God and into the Patience of Christ" (2 Thess. iii:5). With these words Paul

exhorted the Thessalonian believers. They had many trials and difficulties. They suffered persecutions and were troubled. False alarms had affected their patience of hope in the Lord Jesus Christ. The inspired exhortation puts before their hearts the

Patience of Christ. Comfort and joy, encouragement and peace, would surely come to their hearts and strengthen them, if they remembered and entered into the Patience of Christ.

And who can describe or speak fully and worthily of the Patience of our blessed Lord! It includes so much. All His moral Glory and Divine perfections are concealed and revealed in this Word. The word patience has a wide meaning. It means more than we generally express by it. Submission, endurance in meekness, waiting in faith, quietness, contentment, composure, forbearance, suffering in calmness, calmness in suffering; all and more is contained in the one word, Patience.

And such patience in all its fulness and perfection the Son of God exhibited in His earthly life. Whenever we look in the Gospels, we behold this calm, quiet, restful patience. His whole life here on earth is but a continued record of patience. In patience His childhood was spent, and when in His twelfth year the Glory of His Deity flashed forth we read "He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them." In patience, He whose mighty power had called the universe in existence, toiled on, content in Nazareth, submissive to the Father, till after many years the day would come, when the work He had come to do should be begun and finished. To describe that Patience during His public ministry from Nazareth, where He had been brought up, to Golgotha, would necessitate a close scrutiny of every step of the way, every act and every utterance which came from His holy lips. What discoveries of His Grace and moral Glory we make, if under the guidance of His Spirit we meditate on His life here below.

Humility and submission under God, patient waiting on Him, utter absence of all haste, perfect

calmness of soul and every other characteristic of perfect patience, we can trace constantly in that wonderful life. What patience is revealed in the forty days in the wilderness, when He hungered and was with the wild beasts (Mark i:13). When Satan tempted Him and asked for stones to be made bread, He exhibited still His patience. In His service, that marvellous service rendered by the perfect servant, no ambitiousness or ostentatiousness can ever be discovered. He pleased not Himself but Him who sent Him. He was constantly going about doing the Father's will. His kindness and love were rewarded by rejection and insults, yet no complaint or murmur ever came from His lips. He was always trusting in God, perfectly calm, perfectly satisfied. And how His patience shines out in dealing with men. What patience He had with His disciples and how He bore with them in love.

They were slow learners. What patience and tenderness in his conversation with her, whom He had sought, the woman at Samaria's well. And greatest above all His patience in suffering. He endured the cross. When He was reviled, He reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not, but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously. (1 Pet. ii:23). He was oppressed, and He was afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth; He was brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before his shearers is dumb, so He opened not His mouth. All the buffetings, shame, dishonors, griefs, pains and sorrows He patiently endured. Oh! the patience of Christ, who for the joy set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame!

And into this patience of Christ our hearts are to be directed. It is to be the object of our contemplation and to be followed by us, who belong to Him. The patience of Christ must be manifested in our lives. For even hereunto were ye called, because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow His steps. His humility, submissiveness, contentment, calmness, patience in endurance, in doing and

suffering the will of God, must be reproduced in our lives. But how little we know of it in reality. Impatience is the leading characteristic of the closing days of this present evil age. It is alas! but too prominently seen among God's people who are influenced by the present day currents. How little true waiting on the Lord and for the Lord is practiced! How much reaching out after the things which are but for a moment and which will soon perish! In consequence there is but little enjoyment of that which is the glorious and eternal portion of the Saints of God. How great the haste and hurry of present day life! How little quietness and contentment! In suffering and loss, murmurings, fault-finding and words of forced resignation are more frequently heard than joyful songs of praise. Unrest instead of rest, discontent instead of contentment, anxiety instead of simple trust, self exaltation instead of self abnegation, ambitiousness instead of lowliness of mind are found on all sides among those who name the name of Christ and who carry His Life in their hearts. And why? Your heart, dear reader, is so often out of touch with Christ. You lose sight of Him. His Spirit is grieved and in consequence there is failure and the impatience of the flesh. Return, oh my soul, unto thy rest! Direct, O Lord, our hearts into the Patience of Christ.

The Patience of Christ. He is still the patient Christ. Rejected by the world He has taken His place upon the Father's throne. There He waits until His enemies are made His footstool. Long ago, in our human reckoning, He entered there. Long ago the Father said to Him, "Ask of Me and I will give Thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost part of the earth for Thy possession" (Ps. ii:8). Up to now He has not yet asked the Father. When He asks it will mean judgment for this world. In infinite patience He has waited and waited in the presence of God. And all this time He has carried on His work as the Priest and Advocate of His people who live on earth. With what tenderness and patience He has dealt with all

who lived in the past centuries.

His mighty power kept them and now they are at home with Him. The same patience He manifests towards us. How often we have failed Him and walked in the flesh instead of walking in the Spirit. We came to Him and confessed and then we found Him so loving towards us. But ere long we failed again and in His loving patience His arms were again around us. And thus a hundred times. He changeth not. He is the same loving, patient Lord towards His own in Glory as He was on earth. "He shall not be discouraged," the prophet declared. Even so His Patience knows no discouragement. In all the dishonor done to His holy, worthy Name, He endures patiently. He is silent to all what is done by His enemies. The Patience of Christ. May the Lord grant us His Patience. John said to himself, "I am your brother and companion in tribulation and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ" (Rev. i:9). To that kingdom and Patience of Jesus Christ of which John speaks of belonging we belong. The martyrs belonged to it. Afflictions, persecutions and sufferings were their part. They are ours. In humility, in endurance, unflinching courage, in the patience of Christ, let us suffer with Him, share His reproach until His Glory is revealed.

The Love of Christ.

THE Patience of Christ was recently the object of our meditation in these pages. Blessed and inexhaustible it is. And now a still greater theme is before our hearts. The Love of Christ. The heart almost shrinks from attempting to write on the matchless, unfathomable love of our blessed and adorable Lord. All the Saints of God who have spoken and written on the Love of Christ have never told out its fulness and vastness, its heights and its depths. "The Love of Christ which passeth knowledge" (Ephesians iii:19). And yet we do know the Love of Christ. While we cannot fully grasp that mighty, eternal Love our hearts can enjoy it and we can ever know more of it. And He

Himself whose Love is set upon us wants us to drink constantly of the ocean of His never-changing Love and receive new tokens, new glimpses of it. Surely His own blessed Spirit, though one feels so insufficient for such an object, will guide us in our meditation. He is with us and in us to glorify Him and take of the things of Christ to show them unto us. The Love of Christ, the Holy Spirit ever longs to make known and to impart to our poor and feeble hearts. The Love of our Lord is an eternal Love. It is not a thing of time. It antedates the foundation of the world.

“His gracious eye surveyed us
Ere stars were seen above.”

He as the Son of God in the bosom of God was the object of Love. “Thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world” (John xvii: 24). And then He knew us and His Love was even then set upon us, before we ever were in existence. He knew our sinfulness, our enmity, our vileness, and in Love which passeth knowledge He looked forward to the time, when He would manifest this Love to us His fallen creatures. “Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high I cannot attain unto it” (Psalm cxxxix:6). It was Love which brought Him down from the Glory, which He had with God. What Love to come into this dark, sin-cursed world, a world full of enemies. What Love to leave that bright and glorious home and appear as man, made of a woman entering this world He had called into existence. And there was no room for Him in the inn. It passeth knowledge. And then that life, which He lived on earth, was lived in that mighty Love.

“A love that led Thee here below
To tread a lonely path in grace,
To pass through sorrow, grief and woe,
The portion of a ruin’d race.”

What Love we see in Him, in every step of that lonely path! What compassion, what tenderness in

every action in every word we discover, ever new and fresh, in that blessed life of God’s unspeakable gift. Wherever we look we behold that Love. Loving compassion rested upon the multitudes; with Love He compassed the poor, the sinful, the oppressed, the heartsick and the outcast. Love carried the weak and failing men, who had believed on him, His disciples. A blessed word it is, which stands in the beginning of the thirteenth chapter in the Gospel of John. “Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end.” His Love for His own was expressed by serving them. He pleased not Himself but had come to minister. He then girded Himself and began to wash the disciples’ feet. What humiliation! Yet it was the fruit of Love. All He did was born of Love. His was on earth a constant, a never-tiring, an enduring Love. All the selfishness of His disciples could not quench that Love. Nothing could quench His Love for His own. Nothing will ever quench it. Peter denied Him. “And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter” (Luke xxii:61). Was it a look of reproach? Was it a frown of displeasure which Peter saw in that beloved face? Far from it. Love in its divine perfection shone out of the eyes of the Son of God. And after His resurrection that Love was still the same. There was no reproach connected with the restoration of Peter to service. In the greatest tenderness and Love He committed to His disciple, who had so shamefully denied Him, the lambs and sheep so dear to His own loving heart. Again we say, that Love passeth knowledge. How could man’s imagination and invention ever have produced such a loving Person as our Lord, revealing the perfection of divine Love! But there is greater Love than the Love which we behold in His blessed Life on earth. The greater Love is manifested when He laid down His life. He came into the world to die, to be the propitiation for our sins. He came to take our place on the cross. He came to drink the cup of wrath in our stead and suffer the awful penalty of our sins.

“For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.”

God in Love gave thus His Son, and He gave Himself in Love. From shame to shame, from suffering to suffering, from pain to pain and agony to agony that Love went on to plunge into the deepest sorrow, to reach at last the place where His loving lips had to cry “My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?”

“To death of shame Thy love did reach,
God’s holy judgment then to bear;
Ah, Lord, what human tongue can teach
Or tell the love that brought Thee there.”

Ah! what human tongue can teach or tell the Love that brought Thee there! It passeth knowledge. But with loving, praising hearts, in worship and adoration we can look up to that cross on which the Prince of Glory died and say with Paul, “He loved me, He gave Himself for me.” And again we join with the innumerable hosts of His own redeemed in the Glory song. “Unto Him that loveth us and washed us from our sins in His own blood and hath made us Kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be Glory and dominion forever. Amen.” And beloved reader, that Love which knew you and us all before we ever existed, that Love which came from Glory for you, that Love which went into the jaws of death, endured the cross and despised the shame, that Love which gave so willingly, gave as we can never give, that Love is still the same. It changes not. His Love knows no fluctuations. That perfect Love cannot grow cold or indifferent. We all had our first love; when first we saw Him with the eyes of faith, how our hearts were enraptured. How soon that Love began to grow cold and decreased instead of increased. Then our walk and service became affected for thus it must ever be when the

heart is not responding to His Love and not in living, loving touch with Himself.

Oh! the weeks and months and years of our Christian experience spent without the full enjoyment of His Love and Presence. But has this changed His Love? Has our unfaithfulness, our waywardness, our failure and backsliding affected His Love? No. He is the same loving Lord, the same loving Christ who has borne us and yearned over us, who has prayed for us and kept us.

Whenever we turn to Him with broken hearts, confessing our sins, when in shame we hide our faces and tell Him all our failures, we find Him still the same loving Lord as He was when His loving eyes rested upon Peter. Oh! how He must love us! How He must love us, with that Love which passeth knowledge. What treasures that Love contains! Exhaustless it is ever flowing full and free towards His own.

How it must grieve Him to see us so indifferent, neither hot nor cold. How it must grieve Him that we enjoy this Love so little that we permit that Love so little to serve us and give Him so little opportunity to manifest His mighty Love towards us. Alas! We even mistrust that Love. When suffering and loss overtake us, when instead of prosperity adversity is our lot, we doubt that Love.

Fears and anxieties are nothing less than an impeachment of the Love, which passeth knowledge. His Love will never fail. He will see us safe home. Let the forces of the enemy roar, let trials and troubles come, His Love will keep us. His Love is our eternal portion.

“For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.”

And soon He will have us with Himself. The church He loved, for which He gave Himself, the church He sanctified by the washing of water, this church He will present to Himself a glorious church (Eph. v:24-27). Even while on

earth He made known His loving purpose, for He prayed, "The Glory, which Thou hast given me I have given to them."
It is His Love which will make us sharers of His own Glory and Inheritance. What that Love will do then! How we shall drink deeper of that Love, than we ever could drink here! Oh the depths of the Love to be fathomed in all eternity! Oh the length and breadth and height to be measured! It can never, no never be exhausted.

O, child of God, is not thy poor wandering heart beginning to be warmed? Is the warmth of His Love, the Love of Christ refreshing your soul? Thank God for it. It is but a demonstration of His Love. And do we not want more of it? Do we not need it?

All our indifference, our cold heartedness, our prayerlessness, our self indulgences, our inactivity and all else which mars our Christian lives, is because we do not have the

Love of Christ before our hearts. If we were constantly enjoying His Love and this mighty Love would constrain us, what self-sacrificing lives we would live! How we would love one another and in love serve one another. What peace there would be among those of like precious faith. With a better heart knowledge of the Love of Christ, what joy would be ours in all trials and suffering and with what boldness we would approach the throne of Grace and make constant use of our God-given privilege, prayer. The Love of Christ would lead us on and on in love for souls, in service untiring, and yet the same Love too will make us long and pray for His coming. Oh God our Father, grant unto us all and to all Thy people throughout this world a greater, a deeper, a more real knowledge of the Love of thine ever blessed Son, the Love of Christ, and fill us through it with all the fulness of God. Amen.

Daybreak

Day had awakened all things that be,
The lark, and the thrush, and the swallow free,
And the milkmaid's song, and the mower's scythe,
And the matin bell and the mountain bee:
Fireflies were quenched on the dewy corn,
Glowworms went out, on the river's brim,
Like lamps which a student forgets to trim:
The beetle forgot to wind his horn,
The crickets were still in the meadow and hill:
Like a flock of rooks at a farmer's gun,
Night's dreams and terrors, every one,
Fled from the brains which are its prey,
From the lamp's death to the morning ray.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Duty

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man;
When Duty whispers low "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

December

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity:
The north cannot undo them,
With a sleety whistle through them;
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook,
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look;

But with a sweet forgetting,
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

Ah! would 'twere so with many
A gentle girl and boy!
But were there ever any
Writhed not at passed joy?
To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it,
Nor numbed sense to steal it,
Was never said in rhyme.

JOHN KEATS.

DEBACLE

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *New Poems*, by D. H. Lawrence

THE trees in trouble because of autumn,
And scarlet berries falling from the bush,
And all the myriad houseless seeds
Loosing hold in the wind's insistent push

Moan softly with autumnal parturition,
Poor, obscure fruits extruded out of light
Into the world of shadow, carried down
Between the bitter knees of the after-night.

Bushed in an uncouth ardour, coiled at core
With a knot of life that only bliss can unravel,
Fall all the fruits most bitterly into earth
Bitterly into corrosion bitterly travel.

What is it internecine that is locked,
By very fierceness into a quiescence
Within the rage? We shall not know till it burst
Out of corrosion into new florescence.

Nay, but how tortured is the frightful seed
The spark intense within it, all without
Mordant corrosion gnashing and champing hard
For ruin on the naked small redoubt.

Bitter, to fold the issue, and make no sally;

To have the mystery, but not go forth;
To bear, but retaliate nothing, given to save
The spark in storms of corrosion, as seeds from
the north.

The sharper, more horrid the pressure, the harder
the heart
That saves the blue grain of eternal fire
Within its quick, committed to hold and wait
And suffer unheeding, only forbidden to expire.

DEDICATION

The Project Gutenberg EBook of Poems - First Series, by J. C. Squire

_ Lord, I have seen at harvest festival
In a white lamp-lit fishing-village church,
How the poor folk, lacking fine decorations,
Offer the first-fruits of their various toils:
Not only fruit and blossom of the fields,
Ripe corn and poppies, scabious, marguerites,
Melons and marrows, carrots and potatoes,
And pale round turnips and sweet cottage flowers,
But gifts of other produce, heaped brown nets,
Fine pollack, silver fish with umber backs,
And handsome green-dark-blue-striped mackerel,
And uglier, hornier creatures from the sea,
Lobsters, long-clawed and eyed, and smooth flat crabs,
Ranged with the flowers upon the window-niches,
To lie in that symbolic contiguity
While lusty hymns of gratitude ascend._

_ So I
Here offer all I have found:
A few bright stainless flowers
And richer, earthlier blooms, and homely grain,
And roots that grew distorted in the dark,
And shapes of livid hue and sprawling form
Dragged from the deepest waters I have searched.
Most diverse gifts, yet all alike in this:
They are all the natural products of my mind
And heart and senses;
And all with labour grown, or plucked, or caught._

THE DEAD MAN

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Oxford Poetry, 1920*

I see men walk wild ways with love,
Along the wind their laughter blown
Strikes up against the singing stars;
But I lie all alone.
When love has stricken laughter dead
And tears their silly hearts in twain,
They long for easeful death, but I
Am hungry for their pain.

WINIFRED HOLTBY
(_SOMERVILLE_)

LOADED DICE.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Pearl-Fishing; Choice Stories from Dickens' Household Words; First Series*, by Charles Dickens

Several years ago, I made a tour through some of the Southern Counties of England with a friend. We travelled in an open carriage, stopping for a few hours a day, or a week, as it might be, wherever there was anything to be seen; and we generally got through one stage before breakfast, because it gave our horses rest, and ourselves the chance of enjoying the brown bread, new milk, and fresh eggs of those country road-side inns, which are fast becoming subjects for archæological investigation.

One evening my friend said, "To-morrow we will breakfast at T----. I want to inquire about a family named Lovell, who used to live there. I met the husband and wife, and two lovely children, one summer at Exmouth. We became very intimate, and I thought them particularly interesting people, but I have never seen them since."

The next morning's sun shone as brightly as heart could desire, and after a delightful drive, we reached the outskirts of the town about nine o'clock.

"Oh, what a pretty inn!" said I, as we approached a small white house, with a sign swinging in front of it, and a flower-garden on one side.

“Stop, John,” cried my friend, “we shall get a much cleaner breakfast here than in the town, I dare say; and if there is anything to be seen there, we can walk to it;” so we alighted, and were shown into a neat little parlor, with white curtains, where an unexceptionable rural breakfast was soon placed before us.

“Pray do you happen to know anything of a family called Lovell?” inquired my friend, whose name, by the way, was Markham. “Mr. Lovell was a clergyman.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” answered the girl who attended us, apparently the landlord’s daughter, “Mr. Lovell is the vicar of our parish.”

“Indeed! and does he live near here?”

“Yes, Ma’am, he lives at the vicarage. It’s just down that lane opposite, about a quarter of a mile from here; or you can go across the fields, if you please, to where you see that tower; it’s close by there.”

“And which is the pleasantest road?” inquired Mrs. Markham.

“Well, Ma’am, I think by the fields is the pleasantest, if you don’t mind a stile or two; and, besides, you get the best view of the Abbey by going that way.”

“Is that tower we see part of the Abbey?”

“Yes, Ma’am,” answered the girl, “and the vicarage is just the other side of it.”

Armed with these instructions, as soon as we had finished our breakfast we started across the fields, and after a pleasant walk of twenty minutes we found ourselves in an old churchyard, amongst a cluster of the most picturesque ruins we had ever seen. With the exception of the gray tower, we had espied from the inn, and which had doubtless been the belfry, the remains were not considerable. There was the outer wall of the chancel, and the broken step that had led to the high altar, and there were sections of aisles, and part of a cloister, all gracefully festooned with mosses and ivy; whilst mingled with the grass-grown graves of the prosaic dead, there were the massive tombs of the Dame Margerys and the Sir Hildebrands of more romantic periods. All was ruin and decay, but such poetic ruin! such picturesque decay! And just beyond the tall gray tower, there was the loveliest, smiling, little garden, and the prettiest cottage, that imagination could picture. The day was so bright, the grass so green, the flowers so gay, the air so balmy with their sweet perfumes, the birds sang so cheerily in the apple and cherry trees, that all nature seemed rejoicing.

“Well,” said my friend, as she seated herself on the fragment of a pillar, and looked around her, “now that I see this place, I understand what sort of people the Lovells were.”

“What sort of people were they?” said I.

“Why, as I said before, interesting people. In the first place, they were both extremely handsome.”

“But the locality had nothing to do with their good looks, I presume,” said I.

“I am not sure of that,” she answered; “when there is the least foundation of taste or intellect to set out with, the beauty of external nature, and the picturesque accidents that harmonize with it, do, I am persuaded, by their gentle and elevating influence on the mind, make the handsome handsomer, and the ugly less ugly. But it was not alone the good looks of the Lovells that struck me, but their air of refinement and high breeding, and I should say high birth--though I know nothing about their extraction--combined with their undisguised poverty and as evident contentment. Now, I can understand such people finding here an appropriate home, and being satisfied with their small share of this world’s goods; because here the dreams of romance writers about Love in a Cottage might be somewhat realized; poverty might be graceful and poetical here; and then, you know, they have no rent to pay.”

“Very true,” said I; “but suppose they had sixteen daughters, like a half-pay officer I once met on board a steam-packet?”

“That would spoil it certainly,” said Mrs. Markham; “but let us hope they have not. When I knew them they had only two children, a boy and a girl called Charles and Emily; two of the prettiest creatures I ever beheld!”

As my friend thought it yet rather early for a visit, we had remained chattering in this way for more than an hour, sometimes seated on a tomb-stone, or a fallen column; sometimes peering amongst the carved fragments that were scattered about the ground, and sometimes looking over the hedge into the little garden, the wicket of which was immediately behind the tower. The weather being warm, most of the windows of the vicarage were open and the blinds were all down; we had not yet seen a soul stirring, and were wondering whether we might venture to present ourselves at the door, when a strain of distant music struck upon our ears. “Hark!” I said, “how exquisite! It was the only thing wanting to complete the charm.”

“It’s a military band, I think,” said Mrs. Markham, “you know we passed some barracks before we reached the Inn.”

Nearer and nearer drew the sound, solemn and slow; the band was evidently approaching by the green lane that skirted the fields we had come by. "Hush," said I, laying my hand on my friend's arm, with a strange sinking of the heart; "they are playing the Dead March in Saul! Don't you hear the muffled drums? It's a funeral, but where's the grave?"

"There," said she, pointing to a spot close under the hedge where some earth had been thrown up; but the aperture was covered with a plank, probably to prevent accidents.

There are few ceremonies in life at once so touching, so impressive, so sad, and yet so beautiful, as a soldier's funeral! Ordinary funerals with their unwieldy hearses and feathers, and the absurd looking mutes, and the "inky cloaks" and weepers of hired mourners, always seem to me like a mockery of the dead; the appointments border so closely on the grotesque; they are so little in keeping with the true, the only view of death that can render life endurable! There is such a tone of exaggerated, forced, heavy, over-acted gravity about the whole thing, that one had need to have a deep personal interest involved in the scene, to be able to shut one's eyes to the burlesque side of it. But a military funeral, how different! There you see death in life and life in death! There is nothing over-strained, nothing overdone. At once simple and silent, decent and decorous, consoling, yet sad. The chief mourners, at best, are generally true mourners, for they have lost a brother with whom "they sat but yesterday at meat;" and whilst they are comparing memories, recalling how merry they had many a day been together, and the solemn tones of that sublime music float upon the air, we can imagine the freed and satisfied soul wafted on those harmonious breathings to its Heavenly home; and our hearts are melted, our imaginations exalted, our faith invigorated, and we come away the better for what we have seen.

I believe some such reflections as these were passing through our minds, for we both remained silent and listening, till the swinging-to of the little wicket, which communicated with the garden, aroused us; but nobody appeared, and the tower being at the moment betwixt us and it, we could not see who had entered. Almost at the same moment, a man came from a gate on the opposite side, and advancing to where the earth was thrown up, lifted the plank, and discovered the newly-made grave. He was soon followed by some boys, and several respectable-looking persons came into the enclosure, whilst nearer and nearer drew the sound of the muffled drums, and now we descried the firing party and their officer, who led the procession with their arms reversed, each man wearing above the elbow a piece of black crape and a small bow of white satin ribbon; the band still playing that solemn strain. Then came the coffin, borne by six soldiers. Six officers bore up the pall, all quite young men; and on the coffin lay the shako, sword, side-belt, and white gloves of the

deceased. A long train of mourners marched two and two, in open file, the privates first, the officers last. Sorrow was imprinted on every face; there was no unseemly chattering, no wandering eyes; if a word was exchanged, it was in a whisper, and the sad shake of the head showed of whom they were discoursing. All this we observed as they marched through the lane that skirted one side of the churchyard. As they neared the gate the band ceased to play.

“See there,” said Mrs. Markham, directing my attention to the cottage, “there comes Mr. Lovell. Oh, how he is changed!” and whilst she spoke, the clergyman entering by the wicket, advanced to meet the procession at the gate, where he commenced reading the funeral service as he moved backwards towards the grave, round which the firing party, leaning on their firelocks, now formed. Then came those awful words, “Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,” the hollow sound of the earth upon the coffin, and three volleys fired over the grave, finished the solemn ceremony.

When the procession entered the churchyard, we had retired behind the broken wall of the chancel, whence, without being observed, we had watched the whole scene with intense interest. Just as the words, “Ashes to ashes! dust to dust!” were pronounced, I happened to raise my eyes towards the gray tower, and then, peering through one of the narrow slits, I saw the face of a man--such a face! Never to my latest day can I forget the expression of those features! If ever there was despair and anguish written on a human countenance, it was there! And yet so young! so beautiful! A cold chill ran through my veins as I pressed Mrs. Markham’s arm. “Look up at the tower!” I whispered.

“My God! What can it be?” she answered, turning quite pale! “And Mr. Lovell, did you observe how his voice shook? at first, I thought it was illness; but he seems bowed down with grief. Every face looks awe-struck! There must be some tragedy here--something more than the death of an individual!” and fearing, under this impression, that our visit might prove untimely, we resolved to return to the inn, and endeavor to discover if anything unusual had really occurred. Before we moved, I looked up at the narrow slit--the face was no longer there; but as we passed round to the other side of the tower, we saw a tall, slender figure, attired in a loose coat, pass slowly through the wicket, cross the garden, and enter the house. We only caught a glimpse of the profile; the head hung down upon the breast; the eyes were bent upon the ground; but we knew it was the same face we had seen above.

We went back to the inn, where our inquiries elicited some information, which made us wish to know more; but it was not till we went into the town that we obtained the following details of this mournful drama, of which we had thus accidentally witnessed one impressive scene.

Mr. Lovell, as Mrs. Markham had conjectured, was a man of good family, but no fortune; he might have had a large one, could he have made up his

mind to marry Lady Elizabeth Wentworth, the bride selected for him by a wealthy uncle who proposed to make him his heir; but preferring poverty with Emily Dering, he was disinherited. He never repented his choice, although he remained vicar of a small parish, and a poor man all his life. The two children whom Mrs. Markham had seen, were the only ones they had, and through the excellent management of Mrs. Lovell, and the moderation of her husband's desires, they had enjoyed an unusual degree of happiness in this sort of graceful poverty, till the young Charles and Emily were grown up, and it was time to think what was to be done with them. The son had been prepared for Oxford by the father, and the daughter, under the tuition of her mother, was remarkably well educated and accomplished; but it became necessary to consider the future: Charles must be sent to college, since the only chance of finding a provision for him was in the Church, although the expense of maintaining him there could be ill afforded; so, in order in some degree to balance the outlay, it was, after much deliberation, agreed that Emily should accept a situation as governess in London. The proposal was made by herself, and she rather consented to, that, in case of the death of her parents, she would almost inevitably have had to seek some such means of subsistence. These partings were the first sorrows that had reached the Lovells.

At first, all went well; Charles was not wanting in ability nor in a moderate degree of application; and Emily wrote cheerfully of her new life. She was kindly received, well treated, and associated with the family on the footing of a friend. Neither did further experience seem to diminish her satisfaction. She saw a great many gay people--some of whom she named; and, amongst the rest, there not unfrequently appeared the name of Herbert. Mr. Herbert was in the army, and being a distant connexion of the family with whom she resided, was a frequent visitor at their house. "She was sure papa and mamma would like him." Once the mother smiled, and said she hoped Emily was not falling in love; but no more was thought of it. In the meantime Charles had found out that there was time for many things at Oxford, besides study. He was naturally fond of society, and had a remarkable capacity for excelling in all kinds of games. He was agreeable, lively, exceedingly handsome, and sang charmingly, having been trained in part-singing by his mother. No young man at Oxford was more *fêted*; but alas! he was very poor, and poverty poisoned all his enjoyments. For some time he resisted temptation; but after a terrible struggle--for he adored his family--he gave way, and ran in debt, and although the imprudence only augmented his misery, he had not resolution to retrace his steps, but advanced further and further on this broad road to ruin, so that he had come home for the vacation shortly before our visit to T----, threatened with all manner of annoyances if he did not carry back a sufficient sum to satisfy his most clamorous creditors. He had assured them he would do so, but where was he to get the money? Certainly not from his parents; he well knew they had it not; nor had he a friend in the world from whom he could hope assistance in such an emergency. In his despair he often thought of

running away--going to Australia, America, New Zealand, anywhere; but he had not even the means to do this. He suffered indescribable tortures, and saw no hope of relief.

It was just at this period that Herbert's regiment happened to be quartered at T----. Charles had occasionally seen his name in his sister's letters, and heard that there was a Herbert now in the barracks, but he was ignorant whether or not it was the same person; and when he accidentally fell into the society of some of the junior officers, and was invited by Herbert himself to dine at the mess, pride prevented his ascertaining the fact. He did not wish to betray that his sister was a governess. Herbert, however, knew full well that their visitor was the brother of Emily Lovell, but partly for reasons of his own, and partly because he penetrated the weakness of the other, he abstained from mentioning her name.

Now, this town of T---- was, and probably is, about the dullest quarter in all England! The officers hated it, there was no flirting, no dancing, no hunting, no anything. Not a man of them knew what to do with himself. The old ones wandered about and played at whist, the young ones took to hazard and three-card-loo, playing at first for moderate stakes, but soon getting on to high ones. Two or three civilians of the neighborhood joined the party, Charles Lovell among the rest. Had they begun with playing high, he would have been excluded for want of funds; but whilst they played low, he won, so that when they increased the stakes, trusting to a continuance of his good fortune, he was eager to go on with them. Neither did his luck altogether desert him; on the whole, he rather won than lost; but he foresaw that one bad night would break him, and he should be obliged to retire, forfeiting his amusement and mortifying his pride. It was just at this crisis, that, one night, an accident, which caused him to win a considerable sum, set him upon the notion of turning chance into certainty. Whilst shuffling the cards, he dropped the ace of spades into his lap, caught it up, replaced it in the pack, and dealt it to himself. No one else had seen the card, no observation was made, and a terrible thought came into his head!

Whether loo or hazard was played, Charles Lovell had, night after night, a most extraordinary run of luck. He won large sums, and saw before him the early prospect of paying his debts and clearing all his difficulties.

Amongst the young men who played at the table, some had plenty of money and cared little for their losses; but others were not so well off, and one of these was Edward Herbert. He, too, was the son of poor parents who had straitened themselves to put him in the army, and it was with infinite difficulty and privation that his widowed mother had amassed the needful sum to purchase for him a company, which was now becoming vacant. The retiring officer's papers were already sent in, and Herbert's money was lodged at Cox and Greenwood's; but before the answer

from the Horse-Guards arrived, he had lost every sixpence. Nearly the whole sum had become the property of Charles Lovell.

Herbert was a fine young man, honorable, generous, impetuous, and endowed with an acute sense of shame. He determined instantly to pay the debts, but he knew that his own prospects were ruined for life; he wrote to the agents to send him the money and withdraw his name from the list of purchasers. But how was he to support his mother's grief? How meet the eye of the girl he loved? She, who he knew adored him, and whose hand it was agreed between them he should ask of her parents as soon as he was gazetted a captain! The anguish of mind he suffered then threw him into a fever, and he lay for several days betwixt life and death, and happily unconscious of his misery.

Meantime, another scene was being enacted elsewhere. The officers, who night after night found themselves losers, had not for some time entertained the least idea of foul play, but at length, one of them observing something suspicious, began to watch, and satisfied himself, by a peculiar method adopted by Lovell in "throwing his mains," that he was the culprit. His suspicions were whispered from one to another, till they nearly all entertained them, with the exception of Herbert, who, being looked upon as Lovell's most especial friend, was not told. So unwilling were these young men to blast, forever, the character of the visitor whom they had so much liked, and to strike a fatal blow at the happiness and respectability of his family, that they were hesitating how to proceed, whether to openly accuse him or privately reprove and expel him, when Herbert's heavy loss decided the question.

Herbert himself, overwhelmed with despair, had quitted the room, the rest were still seated around the table, when having given each other a signal, one of them, called Frank Houston, arose and said: "Gentlemen, it gives me great pain to have to call your attention to a very strange--a very distressing circumstance. For some time past there has been an extraordinary run of luck in one direction--we have all observed it--all remarked on it. Mr. Herbert has at this moment retired a heavy loser. There is, indeed, as far as I know, but one winner amongst us--but one, and he a winner to a very considerable amount; the rest all losers. God forbid that I should rashly accuse any man! Lightly blast any man's character! But I am bound to say, that I fear the money we have lost has not been fairly won. There has been foul play! I forbear to name the party--the facts sufficiently indicate him."

Who would not have pitied Lovell, when, livid with horror and conscious guilt, he vainly tried to say something? "Indeed--I assure you--I never"--but words would not come; he faltered and rushed out of the room in a transport of agony. They did pity him; and when he was gone, agreed amongst themselves to hush up the affair; but unfortunately, the civilians of the party, who had not been let into the secret, took up his defence. They not only believed the accusation unfounded, but felt

it as an affront offered to their townsman; they blustered about it a good deal, and there was nothing left for it but to appoint a committee of investigation. Alas! the evidence was overwhelming! It turned out that the dice and cards had been supplied by Lovell. The former, still on the table, were found on examination to be loaded. In fact, he had had a pair as a curiosity long in his possession, and had obtained others from a disreputable character at Oxford. No doubt remained of his guilt.

All this while Herbert had been too ill to be addressed on the subject; but symptoms of recovery were now beginning to appear; and as nobody was aware that he had any particular interest in the Lovell family, the affair was communicated to him. At first he refused to believe in his friend's guilt, and became violently irritated. His informants assured him they would be too happy to find they were mistaken, but that since the inquiry no hope of such an issue remained, and he sank into a gloomy silence.

On the following morning, when his servant came to his room door, he found it locked. When, at the desire of the surgeon, it was broken open, Herbert was found a corpse, and a discharged pistol lying beside him. An inquest sat upon the body, and the verdict brought in was _Temporary Insanity_. There never was one more just.

Preparations were now made for the funeral--that funeral which we had witnessed; but before the day appointed for it arrived, another chapter of this sad story was unfolded.

When Charles left the barracks on that fatal night, instead of going home, he passed the dark hours in wandering wildly about the country; but when morning dawned, fearing the eye of man, he returned to the vicarage, and slunk unobserved to his chamber. When he did not appear at breakfast, his mother sought him in his room, where she found him in bed. He said he was very ill--and so indeed he was--and begged to be left alone; but as he was no better on the following day, she insisted on sending for medical advice. The doctor found him with all those physical symptoms that are apt to supervene from great anxiety of mind; and saying he could get no sleep, Charles requested to have some laudanum; but the physician was on his guard, for although the parties concerned wished to keep the thing private, some rumors had got abroad that awakened his caution.

The parents, meanwhile, had not the slightest anticipation of the thunderbolt that was about to fall upon them. They lived a very retired life, were acquainted with none of the officers--and they were even ignorant of the amount of their son's intimacy with the regiment. Thus, when news of Herbert's lamentable death reached them, the mother said to her son: "Charles, did you know a young man in the barracks called Herbert; a lieutenant, I believe? By-the-bye, I hope it's not Emily's

Mr. Herbert.”

“Did I know him,” said Charles, turning suddenly towards her, for, under pretence that the light annoyed him, he always lay with his face to the wall. “Why do you ask, mother?”

“Because he’s dead! He had a fever, and--”

“Herbert dead!” cried Charles, suddenly sitting up in the bed.

“Yes, he had a fever, and it is supposed he was delirious, for he blew out his brains; there is a report that he had been playing high, and lost a great deal of money. What’s the matter, dear? Oh, Charles, I shouldn’t have told you! I was not aware that you knew him!”

“Fetch my father here, and, mother, you come back with him!” said Charles, speaking with a strange sternness of tone, and wildly motioning her out of the room.

When the parents came, he bade them sit down beside him; and then, with a degree of remorse and anguish that no words could portray, he told them all; whilst they, with blanched cheeks and fainting hearts, listened to the dire confession.

“And here I am,” he exclaimed, as he ended, “a cowardly scoundrel that has not dared to die! Oh, Herbert! happy, happy, Herbert! Would I were with you!”

At that moment the door opened, and a beautiful, bright, smiling, joyous face peeped in. It was Emily Lovell, the beloved daughter, the adored sister, arrived from London in compliance with a letter received a few days previously from Herbert, wherein he had told her that by the time she received it, he would be a captain. She had come to introduce him to her parents as her affianced husband. She feared no refusal; well she knew how rejoiced they would be to see her the wife of so kind and honorable a man. But they were ignorant of all this, and in the fulness of their agony, the cup of woe ran over, and she drank of the draught! They told her all before she had been five minutes in the room. How else could they account for their tears, their confusion, their bewilderment, their despair!

Before Herbert’s funeral took place, Emily Lovell was lying betwixt life and death in a brain fever. Under the influence of a feeling easily to be comprehended, thirsting for a self-imposed torture, that by its very poignancy should relieve the dead weight of wretchedness that lay upon his breast, Charles crept from his bed, and slipping on a loose coat that hung in his room, he stole across the garden to the tower, whence, through the arrow-slit, he witnessed the burial of his sister’s lover, whom he had hastened to the grave.

Here terminates our sad story. We left T---- on the following morning, and it was two or three years before any further intelligence of the Lovell family reached us. All we then heard was, that Charles had gone, a self-condemned exile, to Australia; and that Emily had insisted on accompanying him thither.

A DARK-BROWN DOG

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Men, Women, and Boats*, by Stephen Crane

A child was standing on a street-corner. He leaned with one shoulder against a high board fence and swayed the other to and fro, the while kicking carelessly at the gravel.

Sunshine beat upon the cobbles, and a lazy summer wind raised yellow dust which trailed in clouds down the avenue. Clattering trucks moved with indistinctness through it. The child stood dreamily gazing.

After a time, a little dark-brown dog came trotting with an intent air down the sidewalk. A short rope was dragging from his neck. Occasionally he trod upon the end of it and stumbled.

He stopped opposite the child, and the two regarded each other. The dog hesitated for a moment, but presently he made some little advances with his tail. The child put out his hand and called him. In an apologetic manner the dog came close, and the two had an interchange of friendly pappings and waggles. The dog became more enthusiastic with each moment of the interview, until with his gleeful caperings he threatened to overturn the child. Whereupon the child lifted his hand and struck the dog a blow upon the head.

This thing seemed to overpower and astonish the little dark-brown dog, and wounded him to the heart. He sank down in despair at the child's feet. When the blow was repeated, together with an admonition in childish sentences, he turned over upon his back, and held his paws in a peculiar manner. At the same time with his ears and his eyes he offered a small prayer to the child.

He looked so comical on his back, and holding his paws peculiarly, that the child was greatly amused and gave him little taps repeatedly, to keep him so. But the little dark-brown dog took this chastisement in the most serious way and no doubt considered that he had committed some grave crime, for he wriggled contritely and showed his repentance in every way that was in his power. He pleaded with the child and

petitioned him, and offered more prayers.

At last the child grew weary of this amusement and turned toward home. The dog was praying at the time. He lay on his back and turned his eyes upon the retreating form.

Presently he struggled to his feet and started after the child. The latter wandered in a perfunctory way toward his home, stopping at times to investigate various matters. During one of these pauses he discovered the little dark-brown dog who was following him with the air of a footpad.

The child beat his pursuer with a small stick he had found. The dog lay down and prayed until the child had finished, and resumed his journey. Then he scrambled erect and took up the pursuit again.

On the way to his home the child turned many times and beat the dog, proclaiming with childish gestures that he held him in contempt as an unimportant dog, with no value save for a moment. For being this quality of animal the dog apologized and eloquently expressed regret, but he continued stealthily to follow the child. His manner grew so very guilty that he slunk like an assassin.

When the child reached his doorstep, the dog was industriously ambling a few yards in the rear. He became so agitated with shame when he again confronted the child that he forgot the dragging rope. He tripped upon it and fell forward.

The child sat down on the step and the two had another interview. During it the dog greatly exerted himself to please the child. He performed a few gambols with such abandon that the child suddenly saw him to be a valuable thing. He made a swift, avaricious charge and seized the rope.

He dragged his captive into a hall and up many long stairways in a dark tenement. The dog made willing efforts, but he could not hobble very skilfully up the stairs because he was very small and soft, and at last the pace of the engrossed child grew so energetic that the dog became panic-stricken. In his mind he was being dragged toward a grim unknown. His eyes grew wild with the terror of it. He began to wiggle his head frantically and to brace his legs.

The child redoubled his exertions. They had a battle on the stairs. The child was victorious because he was completely absorbed in his purpose, and because the dog was very small. He dragged his acquirement to the door of his home, and finally with triumph across the threshold.

No one was in. The child sat down on the floor and made overtures to the dog. These the dog instantly accepted. He beamed with affection upon his new friend. In a short time they were firm and abiding comrades.

When the child's family appeared, they made a great row. The dog was examined and commented upon and called names. Scorn was leveled at him from all eyes, so that he became much embarrassed and drooped like a scorched plant. But the child went sturdily to the center of the floor, and, at the top of his voice, championed the dog. It happened that he was roaring protestations, with his arms clasped about the dog's neck, when the father of the family came in from work.

The parent demanded to know what the blazes they were making the kid howl for. It was explained in many words that the infernal kid wanted to introduce a disreputable dog into the family.

A family council was held. On this depended the dog's fate, but he in no way heeded, being busily engaged in chewing the end of the child's dress.

The affair was quickly ended. The father of the family, it appears, was in a particularly savage temper that evening, and when he perceived that it would amaze and anger everybody if such a dog were allowed to remain, he decided that it should be so. The child, crying softly, took his friend off to a retired part of the room to hobnob with him, while the father quelled a fierce rebellion of his wife. So it came to pass that the dog was a member of the household.

He and the child were associated together at all times save when the child slept. The child became a guardian and a friend. If the large folk kicked the dog and threw things at him, the child made loud and violent objections. Once when the child had run, protesting loudly, with tears raining down his face and his arms outstretched, to protect his friend, he had been struck in the head with a very large saucepan from the hand of his father, enraged at some seeming lack of courtesy in the dog. Ever after, the family were careful how they threw things at the dog. Moreover, the latter grew very skilful in avoiding missiles and feet. In a small room containing a stove, a table, a bureau and some chairs, he would display strategic ability of a high order, dodging, feinting and scuttling about among the furniture. He could force three or four people armed with brooms, sticks and handfuls of coal, to use all their ingenuity to get in a blow. And even when they did, it was seldom that they could do him a serious injury or leave any imprint.

But when the child was present these scenes did not occur. It came to be recognized that if the dog was molested, the child would burst into sobs, and as the child, when started, was very riotous and practically unquenchable, the dog had therein a safeguard.

However, the child could not always be near. At night, when he was asleep, his dark-brown friend would raise from some black corner a wild, wailful cry, a song of infinite loneliness and despair, that would go

shuddering and sobbing among the buildings of the block and cause people to swear. At these times the singer would often be chased all over the kitchen and hit with a great variety of articles.

Sometimes, too, the child himself used to beat the dog, although it is not known that he ever had what truly could be called a just cause. The dog always accepted these thrashings with an air of admitted guilt. He was too much of a dog to try to look to be a martyr or to plot revenge. He received the blows with deep humility, and furthermore he forgave his friend the moment the child had finished, and was ready to caress the child's hand with his little red tongue.

When misfortune came upon the child, and his troubles overwhelmed him, he would often crawl under the table and lay his small distressed head on the dog's back. The dog was ever sympathetic. It is not to be supposed that at such times he took occasion to refer to the unjust beatings his friend, when provoked, had administered to him.

He did not achieve any notable degree of intimacy with the other members of the family. He had no confidence in them, and the fear that he would express at their casual approach often exasperated them exceedingly. They used to gain a certain satisfaction in underfeeding him, but finally his friend the child grew to watch the matter with some care, and when he forgot it, the dog was often successful in secret for himself.

So the dog prospered. He developed a large bark, which came wondrously from such a small rug of a dog. He ceased to howl persistently at night. Sometimes, indeed, in his sleep, he would utter little yells, as from pain, but that occurred, no doubt, when in his dreams he encountered huge flaming dogs who threatened him direfully.

His devotion to the child grew until it was a sublime thing. He wagged at his approach; he sank down in despair at his departure. He could detect the sound of the child's step among all the noises of the neighborhood. It was like a calling voice to him.

The scene of their companionship was a kingdom governed by this terrible potentate, the child; but neither criticism nor rebellion ever lived for an instant in the heart of the one subject. Down in the mystic, hidden fields of his little dog-soul bloomed flowers of love and fidelity and perfect faith.

The child was in the habit of going on many expeditions to observe strange things in the vicinity. On these occasions his friend usually jogged aimfully along behind. Perhaps, though, he went ahead. This necessitated his turning around every quarter-minute to make sure the child was coming. He was filled with a large idea of the importance of these journeys. He would carry himself with such an air! He was proud to

be the retainer of so great a monarch.

One day, however, the father of the family got quite exceptionally drunk. He came home and held carnival with the cooking utensils, the furniture and his wife. He was in the midst of this recreation when the child, followed by the dark-brown dog, entered the room. They were returning from their voyages.

The child's practised eye instantly noted his father's state. He dived under the table, where experience had taught him was a rather safe place. The dog, lacking skill in such matters, was, of course, unaware of the true condition of affairs. He looked with interested eyes at his friend's sudden dive. He interpreted it to mean: Joyous gambol. He started to patter across the floor to join him. He was the picture of a little dark-brown dog en route to a friend.

The head of the family saw him at this moment. He gave a huge howl of joy, and knocked the dog down with a heavy coffee-pot. The dog, yelling in supreme astonishment and fear, writhed to his feet and ran for cover. The man kicked out with a ponderous foot. It caused the dog to swerve as if caught in a tide. A second blow of the coffee-pot laid him upon the floor.

Here the child, uttering loud cries, came valiantly forth like a knight. The father of the family paid no attention to these calls of the child, but advanced with glee upon the dog. Upon being knocked down twice in swift succession, the latter apparently gave up all hope of escape. He rolled over on his back and held his paws in a peculiar manner. At the same time with his eyes and his ears he offered up a small prayer.

But the father was in a mood for having fun, and it occurred to him that it would be a fine thing to throw the dog out of the window. So he reached down and, grabbing the animal by a leg, lifted him, squirming, up. He swung him two or three times hilariously about his head, and then flung him with great accuracy through the window.

The soaring dog created a surprise in the block. A woman watering plants in an opposite window gave an involuntary shout and dropped a flower-pot. A man in another window leaned perilously out to watch the flight of the dog. A woman who had been hanging out clothes in a yard began to caper wildly. Her mouth was filled with clothes-pins, but her arms gave vent to a sort of exclamation. In appearance she was like a gagged prisoner. Children ran whooping.

The dark-brown body crashed in a heap on the roof of a shed five stories below. From thence it rolled to the pavement of an alleyway.

The child in the room far above burst into a long, dirge-like cry, and toddled hastily out of the room. It took him a long time to reach the

alley, because his size compelled him to go downstairs backward, one step at a time, and holding with both hands to the step above.

When they came for him later, they found him seated by the body of his dark-brown friend.

THE VICTIMS OF DREAMS.

Margaret Hosmer.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Not Pretty, But Precious*, by John Hay, et al.

My friend Bessie Haines had no mother, but her father was such a very large man that I remember thinking, when I was quite a child, that a kind Providence had intended to make up her loss in that way. She and I did not live in the same city, but managed to keep up a lively friendship through the medium of correspondence and half-yearly visits.

I was a complete orphan, and my uncle, with whom I lived, was her father's attached friend. She had a very happy home, and I was glad to enjoy it with her, particularly when my uncle accompanied me, for then her father and he became absorbed in each other, and left us to our own devices--not very evil ones, but too childish and trifling to claim the sympathy of such very grave men as they were.

We had both become tall, womanly girls, but Uncle Pennyman and Mr. Haines called us children, and treated us as such; and Bessie was just writing to me about her father's telling her she must begin to think of serious things, when my uncle remarked to me that the time was approaching when I should prepare myself to assume the duties and responsibilities of a rational female. Just as if we had waited to be told this, when in fact Bessie and I had been consulting about our bonnets and dresses in the most grave and mature manner for years past, and arranging our future on plans that for variety and agreeability could not have been surpassed had we been brought up on the *Arabian Nights* and Moore's *Poems*, instead of Baxter's *Saint's Rest* and Pollok's *Course of Time*.

"There are several questions of vital importance that have been growing daily stronger in my mind," said my uncle Pennyman. "My friend Thomas Haines has a gift in clearing points and expounding meanings; so that I feel it to be for my mind's edifying and my soul's profit to go to him for counsel."

I was delighted to hear this. I wanted to see Bessie, and I blessed the bond that united these good brothers in Israel and drew us together so often. Mr. Haines was good at texts, and my uncle was wonderfully expert

at dreams. Mr. Haines was a great dreamer, and my uncle constantly stumbled over passages needing elucidation. So we lived in harmonious intercourse, and Bessie and I talked of all our plans and delights while they got themselves entangled in obscurities with a commentary under each arm.

It would have appeared, from Mr. Haines' dreams, that Bessie's mother had been a most fussy and bothering lady, though I was told by the housekeeper, who knew her well, that she was the mildest and most timid of little wives while living.

According to these visions, she was constantly troubled in her spiritual state on the greatest variety of small subjects; and my expert uncle, in expounding her communications, was always able to draw from them strong religious lessons, and to administer much strengthening comfort to his friend the dreamer.

"I was hoping papa would soon have a vision," said Bessie when we were settled together all comfortably, and she had told me how glad she was to see me again. "Mrs. Tanner said last week that she was sure he was going to have another, because the spire which he felt he was directed in his last dream to put on the little chapel was all complete, and the missionary outfit which he had believed himself called upon to provide was ready and gone to the South Seas, and he naturally looked for more work. When he said last week, 'Bessie, I have sent for Brother Pennyman concerning a visitation in the night,' I was so glad, for, Winnie dear--would you believe it?--I have been dreaming too, and I want you to tell me if I have read my dream aright."

Now, this was the most wonderful thing that Bessie Haines could have told me--the most startling and least to be expected altogether; for if ever there was a wide-awake girl, it was she.

I suppose my perfectly frank stare said as much, for she blushed a little, and continued with a very suspicious flutter, which I had learnt, in the case of young engaged persons I knew, to look on as a bad symptom:

"I do not mean dreaming with my eyes shut, you know, but having deep, serious thoughts, unlike the gay fancies that have held me captive all my life."

"Dress trimmings and poetry?" I suggested.

"Yes, yes--all the useless, perishable fancies of thoughtless youth," she replied.

This sounded more like an Essay on Vanity than Bessie Haines, and I really was astonished, and had nothing to say for a little while, during which she, being full of her subject, went on:

"I can scarcely trace the beginning of the--the awakening, shall I call it?"

"You called it a dream before."

"Yes, dear Winnie, but it is so hard to know how to classify new emotions, and this is such a peculiar one that it seems nameless. You know papa feels bound, ever since that water-dream he had, to go down to the Mariners' Chapel on Sunday afternoon, and I used to read solemn poetry when it was too warm or too cold to go with him. Well, about two months ago it was fearfully warm, and papa had come home a fortnight earlier from the shore, on account of a suspicion he had that he had dreamed something and had forgotten it as soon as he awoke. This indistinct warning made him think we had better go home at all events, and home we came the first week in September, to the roasting, dusty city. But I did not then know that I was perhaps drawn back for a purpose; and oh, dear Winnie, there may be something in papa's visions, after all."

"He has had a good many of them," I said.

"So he has," assented Bessie; "and I was inclined to be impatient at this one, since it brought me home in the heat, and the house seemed so lonely, because Mrs. Tanner was still in the country with her married daughter."

"She having received no spectral warning," I hinted.

"Oh dear! no. Mrs. Tanner never dreams: she's opposed to it. Well, the first Sunday was so warm that I took up Solemn Thoughts in Verse instead of the Mariners'; and after I had read eight pages, it really seemed as if I had better have tried the heat out of doors, it was getting so gloomy within. So I got up and dressed, meaning to walk out and meet papa, and return with him. I don't know whether it was the Solemn Thoughts that confused me, or whether I was not paying attention, but I actually lost my way by turning at the wrong corner, and so came down Barton street toward a little chapel that I had often noticed before. Two dreadfully red-faced and short-haired little boys were at the entrance by the small iron gate. They had disagreed about something, I suppose, just as I came up, and they instantly began to fight, with the wickedest determination visible in their freckled little faces. At first, they kicked at each other, and growled out some awful words without the least sense, but with a great deal of profanity in them, and then they laid down their little books and tracts, and apparently tried to pull each other's head off. Of course it made me quite wretched to see them hurt each other in that shocking way, and so I interfered and tried to reconcile them, but the naughty little souls must have had a certain amount of kicking and scratching on hand to dispose of, for they united in bestowing it all on me the moment I came between them.

"I was just trying to save my dress and lace sacque from their boots and claws, when a reverend gentleman appeared at the door, and the bad boys became sneaking cowards at sight of him. I picked up their little tracts, while he tried to apologize for them; and it was so sad, Winnie, to think that those dear children had not profited by their lessons: one was called 'Love One Another,' and the other, 'Be Meek and Lowly.'

"While we were talking a lady joined us, and I went into the school at their invitation.

"Winnie, do you know anything practical about Sunday-school?"

"I went to one, and was for years in the class of an elderly maiden lady who urged us all to learn Scripture and hymns. I was so expert and high in favor that I could repeat forty verses at a time as glibly as a parrot."

"But I don't quite mean that sort of thing," said Bessie. "I mean a real, earnest teaching-place, where children are gathered in and told all about Christ's love and mercy--where they are softened and won to better thoughts and kinder actions, and their poor little minds filled with shining truth, instead of street dirt and abuse."

"I never thought about it before, but such an institution could not help being a popular one, and a very useful one too," I confessed.

"Oh, I am so glad, so very glad, that you approve, dear, for I am engaged in that work; and I did not want to write it to you, for somehow it seemed so strange for such a thoughtless, silly girl as I have been to attempt such a serious thing."

"As teaching in a Sunday-school?"

"Yes, in a sort of mission school for little scholars of the lower classes. Miss Mary Pepper and I have at this time nearly two hundred boys and girls of all ages, and some of them are very interesting and lovable, while others are--"

"Like the two gladiators who introduced you to the scene?"

"Yes. I am afraid there are quite a number of that kind; but, Winnie, you must like Miss Mary Pepper. Oh, she is one of the most excellent women I ever knew, so truly, so nobly, so devotedly good. You cannot imagine what a comfort it is to me to be with her--to feel that I am under her influence, and may learn from her to be a little like her."

"Miss Mary Pepper?" I repeated: "then she is a young lady?"

"No--not young: indeed, she is rather elderly."

"An old maid," I remarked, coldly. "She is pretty and sweet, though faded, I suppose."

"Why, no--not to look at: her nature is beautiful, but her manner and figure are rather--rather unprepossessing at first."

"A stiff, hard, straight-laced old maid," I said, contemptuously. "Well, really, I cannot see the fascination--"

Bessie's face flushed painfully: "I confess that dear Miss Pepper's person is not so beautiful as her nature, but, Winnie, it is the cause of doing good and trying to be good that draws us together so closely; and of course I do not love her as I love you, my dear, precious first friend."

These last words were full of balm, for of course it was the sting of jealousy that had made my heart resent the venerable Pepper's powerful influence over my dear Bessie. Being once assured that it was a second-rate power, and that I still held my supremacy, I entered into the Sunday-school question like a second Raikes, and volunteered to help, and try to learn the way to the young hearts that beat under the pugilistic exterior of the juveniles of Canon lane, where the mission chapel was.

Then, having become one on this serious subject, we began to wonder what Mr. Haines' dream might portend this time, and prepare our minds for the verse from the prophecies over which dear Uncle Pennyman had made his latest stumble.

"Mrs. Tanner thinks it was something about a journey, and she is quite out of sorts on the subject: for, as she says, the house can't be shut up without worriment, and as to staying in it alone she really has not got the nerve."

"I do not think that Uncle Pennyman will interpret it that way, because he cannot go too, as he is at present very deep in the minor prophets, and has fallen out of humor with all the commentaries."

"I am so glad!" said Bessie, placidly--"so glad, I mean, that we need not go: I think every one must find his life-work at home."

I stared a little at this, because I knew that only a few months before Bessie Haines had wanted very much to find style and fashion abroad; but I remembered the Sunday-school, and tried to be as serious and convinced as I could; and to that end I talked a good deal of church interests, and the prophecies, and Light in Obscurity, a new work which had utterly confused me at the first chapter, but which I had read through to Uncle Pennyman one warm July day when he stayed at home to keep Tom's birth-day.

That reminds me: I have not mentioned Tom, but as he was away at college, and Bessie never seemed to like to talk of him--I'm sure I can't see

why--it is quite natural that he slipped out of my memory.

He was a ward of Uncle Pennyman, who called him his son, and indeed had adopted him formally.

How two such opposite people ever came to love each other as they did, I never can explain. It was not a natural, commonplace affection: it was a strong, deep, earnest love, as firm in the hearts of both as the life that caused their throbbings.

Tom was wild and full of frolic: if there is a graver word than gravity, it should be used to describe Uncle Pennyman's demeanor. Tom was quick and restless by nature, but his good sense and determination to make a niche for himself in life, and fill it respectably, had toned down his exuberant spirits into active energy; while Uncle Penny man's naturally slow tendencies had become aggravated by the ponderous character of his pursuits and tastes: all hurry was obnoxious to him, and he firmly believed that haste was another name for sin. Yet the solemn, slow old man loved the busy, merry young one, and neither saw any fault or failing in the other.

There was no earthly relationship between Thomas Gray Pennyman and me, and yet I was always spoken of as his sister by my dear, worrying old uncle. Tom did not seem to like it, and I knew I did not.

People often said to me, "What a splendid brother you have, Miss Pennyman but what a pity that all these handsome brothers have to be given up to stronger ties!"

How utterly silly! I never had any patience with such nonsense.

There was not much comfort in talking to Bessie about him. I'm sure I do not know why, but I suppose she saw that I avoided the subject; so I was really quite surprised when she said to me, laughing and looking a little mischievous--

"Mr. Tom is to join us by and by, your uncle says. I hope we may be able to make it pleasant for him. I believe he likes Mrs. Tanner: he used to like her buns when he was a boy, and I hope he has not forgotten the fancy."

Tom coming to visit the Haines! Such a thing had never happened before, and must mean something now. I began to feel quite uneasy, though I really could not have explained why.

We never had much of my uncle's or Mr. Haines' society except in the evening: they spent the day going about together and worrying texts of Scripture with other good old men, before whom Mr. Haines liked to show off uncle's Bible knowledge. They took some pious excursions in company,

and had a solemnly festive time, I have no doubt, for they always came in looking perfectly satisfied with the result of their day.

It generally took some time to hear the dream and find its proper interpretation. While it was pending the expounder generally gave out his puzzling verses, and then both pondered a good while before they arrived at their conclusions and made them known.

Both the dream and the text must have been of an unusually difficult nature this time, for a whole week went by without either transpiring; and although Bessie and I watched for some allusions to them in our morning and evening family worship, at which the two good men officiated alternately, yet not a hint could we gain until one night at the end of the week it seemed from Uncle Pennyman's prayer that the matter in some wise referred to Bessie, since Divine guidance was sought under many rhetorical forms for the welfare, future and temporal, of "the young handmaiden, the daughter of thy servant, who would fain know thy will concerning her."

"Bessie," said I that night, when we got up stairs, "I think I have found out what your father's last dream was: I solemnly believe that he means to send you out as a missionary."

Now I thought I had said something calculated to make Bessie turn pale and gasp, but I could scarcely believe it when I looked up, expecting to find her almost fainting, and saw her pensively, but by no means alarmedly, shaking her head.

"I am not devoted enough, Winnie, love," she remarked. "I have not the grand self-abnegating spirit necessary for such a work. No; mine is a home field."

If I had not known about the young warriors of Canon lane, I should have thought her demented: as it was, I could scarcely wait for the next day, which was Sunday, to be introduced to the scene which had already produced such a marked change in her character and tastes.

It transpired during breakfast that Uncle Pennyman's peace had been disturbed by a verse in the book of Nahum, that talked about the lions and lionesses, and their whelps and prey, in what appeared to him a mysterious manner. Mr. Haines, who was a dear, good man, elaborated it so that we all felt as if we had made a visit to the Zoological Gardens, and afterward been carried into Babylonish captivity. My uncle followed his words with a brightening face, and when they grew particularly mixed and long-syllabled, he would exclaim softly,

"It is a great gift! a great gift!" and seem really overcome with the magnitude of his friend's powers.

I never saw any harm in Uncle Pennyman's texts: they never worried any one but himself; though I must confess that verse about Ephraim being a cake not turned affected us a little. But that was because he had the ague, and Mr. Haines was attending some kind of convention; and what with the chills, and that unexplained cake of Ephraim's, we were kept a little uncomfortable for a time.

But Mr. Haines' visions were perplexing: no one could tell where their signification might point; and this sending for Tom (of course he would never have thought of coming if he had not been sent for) made me quite uneasy.

I began to fear that this would be the first time I had ever gone to see Bessie without enjoying the visit; and as we walked along to Canon Lane Chapel together, her manner was so absent and fluttered that I really did not know what to do.

"It is a delightful and meritorious thing to be pious, no doubt," I said to myself, "but it has not improved the manner of my dear Bessie: on the contrary, I should say it has entirely shaken her nerves, and given her palpitation of the heart."

When we reached the chapel we found quite a number and variety of youths already collected around the door, and when we went into a large and airy room, well lighted and filled with seats, a goodly selection awaited us there.

A lady stood on a small platform with a bell in her hand: she had a large, bony figure, and a long, bony face, and turned her eyes toward us without changing their expression into any beam of recognition, as she used her voice without any softening tone or tender cadence whatever:

"Miss Haines, good-afternoon. Mary Bryan, where's your brother? John Mott, you have dropped your tract. Miss Pennyman, glad to see you. Sarah Harper, give your sister a seat."

Bessie had pushed me on her attention between the monotonous sentences she jerked out at her scholars, and she gave me five words just like the rest, and dropped me off again.

Bessie seemed to become calmer after she had looked around the room once in a hasty, fluttered way, and placing a chair for me, she threw herself energetically into her philanthropic work.

I never knew before what a serious thing it was to be a Sunday-school teacher, or how varied the requirements for such duty were. Thirst seemed to be a prevailing agony among the scholars, and it seized its victims as an epidemic does--without warning. They would just reach their seats and drop into them listlessly, or gain them by energetic contest with some

previous intruder, and after an empty stare around them would be taken with a sudden pang, expressed in writhing, shaking the right hand wildly and gasping, "Teacher, I want a drink! I want a drink!"

Then they were subject to a terrible vacillation on the subject of their hats: they would almost consign them to the care of a monitor appointed to hang them on the pegs made and provided, when a sense of their preciousness would suddenly present itself to their minds, and they would rescue them wildly, and throw themselves on the defensive while they sat upon or otherwise protected the contested article of dress.

There were six windows with broad sills in the room, and every child seemed beset with a passionate desire to leave its seat and lodge itself in a surreptitious manner on one of these perches, as if they had been posts of honor.

Whether bits of bright tin, glass bottle-stoppers, ends of twine, broken sticks and marbles were accessions to biblical instruction, or were only so considered by the pupils themselves, did not transpire, but poor Bessie seemed to find them stumbling-blocks in her path, and Miss Pepper had no sooner confiscated one lot than another appeared in circulation and broke the story of Joseph's coat into a parenthetical narrative:

"Israel loved Joseph so much that as a particular proof of his parental regard (James Moore, stop putting that stick in your brother's eye) he prepared a variegated garment known as a 'coat of many colors.' (John Mink, take that marble out of your throat, or you'll swallow it.) The bestowal of this beautiful gift (Mary Dunn, put your ticket away, and, Sally Harris, let her hair alone) awakened feelings akin to envy and bitterness in (Jane Sloper must not borrow her cousin's bonnet in Sunday-school) the bosoms of his perverted brethren. (Hugh Fraley will leave those strings at home, and, William Grove, stop climbing over the bench.) Alas! what sorrow can evil and disobedient sons, too little conscious (Dicky Taylor, bring that insect to me) of the sacrifices and prayerful struggles of their venerable parents (no, Henry, not another drink), call down upon their already care-burdened minds!"

Of course I felt sure that Miss Pepper was in earnest and meant to do good, but I suspected that she had not what my uncle called "a gift" with children, and I saw how much harder it made it for Bessie, who really was a natural teacher, and who contrived to rule with a steady but gracious firmness, and to win with a sweet simplicity that explained itself to the minds of little ones.

I wondered not a little at her infatuation on the Pepper question when I saw how contrary their ways and influence were. There were plenty of nice, interesting little girls among the two hundred, and some very well-behaved boys too; but Bessie set herself to win the unruly, and it was a lesson to thoughtless me to see her do it. One terrible little soul, with a thin,

wiry body and tight-cropped head, fell into a conflict with a square-set, hard-faced boy, and they rolled under the seats together just as Miss Pepper had succeeded in raising the ill-used Joseph out of the pit with words of three syllables. Bessie went to the rescue, and separated and inverted the combatants, only the soles of whose boots had been visible a moment before. She sat down with them, and although I could not hear her words, I saw that they were slowly smoothing the angry creases of both the thin and the square face.

"Then let him stop a-callin' me 'Skinny,'" was the last outbreak of the injured lean one, and his antagonist confessed--

"I won't say nothin' to you no more if you stop grinning 'Flathead' at me."

Before Miss Pepper had succeeded in describing the paraphernalia of Eastern travel and the approach of the Ishmaelites, the two were induced to shake hands silently across their gentle mediatrix, whose face suddenly grew radiant with the sweetest blush I ever saw as the door opened and a new feature was added to the scene.

I do not mean to detract from the good impulses or high motives of my dear girl when I say that this was the key that opened the subject to me, and made it bright and plain. It wore the form of a truly good and good-looking young gentleman, who had just enough of the clergyman in his appearance to show that he honored his holy calling above all things. He gave Bessie a glance that set my heart at rest--for I naturally felt anxious that the blush and brightness and other signs should not be thrown away on an unappreciative object--and then he went right into his work. Oh dear! what a difference! One could not imagine, without seeing for one's self, what a beautiful sympathy could do with material that a hard, dry purpose could only irritate. Of course he bowed to me, and met Miss Pepper like an old friend, and then he began, and in beginning caught every single wandering mind, and held it with that mysterious fascination which individualizes, and convinces each one that he is the particular soul addressed.

He had been spending the hour of his absence from us in the chamber of a little fellow, one of our number, who had been terribly hurt by the machinery of a factory in which he worked. He took every one of us there with him, awakening our liveliest interest, and making us anxious to be helpful to every suffering fellow-creature. Some of us had to cry a little at the kind remembrances the poor crushed child sent us, and we felt quite self-reproachful that we had not thought more of him, and been quieter and more orderly in every way. Then, without any dry, hard preaching, he planted that lesson, left it to take root without digging it up again with personal exhortation, and told us something else. Surely no one could have better divined just what we wanted to know, and just how we would have liked it related. Love first of all; then cheerfulness, simplicity, and a

strong, earnest enthusiasm that made attention compulsory and the attraction irresistible.

I do not believe I ever felt better satisfied in my life than when he closed and the orderly dismissal began: then he turned to Bessie, and I saw that my friend had found the mission of heart-and soul-work, and was being drawn heavenward by the hand she loved. Such a timid tenderness as pervaded his every look and word! such a sweet consciousness as lighted hers! I laughed at my folly about Tom, and felt that I should be delighted to see him at Haines', and introduce him to the dear, good clergyman whom Bessie had the good sense to appreciate.

The Rev. Charles Pepper was the nephew of Miss Mary. I soon changed my prejudiced opinion of that lady into a clearer view of her merits. She was the Paul that planted: being a woman of wealth and strong religious bias, she had built the mission chapel, gathered together the children and taught them, while her good nephew added the superintendence of the school to his church duties in a different quarter.

"Bessie, does your father know--?" I began as we went homeward together.

She interrupted me: "About Miss Pepper? Oh yes, indeed! She called to ask his permission for me to teach them, and has been at our house twice since.

"You know I don't mean her at all," I said, laughing. "I mean her nephew, Bessie Haines."

But Bessie faltered: she had not the courage to speak freely, since it was evident they had not spoken so to each other yet. She knew she loved and was beloved, but could not force the delicate secret into words, since it was yet unavowed between them.

"All I am afraid of, Bess," said I, determined to make her practical, for she was as ethereal as if she and her love meant to live in the clouds all their days--"all I am afraid of is, that your father's vision may threaten your peace; for, rely on it, Bess, it is about you and you alone, or why should uncle keep praying for you as a 'young damsel,' and 'handmaiden,' and 'female pilgrim,' and all that?"

Bessie seemed troubled, but she could not be brought to confidence until the minister had opened his heart to her. I saw that, and though I had never had a warning dream in my life, I felt it was my mission to help her.

The Rev. Charles and I had had a little, a very little, talk, but I saw that Bessie had named me to him--that pleased me; that he was very desirous of gaining my good-will--that pleased me too. So I had happened to say that I admired church architecture, particularly Gothic: some one

had said that his church belonged to that style, and he immediately, offered to take us to examine it. I asked him to call for us next day, and he delightedly promised that he would.

I told Bessie, and the ungrateful creature was alarmed and nervous, and gave way to all sorts of nonsense; but I consoled her and admired him in a way that seemed to give her satisfaction. The next morning I made a startling discovery. I went into the little bookroom that opened out of the great old-fashioned back parlor, where uncle and Mr. Haines sat every morning with Scott and Clarke and Cruden open before them: I went in very quietly, and didn't make much noise when there. Mr. Haines was talking in a slow, set way, and I could hear the scratching of a pen over stiff paper.

"Would you mention my reasons for recording this, my dear Daniel?" he said to Uncle Pennyman.

"I have set them down at the commencement," said my uncle, who was acting as scribe. "I have said that, your mind being clear and your feelings at ease, you retired to your couch on the night of the 28th of October; that the form of your dear wife seemed waiting for you, since you became conscious of her presence immediately after your sinking asleep; and so on."

"Yes," said Mr. Haines, with a deep sigh: "it is a great thing, no doubt, to be so guided in the visions of the night, and I have many times considered myself greatly favored by the knowledge of the ministry of my dear wife's blessed spirit; but, friend Daniel, if she had been a little more explicit in this instance it would have been a great comfort to me. Follow me now, friend Daniel. You have got it down to where she spoke. Well, she raised her hand and seemed to point to the couch of Dorcas Elizabeth" (that was what Bess had been baptized, and was called by her father on solemn occasions)--"my thoughts had been dwelling on the child, and her increasing age and future duties--and she said, 'Marry her wisely to Thomas,' and repeated the words three times."

I heard the scratching pen and Mr. Haines' depressed, uncertain sigh, and my own heart sank heavily. There was no Thomas to marry her to but our Tom, and such a thing was simply preposterous and wicked. I could not, I would not, bear even to think of it.

Oh, good Mrs. Haines, departed so long ago! why should you come back troubling us about such, things? and, above all, why could you not as well have said Charles as Thomas?

"I have that set down," said Uncle Pennyman. Mr. Haines sighed again in that anxious, uncertain way of his:

"During the first day after the visitation, Daniel, I could not recall

whether my wife's appearance said, 'To Thomas, marry her wisely,' or as we now put it down; but since you have set it clearly before me, and your son will so soon be here, I feel that I am justified in having it stated in that way, and that Providence is guiding me."

Oh how my heart rose against Uncle Pennyman as I listened! He was the one to blame for such a shameful, foolish notion stealing into Mr. Haines' head! Left to himself, any name would have suited him equally well, and here was Tom's thrust in without any earthly reason. It was really dreadful! I could scarcely stand on my feet when I remembered how Tom loved his adopted father, and with what unselfish devotion he always spoke of him. "If he's told that it will be a family blessing, he never will have the heart to deny them and grieve Uncle Pennyman. Poor Tom! he is so shockingly unselfish himself that he would rather enjoy a sacrifice than otherwise, I suppose." So ran my thoughts, and I grew desperate. Desperation awakens courage. Tom would be there in the evening, and if anything could be done it had to be done at once.

I slipped out silently as I came: no one heard me. I did not mean that they should do so, for, to confess the truth, I was listening on purpose. I dressed to go out with Mr. Pepper; so did Bessie, though I must say she was very nervous and uncertain about it. "You know papa does not know him in--in the character of a friend of mine," she said, hesitatingly. "Miss Pepper introduced him, and that is all."

"But that is no reason why it should be all," I said to myself, and paid no attention to her little bashful fussiness.

When he arrived, I saw in his eyes that he meant to take advantage of the opportunity I was making for him, and so I boldly carried out my plan. We started, and had gone a block or two when I discovered that they were becoming unaware of my existence and completely absorbed in each other. "Poor dears!" I thought, "let them have a still better chance." So I stopped in the most natural way possible at a window where trimmings were displayed, and began to stare at some ribbon. "The very shade!" I said: "I would not miss it for anything. Pray go on slowly, and I'll join you presently. Keep on till you reach the church--I know the way. And be sure you stay till I come. No, you shall not come in: I insist that you go right on, and do not bother. I have a sort of pride in making bargains, and they never can be made in company, you know." I laughed and wouldn't listen to their waiting, and managed it so well that they went away as unsuspecting and tender as two lambs. I waited till they were out of sight, and then I started straight for home.

I was in high glee till Mrs. Tanner came up stairs.

"There are great preparations making for Mr. Tom," said she with a portentous face. "Mr. Haines has given more orders about his reception than I ever knew him to issue before; and, what seems strange, he actually

insists on my calling him Mr. Thomas, when I never can get my tongue round anything but Mr. Tom, in the world."

Both seemed threatening--the preparations and the name; and when Mrs. Tanner asked where Miss Bessie was, and heard that she had gone out, she shook her head and said that she was afraid her pa wouldn't like it. This convinced me that she too had guessed the nature of the vision, and made me more than ever anxious to save poor Bessie and Tom from mutual unhappiness. The first effort was made, and I must consider the next step. I felt nearly sure that by this time the two dear Sunday-school workers had become personal in their conversation, and taking up my position on the broad sofa in the quiet, shady back parlor, I set myself to thinking out the plan. It was a great, solidly-furnished old room, staid and handsome like the rest of the house, and meant for comfort in every particular. Over the mantelpiece, and directly opposite to me, was a life-size picture of Mrs. Haines, a very young lady with a mild shyness of expression and a great deal of flaxen hair. She had died when Bessie was a baby, and was altogether a more childlike and undecided person than her daughter. The wonder therefore was that she should have become so dictatorial in the visions of the night, and undertaken to control the family affairs after so many years, never having meddled with them while there was a living opportunity.

I was just thinking how useless it would be to appeal to Uncle Pennyman without--without saying something about Tom (and that under the circumstances could not be thought of: it made me burn all over merely to have it in my mind for a moment), when I became drowsy, and had not time to question the feeling until I was sound asleep.

A murmur of voices roused me, or perhaps I was going to wake at any rate, for they were singularly low, and the speakers quite unconscious of my presence. I looked up, and in the faint light coming between the bowed shutters and lace curtains I saw the Rev. Charles and Bessie directly under the portrait of Mrs. Haines. He had thrown his arm around her, and, although she struggled just a little in the embrace, held her to his heart.

"Oh, I cannot believe it," she was saying: "it is like a dream. And Winnie too!--to forget all about dear Winnie just because I am so happy. It is selfish and unkind, dear, I am afraid."

He told her I was too good, too lovable to quarrel with their bliss, and held her to his heart while he looked up to the flax-haired, baby-faced mother for a blessing with quite a glow of feeling on his face and real tears in his eyes.

There was something in mine I suppose, for when I looked too I could scarcely believe them: the portrait seemed to show a different face entirely. The blue eyes bent down on those upturned to meet them with a

look I had never beheld in them before, and the delicate little pink mouth seemed to tremble with a blessing.

"Am I dreaming?" I almost asked it aloud, and the question and the sound of Uncle Pennyman's voice in the book-room gave me a new idea. Softly I slipped from my place and out at the open door, leaving the absorbed ones to themselves, and joined my uncle and Mr. Haines where they were preparing for another conflict with the commentators.

"I have had a dream," I said solemnly.

"A dream!" repeated they.

"Yes, and it was so lifelike that I must tell it to you, for I am convinced it is no common warning, but one full of meaning and truth."

They gazed at me blankly, and I went on, fearing to stop an instant lest I should lose my courage:

"I was lying on the sofa opposite Mrs. Haines' portrait--"

"The very place where I lay when last I dreamed," murmured her husband.

"And I saw Bessie and a gentleman hand in hand beneath it, looking up into the sweet face for a blessing; and oh such a heavenly smile lighted it while the beautiful lips seemed to murmur, 'She will marry wisely, dear Thomas!'"

Mr. Haines was so shaken by my words that my heart misgave me. He covered his face with his hands. "She used to call me dear Thomas," he said, and the tears ran through his fingers.

"Then the name was _yours_" said Uncle Pennyman with weighty consideration. "You remember I said it was capable of a double application: those things are wonderful, and interpret each other. Winnie, my dear girl, could you distinguish this person's face?"

Before I could answer, Mrs. Tanner at the door said, "Here's Mr. Tom, bless his heart! I never can learn to call him anything else."

Tom was _so_ glad to see me! Yes, I may as well tell it, for it told itself: dear Tom never seemed so glad before.

"Was it his face, Winnie?" whispered Mr. Haines.

If ever _No_ was said with energy and decision, it was in my reply. The parlor door opened just as we were about to go in all together, shaking hands and making kind speeches over Tom, and Bessie and the Rev. Charles appeared in the act of taking leave of each other.

"That's the face!" I cried dramatically; and then I really and truly did faint--stone dead, as Mrs. Tanner said afterward--for I was not used to telling lies, and even white ones were exciting things to tell, and scarcely justified themselves to my conscience by the magnitude of the good they were to do.

When I came to myself, Bessie was hanging over me with all the love she had left from Mr. Charles, I suppose; and I heard Mr. Haines and Uncle Pennyman talking with Tom, and trying to explain to him the remarkable nature of the vision that had overcome me. I sat up, and tried to laugh and declare that it was nothing at all, though my heart kept throbbing.

"You have all had dreams," said Tom: "you have yet to hear mine. Uncle, I dreamed that Winnie and I loved each other, and that I asked you for her and you said yes."

"No, Thomas," said Uncle Pennyman gravely, but with a kind of breaking about his mouth: "your eyes were open when you had that vision, and you must not jest with serious subjects. But it is well you mentioned it, dear boy, and it is well our child Winnie received such a remarkable direction, since it throws light on friend Haines' visitation, and apparently the happiness of that excellent young minister and our dear Bessie here."

"The young man has just expressed himself in corroboration of the vision," said Mr. Haines, much affected.

Bessie threw her arms round her father, then round me, and then she ran away. Mr. Haines and Uncle Pennyman went out to their commentaries, Mrs. Tanner to see to her buns: Tom and I were alone.

"What is this about, Winnie darling?" he said.

"Tom," said I, "we are all the victims of dreams."